



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, 1
Vol. XIV., No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1871.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

Quarterly Review.

DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN.

IN Mr. Darwin's last work we possess at length a complete and thorough exposition of his matured views. He gives us the results of the patient labor of many years unremitting investigation and of the application of a powerful and acute intellect, combined with an extraordinarily active imagination, to an unequalled collection of most varied, interesting and important biological data. In his earlier writings a certain reticence veiled, though it did not hide, his ultimate conclusions as to the origin of our own species; but now all possibility of misunderstanding or of a repetition of former disclaimers on the part of any disciple is at an end, and the entire and naked truth as to the logical consequences of Darwinism is displayed with a frankness which we had a right to expect from the distinguished author. What was but obscurely hinted in the

"Origin of Species" is here fully and fairly stated in all its bearings and without disguise. Mr. Darwin has, in fact, "crowned the edifice," and the long looked for and anxiously awaited detailed statement of his views as to the human race is now unreservedly put before us.

We rise from the careful perusal of this book with mingled feelings of admiration and disappointment. The author's style is clear and attractive—clearer than in his earlier works—and his desire to avoid every kind of conscious misrepresentation is as conspicuous as ever. The number of interesting facts brought forward is as surprising as is the ingenuity often displayed in his manipulation of them. Under these circumstances it is a most painful task to have to point out grave defects and serious shortcomings. Mr. Darwin, however, seems in his recent work even more than in his earlier productions to challenge criticism and to have thrown out ideas and suggestions with a distinct view to their subsequent modification by others. It is but

The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. London and New York: 1871.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XIV., No. 4.

an act of fairness to call attention to this:—

"False facts," says Mr. Darwin, "are highly injurious to the progress of science, for they often long endure; but false views, if supported by some evidence, do little harm, as every one takes a salutary pleasure in proving their falseness; and when this is done, one path towards error is closed and the road to truth is often at the same time opened."—*Descent of Man*, vol. ii. p. 385.

Although we are unable to agree entirely with Mr. Darwin in this remark, it none the less contains an undoubted truth. We cannot agree, because we feel that a false theory which keenly solicits the imagination, put forward by a writer widely and deservedly esteemed, and which reposes on a multitude of facts difficult to verify, skilfully interwoven, and exceedingly hard to unravel, is likely to be very prejudicial to science. Nevertheless, science cannot make progress without the action of two distinct classes of thinkers: the first consisting of men of creative genius, who strike out brilliant hypotheses, and who may be spoken of as "theorizers" in the good sense of the word; the second, of men possessed of the critical faculty, and who test, mould into shape, perfect or destroy, the hypotheses thrown out by the former class.

Obviously important as it is that there should be such theorizers, it is also most important that criticism should clearly point out when a theory is really proved, when it is but probable, and when it is a mere arbitrary hypothesis. This is all the more necessary if, as may often and very easily happen, from being repeatedly spoken of, and being connected with celebrated and influential names, it is likely to be taken for very much more than it is really worth.

The necessity of caution in respect to this is clearly shown by Mr. Darwin's present work, in which "sexual selection," from being again and again referred to as if it had proved to be a *vera causa*, may readily be accepted as such by the uninstructed or careless reader. For many persons, at first violently opposed through ignorance or prejudice to Mr. Darwin's views, are now, with scarcely less ignorance and prejudice, as strongly inclined in their favor.

Mr. Darwin's recent work, supplement-

ing and completing, as it does, his earlier publications, offers a good opportunity for reviewing his whole position. We shall thus be better able to estimate the value of his convictions regarding the special subject of his present inquiry. We shall first call attention to his earlier statements, in order that we may see whether he has modified his views, and, if so, how far and with what results. If he has, even by his own showing and admission, been overhasty and seriously mistaken previously, we must be the more careful how we commit ourselves to his guidance now. We shall endeavor to show that Mr. Darwin's convictions have undergone grave modifications, and that the opinions adopted by him now are quite distinct from, and even subversive of, the views he originally put forth. The assignment of the law of "natural selection" to a subordinate position is virtually an abandonment of the Darwinian theory; for the one distinguishing feature of that theory was the all-sufficiency of "natural selection." Not the less, however, ought we to feel grateful to Mr. Darwin for bringing forward that theory, and for forcing on men's minds, by his learning, acuteness, zeal, perseverance, firmness, and candor, a recognition of the probability, if not more, of evolution and of the certainty of the action of "natural selection." For though the "survival of the fittest" is a truth which readily presents itself to any one who considers the subject, and though its converse, the destruction of the least fit, was recognized thousands of years ago, yet to Mr. Darwin, and (through Mr. Wallace's reticence) to Mr. Darwin alone, is due the credit of having first brought it prominently forward and demonstrated its truth in a volume which will doubtless form a landmark in the domain of zoological science.

We find even in the third edition of his "Origin of Species" the following passages:—"Natural selection can act only by taking advantage of slight successive variations; she can never take a leap, but must advance by short and slow steps." (p. 214.) Again he says:—"If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed, which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would be absolutely break down. But I can find out no such case." (p. 208.) He adds:—

"Every detail of structure in every living creature (making some little allowance for the direct action of physical conditions) may be viewed, either as having been of special use to some ancestral form, or as being now of special use to the descendants of this form—either directly, or indirectly through the complex laws of growth;" and "if it could be proved that any part of the structure of any one species had been formed for the exclusive good of another species, it would annihilate my theory, for such could not have been produced through natural selection."—p. 220

It is almost impossible for Mr. Darwin to have used words by which more thoroughly to stake the whole of his theory on the non-existence or non-action of causes of any moment other than natural selection. For why should such a phenomenon "annihilate his theory"? Because the very essence of his theory, as originally stated, is to recognize only the conservation of minute variations directly beneficial to the creature presenting them, by enabling it to obtain food, escape enemies, and propagate its kind. But once more he says:—

"We have seen that species at any one period are not indefinitely variable, and are not linked together by a multitude of intermediate gradations, partly because the process of natural selection will always be very slow, and will act, at any one time, only on a very few forms; and partly because the very process of natural selection almost implies the continual supplanting and extinction of preceding and intermediate gradations."—p. 223.

Such are Mr. Darwin's earlier statements. At present we read as follows:—

"I now admit, after reading the essay by Nägeli on plants, and the remarks by various authors with respect to animals, more especially those recently made by Professor Broca, that in the earlier editions of my *Origin of Species* I probably attributed too much to the action of natural selection or the survival of the fittest." . . . "I had not formerly sufficiently considered the existence of many structures which appear to be, as far as we can judge, neither beneficial nor injurious; and this I believe to be one of the greatest oversights as yet detected in my work."—*Descent of Man*, vol. i. p. 152.

A still more remarkable admission is that in which he says, after referring to the action of both natural and sexual selection:—

"An unexplained residuum of change, per-

haps a large one, must be left to the assumed action of those *unknown agencies*, which occasionally induce strongly marked and abrupt deviations of structure in our domestic productions."—vol. i. p. 154.

But perhaps the most glaring contradiction is presented by the following passage:—

"No doubt man, as well as every other animal, presents structures, which, as far as we can judge with our little knowledge, are not now of any service to him, nor have been so during any former period of his existence, either in relation to his general conditions of life, or of one sex to the other. Such structures cannot be accounted for by any form of selection, or by the inherited effects of the use and disuse of parts. We know, however, that many strange and strongly marked peculiarities of structure occasionally appear in our domesticated productions; and if the unknown causes which produce them were to act more uniformly, they would probably become common to all the individuals of the species."—vol. ii. p. 387.

Mr. Darwin, indeed, seems now to admit the existence of internal, innate powers, for he goes on to say:—

"We may hope hereafter to understand something about the causes of such occasional modifications, especially through the study of monstrosities." . . . "In the greater number of cases we can only say that the cause of each slight variation and of each monstrosity lies much more in the *nature or constitution of the organism** than in the nature of the surrounding conditions; though new and changed conditions certainly play an important part in exciting organic changes of all kinds."

Also, in a note (vol i. p. 223), he speaks of "incidental results of certain unknown differences in the constitution of the reproductive system."

Thus, then, it is admitted by our author that we may have "abrupt, strongly marked" changes, "neither beneficial nor injurious" to the creatures possessing them, produced "by unknown agencies" lying deep in "the nature or constitution of the organism," and which, if acting uniformly, would "probably" modify similarly "all the individuals of a species." If this is not an abandonment of "natural selection," it would be difficult to select terms more calculated to express it. But

* The italics in the quotations from Mr. Darwin's book in this article are, in almost all cases, ours and not the author's.

Mr. Darwin's admissions of error do not stop here. In the fifth edition of his "Origin of Species" (p. 104) he says, "Until reading an able and valuable article in the 'North British Review' (1867), I did not appreciate how rarely single variations, whether slight or strongly marked, could be perpetuated." Again: he was formerly "inclined to lay much stress on the principle of protection, as accounting for the less bright colors of female birds" (Descent of Man, vol. ii. p. 198); but now he speaks as if the correctness of his old conception of such colors being due to protection was unlikely. "Is it probable," he asks, "that the head of the female chaffinch, the crimson on the breast of the female bullfinch, the green of the female chaffinch, the crest of the female golden-crested wren, have all been rendered less bright by the slow process of selection for the sake of protection? *I cannot think so.*" (vol. ii. p. 176.)

Once more Mr. Darwin shows us (vol. i. p. 125) how he has been over-hasty in attributing the development of certain structures to reversion. He remarks, "In my 'Variations of Animals under Domestication' (vol. ii. p. 57) I attributed the not very rare cases of supernumerary mammae in women to reversion." "But Professor Preyer states that *mammæ erratica* have been known to occur in other situations, even on the back; so that the force of my argument is greatly weakened or perhaps quite destroyed."

Finally, we have a postscript at the beginning of the second volume of the "Descent of Man" which contains an avowal more remarkable than even the passages already cited. He therein declares:—

"I have fallen into a serious and unfortunate error, in relation to the sexual differences of animals, in attempting to explain what seemed to me a singular coincidence in the late period of life at which the necessary variations have arisen in many cases, and the late period at which the sexual selection acts. The explanation given is wholly erroneous, as I have discovered by working out an illustration in figures."

While willingly paying a just tribute of esteem to the candor which dictated these several admissions, it would be idle to dissemble, and disingenuous not to declare, the amount of distrust with which such repeated over-hasty conclusions and errone-

ous calculations inspire us. When their author comes before us anew, as he now does, with opinions and conclusions still more startling, and calculated in a yet greater degree to disturb convictions reposing upon the general consent of the majority of cultivated minds, we may well pause before we trust ourselves unreservedly to a guidance which thus again and again declares its own reiterated fallibility. Mr. Darwin's conclusions may be correct, but we feel we have now indeed a right to demand that they shall be proved before we assent to them; and that since what Mr. Darwin before declared "*must be*," he now admits not only to be unnecessary but untrue, we may justly regard with extreme distrust the numerous statements and calculations which, in the "Descent of Man," are avowedly recommended by a mere "*may be*." This is the more necessary, as the author, starting at first with an avowed hypothesis, constantly asserts it as an undoubted fact, and claims for it, somewhat in the spirit of a theologian, that it should be received as an article of faith. Thus the formidable objection to Mr. Darwin's theory, that the great break in the organic chain between man and his nearest allies, which cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species, is answered simply by an appeal "to a belief in the general principle of evolution" (vol. i. p. 200), or by a confident statement that "we have every reason to believe that breaks in the series are simply the result of many forms having become extinct." (vol. i. p. 187.) So, in like manner, we are assured that "the early progenitors of man were, *no doubt*, once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles." (vol. i. p. 206.) And, finally, we are told, with a dogmatism little worthy of a philosopher, that, "*unless we wilfully close our eyes*," we must recognize our parentage.—vol. i. p. 213.

These are hard words; and, even at the risk of being accused of wilful blindness, we shall now proceed, with an unbiassed and unprejudiced mind, to examine carefully the arguments upon which Mr. Darwin's theory rests. Must we acknowledge that "man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends

not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system," must we acknowledge that man "with all these exalted powers" is descended from an Ascidian? Is this a scientific truth resting on scientific evidence, or is it to be classed with the speculations of a bygone age?

With regard to the Origin of Man, Mr. Darwin considers that both "natural selection" and "sexual selection" have acted. We need not on the present occasion discuss the action of natural selection; but it will be necessary to consider that of "sexual selection" at some length. It plays a very important part in the "descent of man," according to Mr. Darwin's views. He maintains that we owe to it our power of song and our hairlessness of body, and that also to it is due the formation and conservation of the various races and varieties of the human species. In this matter then we fear we shall have to make some demand upon our readers' patience. "Sexual selection" is the corner-stone of Mr. Darwin's theory. It occupies three-fourths of his two volumes; and unless he has clearly established this point, the whole fabric falls to the ground. It is impossible, therefore, to review the book without entering fully into the subject, even at the risk of touching upon some points which, for obvious reasons, we should have preferred to pass over in silence.

Under the head of "sexual selection" Mr. Darwin includes two very distinct processes. One of these consists in the action of superior strength or activity, by which one male succeeds in obtaining possession of mates and in keeping away rivals. This is undoubtedly a *vera causa*; but may be more conveniently reckoned as one kind of "natural selection" than as a branch of "sexual selection." The second process consists in alleged preference or choice, exercised freely by the female in favor of particular males on account of some attractiveness or beauty of form, color, odor, or voice, which such males may possess. It is this second kind of "sexual selection" (and which alone deserves the name) that is important for the establishment of Mr. Darwin's views, but its valid action has to be proved.

Now, to prove the existence of such a

power of choice Mr. Darwin brings forward a multitude of details respecting the sexual phenomena of animals of various classes; but it is the class of birds which is mainly relied on to afford evidence in support of the exercise of this power of choice by female animals. We contend, however, that not only is the evidence defective even here, but that much of his own evidence is in direct opposition to his views. While the unquestionable fact, that male sexual characters (horns, mane, wattles, &c., &c.) have been developed in many cases where sexual selection has certainly not acted, renders it probable, *a priori*, that the unknown cause which has operated in these numerous cases has operated in those instances also which seem to favor the hypothesis supported by Mr. Darwin. Still he contends that the greater part of the beauty and melody of the organic world is due exclusively to this selective process, by which, through countless generations, the tail of the peacock, the throat of the humming-bird, the song of the nightingale, and the chirp of the grasshopper have been developed by females, age after age, selecting for their mates males possessing in a more perfect degree characters which must thus have been continually and constantly preferred.

Yet, after all, Mr. Darwin concedes in principle the very point in dispute, and yields all for which his opponents need argue, when he allows that beautiful and harmonious variations may occur *spontaneously* and *at once*, as in the dark or spangled bars on the feathers of Hamburgh fowls. (Descent of Man, vol. i. p. 281.) For what difference is there, other than mere difference of degree, between the spontaneous appearance of a few beautiful new feathers with harmonious markings and the spontaneous appearance of a whole beautiful clothing like that of the Tragopans?

Again, on Mr. Darwin's own showing, it is manifest that male sexual characters, such as he would fain attribute to sexual selection, may arise without any such action whatever. Thus he tells us, "There are breeds of the sheep and goat, in which the horns of the male differ greatly in shape from those of the female;" and "with tortoise-shell cats, the females alone, as a general rule, are thus colored, the males being rusty-red." (vol. i. p. 283.) Now if these cats were only known in a wild;

state, Mr. Darwin would certainly bring them forward amongst his other instances of alleged sexual selection, though we now know the phenomenon is not due to any such cause. A more striking instance, however, is the following:—"With the pigeon, the sexes of the parent species do not differ in any external character; nevertheless, in certain domesticated breeds the male is differently colored from the female. The wattle in the English carrier-pigeon and the crop in the pouter are more highly developed in the male than in the female;" and "this has arisen, not from, but rather *in opposition to*, the wishes of the breeder;" which amounts to a positive demonstration that sexual characters may arise spontaneously, and, be it noted, in the class of birds.

The uncertainty which besets these speculations of Mr. Darwin is evident at every turn. What at first could be thought a better instance of sexual selection than the light of the glowworm, exhibited to attract her mate? Yet the discovery of luminous larvæ, which of course have no sexual action, leads Mr. Darwin to observe: "It is very doubtful whether the primary use of the light is to guide the male to the female." (vol. i. p. 345.) Again, as to certain British field-bugs, he says: "If in any species the males had differed from the females in an analogous manner, we *might have been justified* in attributing such conspicuous colors to sexual selection with transference to both sexes." (vol. i. p. 350.) As to the stridulating noises of insects (which is assumed to be the result of sexual selection), Mr. Darwin remarks of certain Neuroptera:—"It is rather surprising that both sexes should have the power of stridulating, as the male is winged and the female wingless" (vol. i. p. 366); and he is again surprised to find that this power is not a sexual character in many Coleoptera.—vol. i. p. 382.

Moths and butterflies, however, are the insects which Mr. Darwin treats of at the greatest length in support of sexual selection. Yet even here he supplies us with positive evidence that in certain cases beauty does not charm the female. He tells us:—

"Some facts, however, are opposed to the belief that female butterflies prefer the more beautiful males; thus, as I have been assured by several observers, fresh females may frequently be seen paired with bat-

tered, faded, or dingy males."—vol. i. p. 400.

As to the Bombycidae he adds:—

"The females lie in an almost torpid state, and appear not to evince the least choice in regard to their partners. This is the case with the common silk-moth (*B. mori*). Dr. Wallace, who has had such immense experience in breeding *Bombyx cynthia*, is convinced that the females evince no choice or preference. He has kept above 300 of these moths living together, and has often found the most vigorous females mated with stunted males."

Nevertheless, we do not find, for all this, any defect of color or markings, for, as Mr. Alfred Wallace observes (*Nature*, March 15th, 1871, p. 182), "the Bombyces are amongst the most elegantly colored of all moths."

Mr. Darwin gives a number of instances of sexual characters, such as horns, spines, &c., in beetles and other insects; but there is no fragment of evidence that such structures are in any way due to feminine caprice. Other structures are described and figured which doubtless do aid the sexual act, as the claws of certain Crustacea; but these are often of such size and strength (*e. g.*, in *Callianassa* and *Orchestia*) as to render any power of choice on the part of the female in the highest degree incredible.

Similarly with the higher classes, *i. e.*, Fishes, Reptiles, and Beasts, we have descriptions and representations of a number of sexual peculiarities, but no evidence whatever that such characters are due to female selection. Often we have statements which conflict strongly with a belief in any such action. Thus, *e. g.*, Mr. Darwin quotes Mr. R. Buist, Superintendent of Fisheries, as saying that male salmon

"Are constantly fighting and tearing each other on the spawning-beds, and many so injure each other as to cause the death of numbers, many being seen swimming near the banks of the river in a state of exhaustion, and apparently in a dying state."

"The keeper of Stormontfield found in the northern Tyne about 300 dead salmon, all of which with one exception were males; and he was convinced that they had lost their lives by fighting."—vol. ii. p. 3.

The female's choice must here be much limited, and the only kind of sexual selection which can operate is that first kind, determined by combat, which, we before observed, must rather be ranked as a kind

of "natural selection." Even with regard to this, however, we may well hesitate, when Mr. Darwin tells us, as he does, that seeing the habitual contests of the males, "it is surprising that they have not generally become, through the effects of sexual selection, larger and stronger than the females;" and this the more as "the males suffer from their small size," being "liable to be devoured by the females of their own species." (vol. ii. p. 7.) The cases cited by our author with regard to fishes do not even tend to prove the existence of sexual selection, and the same may be said as to the numerous details given by him about Reptiles and Amphibians. Nay, rather the facts are hostile to his views. Thus, he says himself, "It is surprising that frogs and toads should not have acquired more strongly-marked sexual differences; for though cold-blooded, their passions are strong." (vol. ii. p. 26.) But he cites a fact, than which it would be difficult to find one less favorable to his cause. He adds: "Dr. Günther informs me that he has several times found an unfortunate female toad dead and smothered from having been so closely embraced by three or four males." If female selection was difficult in the case of the female salmon, it must be admitted to have been singularly infelicitous to the female toad.

We will now notice some facts brought forward by Mr. Darwin with regard to beasts. And first, as to the existence of choice on the part of the females, it may be noted that "Mr. Blenkiron, the greatest breeder of race-horses in the world, says that stallions are so frequently capricious in their choice, rejecting one mare and without any apparent cause taking to another, that various artifices have to be habitually used." "He has *never known a mare to reject a horse*;" though this has occurred in Mr. Wright's stable.

Some of the most marked sexual characters found amongst mammals are those which exist in apes. These are abundantly noticed by Mr. Darwin, but his treatment of them seems to show his inability to bring them within the scope of his theory.

It is well known that certain apes are distinguished by the lively colors or peculiarities as to hair possessed by the males, while it is also notorious that their vastly superior strength of body and length of fang would render resistance on the

part of the female difficult and perilous, even were we to adopt the utterly gratuitous supposition, that at seasons of sexual excitement the female shows any disposition to coyness. Mr. Darwin has no facts to bring forward to prove the exercise of any choice on the part of female apes, but gives in support of his views the following remarkable passage:—

"Must we attribute to mere purposeless variability in the male all these appendages of hair and skin? It cannot be denied that this is possible; for, with many domesticated quadrupeds, certain characters, apparently not derived through reversion from any wild parent-form, have appeared in, and are confined to, the males, or are more largely developed in them than in the females,—for instance, the hump in the male zebu-cattle of India, the tail in fat-tailed rams, the arched outline of the forehead in the males of several breeds of sheep, the mane in the ram of an African breed, and, lastly, the mane, long hairs on the hinder legs, and the dewlap in the male alone of the Berbera goat."—vol. ii. p. 284.

If these are due, as is probable, to simple variability, then, he adds,—

"It would appear reasonable to extend the same view to the many analogous characters occurring in animals under a state of nature. Nevertheless I cannot persuade myself that this view is applicable in many cases, as in that of the extraordinary development of hair on the throat and fore-legs of the male *Ammotragus*, or of the immense beard of the *Pithecia* (monkey)."—vol. ii. p. 285.

But one naturally asks, Why not? Mr. Darwin gives no reason (if such it may be called) beyond that implied in the gratuitous use of the epithet "purposeless" in the passage cited, and to which we shall return.

In the Rhesus monkey the female appears to be more vividly colored than the male; therefore Mr. Darwin infers (grounding his inference on alleged phenomena in birds) that sexual selection is *reversed*, and that in this case the male selects. This hypothetical reversion of a hypothetical process to meet an exceptional case will appear to many rash indeed, when they reflect that as to teeth, whiskers, general size, and superciliary ridges this monkey "follows the common rule of the male-excelling the female."—vol. ii. p. 294.

To turn now to the class on which Mr. Darwin especially relies, we shall find that

even birds supply us with numerous instances which conflict with his hypothesis. Thus, speaking of the battling of male waders, our author tells us:—"Two were seen to be thus engaged for half an hour until one got hold of the head of the other, which would have been killed had not the observer interfered; the female all the time looking on as a quiet spectator." (vol. ii. p. 41.) As these battles must take place generally in the absence of spectators, their doubtless frequently fatal termination must limit greatly the power of selection Mr. Darwin attributes to the females. The same limit is certainly imposed in the majority of gallinaceous birds, the cocks of which fight violently; and there can be little doubt but that, as an almost invariable rule, the victorious birds mate with the comparatively passive hens.

Again, how can we explain, on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, the existence of distinguishing male sexual marks, where it is the male and not the female bird which selects? Yet the wild turkey-cock, a distinguished bird enough, is said by Mr. Darwin (vol. ii. p. 207) to be courted by the females; and he quotes (vol. ii. p. 120) Sir R. Heron as saying, "that with peafowl, the first advances are always made by the female." And of the capercailzie he says, "the females flit round the male while he is parading, and solicit his attention."

But though, of course, the sexual instinct always seeks its gratification, does the female *ever* select a particular plumage? The strongest instance given by Mr. Darwin is as follows:—

"Sir R. Heron during many years kept an account of the habits of the peafowl, which he bred in large numbers. He states that the hens have frequently great preference for a particular peacock. They were all so fond of an old pied cock, that one year, when he was confined though still in view, they were constantly assembled close to the trellis-walls of his prison, and would not suffer a japanned peacock to touch them. On his being let out in the autumn, the oldest of the hens instantly courted him, and was successful in her courtship. The next year he was shut up in a stable, and then the hens courted his rival. This rival was a japanned or black-winged peacock, which to our eyes is a more beautiful bird than the common kind."—vol. ii. p. 119.

Now no one disputes as to birds showing

preferences one for another, but it is quite a gratuitous suggestion that the pied plumage of the venerable paterfamilias was *the* charm which attracted the opposite sex; and even if such were the case, it would seem (from Mr. Darwin's concluding remark) to prove either that the peahen's taste is so different from ours, that the peacock's plumage could never have been developed by it, or (if the taste of these peahens was different from that of most peahens) that such is the instability of a vicious feminine caprice, that no constancy of coloration could be produced by its selective action.

Mr. Darwin bases his theory of sexual selection greatly on the fact that the male birds display the beauty of their plumage with elaborate parade and many curious and uncouth gestures. But this display is not exclusively used in attracting and stimulating the hens. Thus he admits that "the males will sometimes display their ornaments when *not* in the presence of the females, as occasionally occurs with the grouse at their balz-places, and as may be noticed with the peacock; this latter bird, however, evidently wishes for a spectator of *some kind*, and will show off his finery, as I have often seen, before poultry or even pigs." (vol. ii. p. 86.) Again, as to the brilliant *Rupicola crocea*, Sir R. Schomburgk says: "A male was capering to the apparent delight of several others."—vol. ii. p. 87.

From the fact of "display" Mr. Darwin concludes that "it is obviously probable that the females appreciate the beauty of their suitors." (vol. ii. p. 111.) Our author, however, only ventures to call it "probable," and he significantly adds: "It is, however, difficult to obtain direct evidence of their capacity to appreciate beauty." And again he says of the hen bird: "It is not probable that she consciously deliberates; but she is most excited or attracted by the most beautiful, or melodious, or gallant males." (vol. ii. p. 123.) No doubt the plumage, song, &c., all play their parts in aiding the various processes of life; but to stimulate the sexual instinct, even supposing this to be the object, is one thing—to supply the occasion for the exercise of a power of choice is quite another. Certainly we cannot admit what Mr. Darwin affirms (vol. ii. p. 124), that an "even occasional preference by the female of the more attractive males would

almost certainly lead to their modification."

A singular instance is given by Mr. Darwin (vol. ii. p. 111) in support of his view, on the authority of Mr. J. Weir. It is that of a bullfinch which constantly attacked a reed-bunting, newly put into the aviary; and this attack is attributed to a sort of jealousy on the part of the black-headed bullfinch of the black head of the bunting. But the bullfinch could hardly be aware of the color of the top of its own head!

Mr. Wallace accounts for the brilliant colors of caterpillars and many birds in another way. The caterpillars which are distasteful must have gained if "some outward sign indicated to their would-be destroyer that its prey was a disgusting morsel." As to birds, he believes that brilliance of plumage is developed where not hurtful, and that the generally more sober plumage of the hens has been produced by natural selection, killing off the more brilliant ones exposed during incubation to trying conditions.

Now as Mr. Wallace disposes of Mr. Darwin's views by his objections, so Mr. Darwin's remarks tend to refute Mr. Wallace's positions, and the result seems to point to the existence of some unknown innate and internal law which determines at the same time both coloration and its transmission to either or to both sexes. At the same time these authors, indeed, show the *harmony* of natural laws and processes one with another, and their mutual interaction and aid.

It cannot be pretended that there is any evidence for sexual selection except in the class of birds. Certain of the phenomena which Mr. Darwin generally attributes to such selection must be due, in some other classes, to other causes, and there is no *proof* that sexual selection acts, *even* amongst birds.

But in other classes, as we have seen, sexual characters are as marked as they are in the feathered group. Mr. Darwin, indeed, argues that birds select, and assumes that their sexual characters have been produced by such sexual selection, and that, therefore, the sexual characters of beasts have been similarly evolved. But we may turn the argument round and say that sexual characters not less strongly marked exist in many beasts, reptiles, and insects, which characters cannot be due

to sexual selection; that it is, therefore, probable the sexual characters of birds are not due to sexual selection either, but that some unknown internal cause has equally operated in each case. The matter, indeed, stands thus: Of animals possessing sexual characters there are some in which sexual selection cannot have acted; others in which it may possibly have acted; others again in which, according to Mr. Darwin, it has certainly acted. It is a somewhat singular conclusion to deduce from this that sexual selection is the one universal cause of sexual characters, when similar effects to those which it is supposed to cause take place in its absence.

But, indeed, what are the data on which Mr. Darwin relies as regards birds? As before said, they are "display" by the males, the "greater brilliancy and ornamentation of these," and the "occasional preference" by females in confinement for particular males. Is there here any sufficient foundation for such a superstructure? In the first place, in insects, *e. g.*, butterflies, we have often many brilliant males crowding in pursuit of a single female. Yet, as Mr. Wallace justly observes, "Surely the male who finally obtains the female will be either the most vigorous, or the strongest-winged, or the most patient—the one who tires out or beats off the rest." Similarly in birds, strength and perseverance will, no doubt, generally reward the suitor possessing those qualities. Doubtless, also, this will generally be the most beautiful or most melodious; but this will simply be because extra beauty of plumage, or of song, will accompany supereminent vigor of constitution and fulness of vitality. What has been before said as to the fierce combats of cockbirds must be borne in mind.

But that internal spontaneous powers are sufficient to produce all the most varied or bizarre sexual characters which any birds exhibit, is actually demonstrated by the class of insects, especially caterpillars, which from their sexless undeveloped state can have nothing to do with the kind of selection Mr. Darwin advocates. Yet amongst caterpillars we not only find some ornamented with spots, bands, stripes, and curious patterns, "perfectly definite in character and of the most brilliantly contrasted hues. We have also many ornamental appendages; beautiful

fleshy tubercles or tentacles, hard spines, beautifully colored hairs arranged in tufts, brushes, starry clusters, or long pencils, and horns on the head and tail, either single or double, pointed or clubbed." Mr. Wallace adds, "Now if all these beautiful and varied ornaments can be produced and rendered constant in each species by some unknown cause quite independent of sexual selection, why cannot the same cause produce the colors and many of the ornaments of perfect insects;"—we may also add, the colors and ornaments of all other animals, including birds?

There is, however, another reason which induces Mr. Darwin to accept sexual selection; and it is probably this which, in his mind, mainly gives importance to the facts mentioned as to the plumage and motions of birds. He says of "display," "It is incredible that all this display should be purposeless" (vol. ii. p. 399); and again (vol. ii. p. 93), he declares that any one who denies that the female Argus pheasant can appreciate the refined beauty of the plumage of her mate, "will be compelled to admit that the extraordinary attitudes assumed by the male during the act of courtship, by which the wonderful beauty of his plumage is fully displayed, are purposeless; and this is a conclusion which I for one will never admit." It seems then that it is this imaginary necessity of attributing purposelessness to acts, which determines Mr. Darwin to attribute that peculiar and special purpose to birds' actions which he does attribute to them. But surely this difficulty is a mere chimera. Let it be granted that the female does not select; yet the display of the male may be useful in supplying the necessary degree of stimulation to her nervous system, and to that of the male. Pleasurable sensation, perhaps very keen in intensity, may thence result to both. There would be no difficulty in suggesting yet other purposes if we were to ascend into higher speculative regions. Mr. Darwin has given us in one place a very remarkable passage; he says:—

"With respect to female birds feeling a preference for particular males, we must bear in mind that we can judge of choice being exerted only by placing ourselves in imagination in the same position. If an inhabitant of another planet were to behold a number of young rustics at a fair, courting

and quarrelling over a pretty girl, like birds at one of their places of assemblage, he would be able to infer that she had the power of choice only by observing the eagerness of the wooers to please her, and to display their finery."—vol. ii. p. 122.

Now here it must be observed that, as is often the case, Mr. Darwin assumes the very point in dispute, unless he means by "power of choice" mere freedom of physical power. If he means an internal, mental faculty of choice, then the observer could attribute such power to the girl only if he had reason to attribute to the rustics an intellectual and moral nature similar in kind to that which he possessed himself. Such a similarity of nature Mr. Darwin, of course, does attribute to rational beings and to brutes; but those who do not agree with him in this would require other tests than the presence of ornaments, and the performance of antics and gestures unaccompanied by any evidence of the faculty of articulate speech.

Such, then, is the nature of the evidence on which sexual selection is supposed to rest. To us the action of sexual selection scarcely seems more than a possibility, the evidence rarely raising it to probability. It cannot be a "sufficient cause" to account for the phenomena which it is intended to explain, nor can it even claim to be taken as a *vera causa* at all. Yet Mr. Darwin again and again speaks as if its reality and cogency were indisputable.

As to the alleged action of natural selection on our own species we may mention two points.

First, as to the absence of hair. This is a character which Mr. Darwin admits cannot be accounted for by "natural selection," because manifestly not beneficial; it is therefore attributed to "sexual selection," incipient man being supposed to have chosen mates with less and less hairy bodies; and the possibility of such action is thought by Mr. Darwin to be supported by the fact that certain monkeys have parts of the body naked. Yet it is a fact that the higher apes have not this nakedness, or have it in a much smaller degree.

Secondly, as to the races of mankind, Mr. Darwin's theory, indeed, requires the alternation of constancy and caprice to account for the selection and the conservation of marked varieties. In order that each race may possess and preserve its own

ideal standard of beauty we require the truth of the hypothesis that "certain tastes may in the course of time become inherited;" and yet Mr. Darwin candidly admits (vol. ii. p. 353): "I know of no evidence in favor of this belief." On the other hand, he says (p. 370), as soon as tribes exposed to different conditions came to vary, "each isolated tribe would form for itself a slightly different standard of beauty," which "would gradually and inevitably be increased to a greater and greater degree." But why have not the numerous tribes of North American Indians diverged from each more conspicuously, inhabiting, as they do, such different climates, and surrounded by such diverse conditions?

Again, far from each race being bound in the trammels of its own features, all cultivated Europeans, whether Celts, Teutons, or Slaves, agree in admiring the Hellenic ideal as the highest type of human beauty.

We may now pass on to the peculiarities of man's bodily frame, and the value and signification of the resemblances presented by it to the various structures which are found to exist in lower members of the animal kingdom.

Mr. Darwin treats us to a very interesting account, not only of man's anatomy, but also of the habits, diseases, and parasites (internal and external) of man, together with the process of his development. He points out (vol. i. p. 11) not only the close similarity even of cerebral structure between man and apes, but also how the same animals are "liable to many of the same non contagious diseases as we are; thus Rengger, who carefully observed for a long time the *Cebus Azarae* in its native land, found it liable to catarrh, with the usual symptoms, and which when often recurrent led to consumption. These monkeys suffered also from apoplexy, inflammation of the bowels, and cataract in the eye. The younger ones, when shedding their milk-teeth, often died from fever. Medicines produced the same effect on them as on us. Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee, and spirituous liquors; they will also, as I have myself seen, smoke tobacco with pleasure." He also tells us of baboons which, after taking too much beer, "on the following morning were very cross and dismal, held their aching heads with both

hands, and wore a most pitiable expression: when beer or wine was offered them, they turned away with disgust, but relished the juice of lemons." He notices, besides, the process of development in man with the transitory resemblances it exhibits to the immature conditions of other animals, and he mentions certain muscular abnormalities.

Mr. Darwin also brings forward an observation of Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, as to a small projection of the helix or outermost fold of the human ear, which projection "we may safely conclude" to be "a vestige of formerly pointed ears—which occasionally reappears in man." (vol. i. p. 23.) Very many other interesting facts are noted which it would be superfluous here to recapitulate. It is, however, in connection with man's bodily structure and its resemblances that we have observed slight errors on the part of Mr. Darwin, which it may be as well to point out; though it should be borne in mind that he does not profess to be in any sense an anatomist. Thus, at vol. i. p. 28, he mistakes the supra-condyloid foramen of the humerus for the inter-condyloid perforation. Did the former condition frequently occur in man—as, through this mistake, he asserts—it would be remarkable indeed, as it is only found in the lower monkeys and not in the higher. A more singular mistake is that of the malar bone for the premaxilla.—vol. i. p. 124.

To return to the bodily and other characters enumerated at such length by Mr. Darwin. They may, and doubtless they will, produce a considerable effect on readers who are not anatomists, but in fact the whole and sole result is to show that man *is* an animal. That he is such is denied by no one, but has been taught and accepted since the time of Aristotle. We remember on one occasion meeting at a dinner-table a clever medical man of materialistic views. He strongly impressed the minds of some laymen present by an elaborate statement of the mental phenomena following upon different injuries, or diseased conditions of different parts of the brain, until one of the number remarked as a climax, "Yes; and when the brain is entirely removed the mental phenomena cease altogether"—the previous observations having only brought out vividly what no one denied, viz., that dur-

ing this life a certain integrity of bodily structure is requisite for the due exercise of the mental powers. Thus Mr. Darwin's remarks are merely an elaborate statement of what all admit, namely, that man is an animal. They further imply, however, that he is no more than an animal, and that the mode of origin of his visible being must be the mode of his origin as a whole—a conclusion of which we should not question the legitimacy if we could accept Mr. Darwin's views of man's mental powers.

All that can be said to be established by our author is, that if the various kinds of lower animals have been evolved one from the other by a process of natural generation or evolution, then it becomes highly probable *à priori* that man's body has been similarly evolved; but this, in such a case, becomes equally probable from the admitted fact that he is an animal at all.

The evidence for such a process of evolution of man's body amounts, however, only to an *à priori* probability, and might be reconciled with another mode of origin if there were sufficient reason (of another kind) to justify a belief in such other mode of origin. Mr. Darwin says:—"It is only our natural prejudice, and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demi-gods, which leads us to demur to this conclusion." (vol. i. p. 32.) But this is not the case; for many demur to his conclusion because they believe that to accept his view would be to contradict other truths which to them are far more evident.

He also makes the startling assertion that to take any other view than his as to man's origin, "is to admit that our own structure and that of all the animals around us, is a mere snare laid to entrap our judgment." (vol. i. p. 32.) Mr. Darwin is, we are quite sure, far enough from pretending that he has exhausted the possibilities of the case, and yet could anything but a conviction that the whole field had been explored exhaustively justify such an assertion? If, without such a conviction, it were permissible so to dogmatize, every theorizer who had attained to a plausible explanation of a set of phenomena might equally make use of the assertion, and say, until a better explanation was found, that to doubt him would be to attribute duplicity to the Almighty.

In tracing man's origin Mr. Darwin is again betrayed into slight inaccuracies. Thus, in combating the position, advanced in this "Review," that the hands of apes had been preformed (with a view to man) in a condition of perfection beyond their needs, he says:—

"On the contrary, I see no reason to doubt that a more perfectly constructed hand would have been an advantage to them, provided, and it is important to note this, that their hands had not thus been rendered less well adapted for climbing trees. We may suspect that a perfect hand would have been disadvantageous for climbing; as the most arboreal monkeys in the world, namely Ateles in America and Hylobates in Asia, either have their thumbs much reduced in size and even rudimentary, or their fingers partially coherent, so that their hands are converted into grasping-hooks."—vol. i. p. 140.

In a note, Mr. Darwin refers to the Syndactyle Gibbon as having two of the digits coherent. But these digits are not, as he supposes, digits of the hand but toes. Moreover, though doubtless the Gibbons and spider-monkeys are admirably organized for their needs, yet it is plain that a well-developed thumb is no impediment to climbing, for the strictly arboreal Lemurs are exceedingly well furnished in this respect. Again he says (vol. i. p. 143) of the Gibbons, that they, "without having been taught, can walk or run upright with tolerable quickness, though they move awkwardly, and much less securely than man." This is a little misleading, inasmuch as it is not stated that this upright progression is effected by placing the enormously long arms behind the head or holding them out backwards as a balance in progression.

We have already seen that Mr. Darwin tries to account for man's hairlessness by the help of "sexual selection." He also, however, speculates as to the possibility of his having lost it through heat of climate, saying:—"Elephants and rhinoceroses are almost hairless; and as certain extinct species which formerly lived under an arctic climate were covered with long wool or hair, it would almost appear as if the existing species of both genera had lost their hairy covering from exposure to heat."—vol. i. p. 148.

This affords us a good example of hasty and inconclusive speculation. Surely it would be as rational to suppose that the

arctic species had *gained* their coats as that the tropical species had lost theirs. But over-hasty conclusions are, we regret to say, the rule in Mr. Darwin's speculations as to man's genealogy. He carries that genealogy back to some ancient form of animal life somewhat like an existing larval Ascidian; and he does this on the strength of the observations of Kowalevsky and Kupffer. He assumes at once that the similarities of structure which those observers detected are due to descent instead of to independent similarity of evolution, though the latter mode of origin is at least possible, and can hardly be considered improbable when we reflect on the close similarity independently induced in the eyes of fishes and cephalopods.

Quite recently, however, observations have been published by Dr. Donitz,* which render in necessary, at least, to pause and reconsider the question before admitting the Ascidian ancestry of the Vertebrate sub-kingdom.

We now come to the consideration of a subject of great importance—namely, that of man's mental powers. Are they, as Mr. Darwin again and again affirms that they are, † different only in degree and not in kind from the mental powers of brutes? As is so often the case in discussions, the error to be combated is an implied negation. Mr. Darwin implies and seems to assume that when two things have certain characters in common there can be no fundamental difference between them.

To avoid ambiguity and obscurity, it may be well here to state plainly certain very elementary matters. The ordinary antecedents and concomitants of distinctly felt sensations may exist, with all their physical consequences, in the total absence of intellectual cognizance, as is shown by the well-known fact, that when through fracture of the spine the lower limbs of a man are utterly deprived of the power of feeling, the foot may nevertheless withdraw itself from tickling just as if a sensation was consciously felt. Amongst lower animals, a decapitated frog will join its hind feet together to push away an irritating object just as an uninjured animal

will do. Here we have coadjusted actions resulting from stimuli which normally produce sensation, but occurring under conditions in which cerebral action does not take place. Did it take place we should have sensations, but by no means necessarily intellectual action.

"Sensation" is not "thought," and no amount of the former would constitute the most rudimentary condition of the latter, though sensations supply the condition for the existence of "thought" or "knowledge."

Altogether, we may clearly distinguish at least six kinds of action to which the nervous system ministers:—

I. That in which impressions received result in appropriate movements without the intervention of sensation or thought, as in the cases of injury above given.—This is the reflex action of the nervous system.

II. That in which stimuli fr n without result in sensations through the agency of which their due effects are wrought out.—Sensation.

III. That in which impressions received result in sensations which give rise to the observation of sensible objects.—Sensible perception.

IV. That in which sensations and perceptions continue to coalesce, agglutinate, and combine in more or less complex aggregations, according to the laws of the association of sensible perceptions.—Association.

The above four groups contain only indeliberate operations, consisting, as they do at the best, but of mere *presentative* sensible ideas in no way implying any reflective or *representative* faculty. Such actions minister to and from *Instinct*. Besides these, we may distinguish two other kinds of mental action, namely:—

V. That in which sensations and sensible perceptions are reflected on by thought and recognized as our own and we ourselves recognized by ourselves as affected and perceiving.—Self-consciousness.

VI. That in which we reflect upon our sensations or perceptions, and ask what they are and why they are.—Reason.

These two latter kinds of action are deliberate operations, performed, as they are, by means of representative ideas implying the use of a *reflective representative* faculty. Such actions distinguish the *intellect* or rational faculty. Now, we assert

* See "Journal für Anatomie und Physiologie," edited by Reichert and Dubois. Berlin.

† "There is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties.—Descent of Man, vol. i. p. 35.

that possession in perfection of all the first four (*presentative*) kinds of action by no means implies the possession of the last two (*representative*) kinds. All persons, we think, must admit the truth of the following proposition:—

Two faculties are distinct, not in degree but in kind, if we may possess the one in perfection without that fact implying that we possess the other also. Still more will this be the case if the two faculties tend to increase in an inverse ratio. Yet this is the distinction between the *instinctive* and the *intellectual* parts of man's nature.

As to animals, we fully admit that they may possess all the first four groups of actions—that they may have, so to speak, mental images of sensible objects combined in all degrees of complexity, as governed by the laws of association. We deny to them, on the other hand, the possession of the last two kinds of mental actions. We deny them, that is, the power of reflecting on their own existence or of enquiring into the nature of objects and their causes. We deny that they know that they know or know themselves in knowing. In other words, we deny them *reason*. The possession of the *presentative* faculty, as above explained, in no way implies that of the *reflective* faculty; nor does any amount of direct operation imply the power of asking the reflective question before mentioned, as to "what" and "why."

According to our definition, then, given above, the faculties of men and those of other animals differ in kind; and brutes low in the scale supply us with a good example in support of this distinctness; for it is in animals generally admitted to be wanting in reason—such as insects (*e. g.*, the ant and the bee)—that we have the very summit and perfection of instinct made known to us.

We will shortly examine Mr. Darwin's arguments, and see if he can bring forward a single instance of brute action implying the existence in it of the *representative* reflective power. Before doing so, however, one or two points as to the conditions of the controversy must be noticed.

In the first place, the position which we maintain is the one in possession—that which is commended to us by our intuitions, by ethical considerations, and by religious teaching universally. The *onus probandi* should surely therefore rest with

him who, attacking the accepted position, maintains the essential similarity and fundamental identity of powers the effects of which are so glaringly diverse. Yet Mr. Darwin quietly assumes the whole point in dispute, by asserting identity of *intuition* where there is identity of *sensation* (vol. i. p. 36), which, of course, implies that there is no mental power whatever except sensation. For if the existence of another faculty were allowed by him, it is plain that the action of that other faculty might modify the effects of mere sensation in any being possessed of such additional faculty.

Secondly, it must be remembered that it is a law in all reasoning that where known causes are sufficient to account for any phenomena we shall not gratuitously call in additional causes. If, as we believe to be the case, there is no need whatever to call in the *representative* faculty as an explanation of brute mental action;—if the phenomena brutes exhibit can be accounted for by the *presentative* faculty—that is, by the presence of sensible perceptions and emotions together with the reflex and co-ordinating powers of the nervous system;—then to ascribe to them the possession of reason is thoroughly gratuitous.

Thirdly, in addition to the argument that brutes have not intellect because their actions can be accounted for without the exercise of that faculty, we have other and positive arguments in opposition to Mr. Darwin's view of their mental powers. These arguments are based upon the absence in brutes of articulate and rational speech, of true concerted action and of educability, in the human sense of the word. We have, besides, what may be called an experimental proof in the same direction. For if the germs of a rational nature existed in brutes, such germs would certainly ere this have so developed as to have produced unmistakably rational phenomena, considering the prodigious lapse of time passed since the entombment of the earliest known fossils. To this question we will return later.

We shall perhaps be met by the assertion that many men may also be taken to be irrational animals, so little do the phenomena they exhibit exceed in dignity and importance the phenomena presented by certain brutes. But, in reply, it is to be remarked that we can only consider men who are truly men—not idiots, and that all

men, however degraded their social condition, have self-consciousness properly so called, possess the gift of articulate and rational speech, are capable of true concerted action, and have a perception of the existence of right and wrong. On the other hand, no brute has the faculty of articulate, rational speech: most persons will also admit that brutes are not capable of truly concerted action, and we contend most confidently that they have no self-consciousness, properly so called, and no perception of the difference between truth and falsehood and right and wrong.

Let us now consider Mr. Darwin's facts in favor of an opposite conclusion.

1st. His testimony drawn from his own experience and information regarding the lowest races of men.

2d. The anecdotes he narrates in favor of the intelligence of brutes.

In the first place, we have to thank our author for very distinct and unqualified statements as to the substantial unity of men's mental powers. Thus he tells us:—

"The Fuegians rank amongst the lowest barbarians; but I was continually struck with surprise how closely the three natives on board H. M. S. 'Beagle,' who had lived some years in England, and could talk a little English, resembled us in disposition, and in most of our mental qualities."—vol. i. p. 34.

Again he adds:—

"The American aborigines, Negroes, and Europeans differ as much from each other in mind as any three races that can be named; yet I was incessantly struck, whilst living with the Fuegians on board the 'Beagle,' with the many little traits of character, showing how similar their minds were to ours; and so it was with a full-blooded negro with whom I happened once to be intimate."—vol. i. p. 232.

Again:—"Differences of this kind (mental) between the highest men of the highest races and the lowest savages are connected by the finest gradations."—vol. i. p. 35.

Mr. Darwin, then, plainly tells us that all the essential mental characters of civilized man are found in the very lowest races of men, though in a less completely developed state; while, in comparing their mental powers with those of brutes, he says "No doubt the difference in this respect is enormous." (vol. i. p. 34.) As if, however, to diminish the force of this admis-

sion, he remarks, what no one would dream of disputing, that there are psychical phenomena common to men and to other animals. He says of man that

"He uses in common with the lower animals inarticulate cries to express his meaning, aided by gestures and the movements of the muscles of the face. This especially holds good with the more simple and vivid feelings, which are *but little connected with the higher intelligence*. Our cries of pain, fear, surprise, anger, together with their appropriate actions, and the murmur of a mother to her beloved child, are more expressive than any words."—vol. i. p. 54.

But, inasmuch as it is admitted on all hands that man *is* an animal, and therefore has all the four lower faculties enumerated in our list, as well as the two higher ones, the fact that he makes use of common instinctive actions in no way diminishes the force of the distinction between him and brutes, as regards the representative, reflective faculties. It rather follows as a matter of course from his animality that he should manifest phenomena common to him and to brutes. That man has a common nature with them is perfectly compatible with his having, besides, a superior nature and faculties of which no brute has any rudiment or vestige. Indeed, all the arguments and objections in Mr. Darwin's second chapter may be met by the fact that man, being an animal, has corresponding faculties, whence arises a certain external conformity with other animals as to the modes of expressing some mental modifications. In the overlooking of this possibility of coexistence of two natures lies that error of negation to which we before alluded. Here, as in other parts of the book, we may say there are two quantities, a and $a + x$, and Mr. Darwin, seeing the two a s but neglecting the x , represents the quantities as equal.

We will now notice the anecdotes narrated by Mr. Darwin in support of the rationality of brutes. Before doing so, however, we must remark that our author's statements, given on the authority (sometimes second-hand authority) of others, afford little evidence of careful criticism. This is the more noteworthy when we consider the conscientious care and pains which he bestows on all the phenomena which he examines himself.

Thus, for example, we are told on the authority of Brehm that—

"An eagle seized a young cercopithecus, which, by clinging to a branch, was not at once carried off; it cried loudly for assistance, upon which other members of the troop, with much uproar rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many feathers that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape."—vol. i. p. 76.

We confess we wish that Mr. Darwin had himself witnessed this episode. Perhaps, however, he has seen other facts sufficiently similar to render this one credible. In the absence of really trustworthy evidence we should, however, be inclined to doubt the fact of a young cercopithecus, unexpectedly seized, being able, by clinging, to resist the action of an eagle's wings.

We are surprised that Mr. Darwin should have accepted the following tale without suspicion:—

"One female baboon had so capacious a heart that she not only adopted young monkeys of other species, but stole young dogs and cats which she continually carried about. Her kindness, however, did not go so far as to share her food with her adopted offspring, at which Brehm was surprised, as his monkeys always divided everything quite fairly with their own young ones. An adopted kitten scratched the above-mentioned affectionate baboon, *who certainly had a fine intellect*, for she was much astonished at being scratched, and immediately examined the kitten's feet, and without more ado bit off the claws." (!!)—vol. i. p. 41.

Has Mr. Darwin ever tested this alleged fact? Would it be possible for a baboon to bite off the claws of a kitten without keeping the feet perfectly straight?

Again we have an anecdote on only second-hand authority (namely a quotation by Brehm from Schimper) to the following effect:—

"In Abyssinia, when the baboons belonging to one species (*C. gelada*) descend in troops from the mountains to plunder the fields, they sometimes encounter troops of another species (*C. hamadryas*), and then a fight ensues. The *Geladas* roll down great stones, which the *Hamadryas* try to avoid, and then both species, making a great uproar, rush furiously against each other. Brehm, when accompanying the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, aided in an attack with fire-arms on a troop of baboons in the pass of Mensa in Abyssinia. The baboons in return rolled so many stones down the mountain, some as large as a man's head, that the attackers had to beat a hasty retreat; and the pass was actually for a time closed against the caravan.

It deserves notice that these baboons thus acted in concert."—vol. i. p. 51.

Now, if every statement of fact here given be absolutely correct, it in no way even tends to invalidate the distinction we have drawn between "instinct" and "reason;" but the positive assertion that the brutes "acted in concert," when the evidence proves nothing more than that their actions were simultaneous, shows a strong bias on the part of the narrator. A flock of sheep will simultaneously turn round and stare and stamp at an intruder; but this is not "concerted action," which means that actions are not only simultaneous, but are so in consequence of a reciprocal understanding and convention between the various agents. It may be added that if any brutes were capable of such really *concerted* action, the effects would soon make themselves known to us so forcibly as to prevent the possibility of mistake.

We come now to Mr. Darwin's instances of brute rationality. In the first place he tells us:—

"I had a dog who was savage and averse to all strangers, and I purposely tried his memory after an absence of five years and two days. I went near the stable where he lived, and shouted to him in my old manner; he showed no joy, but instantly followed me out walking and obeyed me, exactly as if I had parted with him only half an hour before. A train of old associations, dormant during five years, had thus been instantaneously awakened in his mind."—vol. i. p. 46.

No doubt! but this is not "reason." Indeed, we could hardly have a better instance of the mere action of associated sensible impressions. What is there here which implies more than memory, impressions of sensible objects and their association? Had there been reason there would have been signs of joy and wonder, though such signs would not alone prove reason to exist. It is evident that Mr. Darwin's own mode of explanation is the sufficient one—namely, by a train of associated sensible impressions. Mr. Darwin surely cannot think that there is in this case any evidence of the dog's having put to himself those questions which, under the circumstances, a rational being would put. Mr. Darwin also tells us how a monkey-trainer gave up in despair the education of monkeys, of which the attention was easily distracted from his

teaching, while "a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained." But "attention" does not imply "reason." The anecdote only shows that some monkeys are more easily impressed and more retentive of impressions than others.

Again, we are told, as an instance of *reason*, that "Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in a paper so that the monkeys in hastily unfolding it got stung; after this had once happened, they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within." But here again we have no need to call in the aid of "reason." The monkeys had had the group of sensations "folded paper" associated with the other groups—"noise and movement" and "stung fingers." The second time they experience the group of sensations of "folded paper" the succeeding sensations (in this instance only too keenly associated) are forcibly recalled, and with the recollection of the sensation of hearing, the hand goes to the ear. Yet Mr. Darwin considers this unimportant instance of such significance that he goes on to say:—

"Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals can reason, would not be convinced by anything I could add. Nevertheless, I will give one case with respect to dogs, as it rests on two distinct observers, and can *hardly depend on the modification of any instinct*. Mr. Colquhoun winged two wild ducks, which fell on the opposite side of a stream; his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and returned for the dead bird. Colonel Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed and the other wounded; the latter ran away, and was caught by the retriever, who on her return came across the dead bird; she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterwards brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her having wilfully injured any game."

Mr. Darwin adds:

"Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild ducks."—vol. i. pp. 47, 48.

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Here we reply we have nothing of the kind, and to bring "reason" into play is gratuitous. The circumstances can be perfectly explained (and on Mr. Darwin's own principles) as evidences of the revival of an old instinct. The ancestors of sporting dogs of course killed their prey, and that trained dogs do not kill it is simply due to man's action, which has suppressed the instinct by education, and which continually thus keeps it under control. It is indubitable that the old tendency *must* be latent, and that a small interruption in the normal retrieving process, such as occurred in the cases cited, would probably be sufficient to revive that old tendency and call the obsolete habit into exercise.

But perhaps the most surprising instance of groundless inference is presented in the following passage:—

"My dog, a full grown and very sensible animal, was lying on the lawn during a hot and still day; but at a little distance a slight breeze occasionally moved an open parasol, which would have been wholly disregarded by the dog, had any one stood near it. As it was, every time that the parasol slightly moved, the dog growled fiercely and barked. He must, I think, have reasoned to himself in a rapid and unconscious manner, that movement without any apparent cause indicated the presence of some strange living agent, and no stranger had a right to be on his territory."—vol. i. p. 67.

The consequences deduced from this trivial incident are amazing. Probably, however, Mr. Darwin does not mean what he says; but, on the face of it, we have a brute credited with the abstract ideas "movement," "causation," and the notions logically arranged and classified in subordinate genera—"agent," "living agent," "strange living agent." He also attributes to it the notion of "a right" of "territorial limitation," and the relation of such "limited territory" and "personal ownership." It may safely be affirmed that if a dog could so reason in one instance he would in others, and would give much more unequivocal proofs for Mr. Darwin to bring forward.

Mr. Darwin, however, speaks of reasoning in an "unconscious manner," so that he cannot really mean any process of reasoning at all; but, if so, his case is in no way apposite. Even an insect can be startled, and will exhibit as much evi-

dence of rationality as is afforded by the growl of a dog; and all that is really necessary to explain such a phenomenon exists in an oyster, or even in the much talked-of Ascidian.

Thus, then, it appears that, even in Mr. Darwin's specially-selected instances, there is not a tittle of evidence tending, however slightly, to show that any brute possesses the representative reflective faculties. But if, as we assert, brute animals are destitute of such higher faculties, it may well be that those lower faculties which they have (and which we more or less share with them) are highly developed, and their senses possess a degree of keenness and quickness inconceivable to us. Their minds* being entirely occupied with such lower faculties, and having, so to speak, nothing else to occupy them, their sensible impressions may become interwoven and connected to a far greater extent than in us. Indeed, in the absence of free will, the laws of this association of ideas obtain supreme command over the minds of brutes: the brute being entirely immersed, as it were, in his presentative faculties.

There yet remain two matters for consideration, which tend to prove the fundamental difference which exists between the mental powers of man and brutes:—
1. The mental equality between animals of very different grades of structure, and their non-progressiveness; 2. The question of articulate speech.

Considering the vast antiquity of the great animal groups,† it is, indeed, remarkable how little advance in mental capacity has been achieved even by the highest brutes. This is made especially evident by Mr. Darwin's own assertions as to the capacities of lowly animals. Thus he tells us that—

"Mr. Gardner, whilst watching a shore-crab (*Gelasimus*) making its burrow, threw some shells towards the hole. One rolled in, and three other shells remained within a few inches of the mouth. In about five minutes the crab brought out the shell which had

fallen in, and carried it away to the distance of a foot; it then saw the three other shells lying near, and *evidently thinking* that they might likewise roll in, carried them to the spot where it had laid the first."—vol. i. p. 334.

Mr. Darwin adds or quotes the astonishing remark, "It would, I think, be difficult to distinguish this act from one performed by man by the aid of reason." Again, he tells us:—

"Mr. Lonsdale informs me that he placed a pair of land-shells (*Helix pomatia*), one of which was weakly, into a small and ill-provided garden. After a short time the strong and healthy individual disappeared, and was traced by its track of slime over a wall into an adjoining well-stocked garden. Mr. Lonsdale concluded that it had deserted its sickly mate; but after an absence of twenty-four hours it returned, and apparently communicated the result of its successful exploration, for both then started along the same track and disappeared over the wall."—vol. i. p. 325.

Whatever may be the real value of the statements quoted, they harmonize with a matter which is incontestable. We refer to the fact that the intelligence of brutes, be they high or be they low, is essentially one in kind, there being a singular parity between animals belonging to groups widely different in type of structure and in degree of development.

Apart from the small modifications which experience occasionally introduces into the habits of animals—as sometimes occurs after man has begun to frequent a newly-discovered island—it cannot be denied that, looking broadly over the whole animal kingdom, there is no evidence of advance in mental power on the part of brutes. This absence of progression in animal intelligence is a very important consideration, and it is one which does not seem to be adverted to by Mr. Darwin, though the facts detailed by him are exceedingly suggestive of it.

When we speak of this absence of progression we do not, of course, mean to deny that the dog is superior in mental activity to the fish, or the jackdaw to the toad. But we mean that, considering the vast period of time that must (on Mr. Darwin's theory) have elapsed for the evolution of an Orang from an Ascidian, and considering how beneficial increased intelligence must be to all in the struggle for life, it is inconceivable (on Mr. Dar-

*The words "mind," "mental," "intelligence," &c., are here made use of in reference to the psychological faculties of brutes, in conformity to popular usage, and not as strictly appropriate.

† Mr. Darwin (vol. i. p. 360) refers to Dr. Scudder's discovery of "a fossil insect in the Devonian formation of New Brunswick, furnished with the well-known tympanum or stridulating apparatus of the male *Locustidae*."

win's principles only) that a mental advance should not have taken place greater in degree, more generally diffused, and more in proportion to the grade of the various animals than we find to be actually the case. For in what respect is the intelligence of the ape superior to that of the dog or of the elephant? It cannot be said that there is one point in which its psychical nature approximates to man more than that of those four-footed beasts. But, again, where is the great superiority of a dog or an ape over a bird? The falcon trained to hawking is at least as remarkable an instance of the power of education as the trained dog. The tricks which birds can be taught to perform are as complex and wonderful as those acted by the mammal. The phenomena of nidification, and some of those now brought forward by Mr. Darwin as to courtship, are fully comparable with analogous phenomena of quasi-intelligence in any beast.

This, however, is but a small part of the argument. For let us descend to the invertebrata, and what do we find?—a restriction of their quasi-mental faculties proportioned to their constantly inferior type of structure? By no means. We find, *e. g.*, in ants, phenomena which simulate those of an intelligence such as ours far more than do any phenomena exhibited by the highest beasts. Ants display a complete and complex political organization, classes of beings socially distinct, war resulting in the capture of slaves, and the appropriation and maintenance of domestic animals (*Aphides*) analogous to our milk giving cattle.

Mr. Darwin truthfully remarks on the great difference in these respects between such creatures as ants and bees, and singularly inert members of the same class—such as the scale insect or coccus. But can it be pretended that the action of natural and sexual selection has alone produced these phenomena in certain insects, and failed to produce them in any other mere animals even of the very highest class? If these phenomena are due to a power and faculty similar in kind to human intelligence, and which power is latent and capable of evolution in all animals, then it is certain that this power must have been evolved in other instances also, and that we should see varying degrees of it in many, and notably in the highest brutes as well as in man. If, on

the other hand, the faculties of brutes are different in kind from human intelligence, there can be no reason whatever why animals most closely approaching man in physical structure should resemble him in psychical nature also.

This reflection leads us to the difference which exists between men and brutes as regards the faculty of articulate speech. Mr. Darwin remarks that of the distinctively human characters this has "justly been considered as one of the chief." (vol. i. p. 53.) We cannot agree in this. Some brutes can articulate, and it is quite conceivable that brutes might (though as a fact they do not) so associate certain sensations and gratifications with certain articulate sounds as, in a certain sense, to speak. This, however, would in no way even tend to bridge over the gulf which exists between the representative reflective faculties and the merely presentative ones. Articulate signs of sensible impressions would be fundamentally as distinct as mere gestures are from truly rational speech.

Mr. Darwin evades the question about language by in one place (vol. i. p. 54) attributing that faculty in man to his having acquired a higher intellectual nature; and, in another (vol. ii. p. 391), by ascribing his higher intellectual nature to his having acquired that faculty.

Our author's attempts to bridge over the chasm which separates instinctive cries from rational speech are remarkable examples of groundless speculation. Thus he ventures to say—

"That primeval man, or rather some early progenitor of man *probably* used his voice largely, as does one of the gibbon-apes at the present day, in producing true musical cadences, that is in singing; we may conclude from a widely-spread analogy that this power would have been especially exerted during the courtship of the sexes, serving to express various emotions, as love, jealousy, triumph, and serving as a challenge to their rivals. The imitation by articulate sounds of musical cries *might* have given rise to words expressive of various complex emotions."

And again;

"It does not appear *altogether incredible*, that some unusually wise ape-like animal should have thought of imitating the growl of a beast of prey, so as to indicate to his fellow monkeys the nature of the expected danger. And this would have been a first:

step in the formation of a language."—vol. i. p. 56.

But the question, not whether it is incredible, but whether there are any data whatever to warrant such a supposition. Mr. Darwin brings forward none: we suspect none could be brought forward.

It is not, however, emotional expressions or manifestations of sensible impressions, in whatever way exhibited, which have to be accounted for, but the enunciation of distinct deliberate judgments as to "the what," "the how," and "the why," by definite articulate sounds; and for these Mr. Darwin not only does not ac-

count, but he does not adduce anything even tending to account for them. Altogether we may fairly conclude, from the complete failure of Mr. Darwin to establish identity of kind between the mental faculties of man and of brutes, that identity cannot be established. As we are not likely for many years to meet with a naturalist so competent to collect and marshal facts in support of such identity, if any such facts there are, the old barrier, then, between "presentative instinct" and "representative reason" remains still unimpaired, and, as we believe, insurmountable.

* † (To be continued.)

Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE name which we have just written is one which no Scotsman can pronounce or think of without a special movement of pride and pleasure—a gratification more tender, more familiar and homelike, than that even with which we bethink ourselves of Shakespeare, who is the greatest magician of all, the wizard whose magic is still more widely spreading and penetrating. Shakespeare is England's, Britain's—part of the inheritance of all who speak our language; but Scott belongs to us by a closer relationship. He has made us glad and proud in one tender, private corner of our heart, which does not open to the poet purely as a poet. There happens to be, as we write them, a special meaning in these words, but their truth is beyond times and seasons; it was as true twenty years ago as now, and will be as true as ever generations hence. A passing irritation, an affectionate anger, even moves our minds that we should be supposed to feel more warmly towards him now than at any other moment. Walter Scott needs no celebrations, no feast held in his honor. Scotland herself is his monument. It is with no ephemeral enthusiasm that we regard a man whose thoughts have mixed themselves inextricably with our thoughts, whose words rise to our lips unawares, whose creations are our familiar friends, and who has thrown a glow of light and brightness over the scenes which are dearest to us. From Schiehallion to Criffel, from the soft coves and lochs of the west to the rugged eastern coast with

all its rocks and storms, something of him is on every hillside and glen. We do not know any poet who has so identified himself with a country, so wrapped himself in its beauty, and enveloped it with his genius, as this greatest of our national writers has done for Scotland. His fervid patriotism (unlike as the two men are in every respect) is more like the Italianism of Dante than the milder nationality of any other poet. Dante was fierce and terrible in his narrow patriotism, Scott benign and cordial; but what Florence was to the one, Scotland was to the other. Her name was written in his heart. Had she been convulsed with the great throes of national conflict, it was in him too to have shown that wild vehemence of patriotic love and grief as truly as did Allighieri. As the days he fell upon were peaceful days, he contented himself with the sweeter task of lighting up and beautifying the country of his love. He hung wreaths and ornaments about her with lavish fondness. He adorned and decked her, sometimes with the enthusiasm a man has for a tender mother, sometimes with the passion of a lover for his bride. He is henceforward to all the world the type and model of a patriot-poet. When a critic means to bestow upon Manzoni, for instance, the highest encomium that can be given, the very grand cross of literature, he calls him the Scott of Italy; and we feel the praise to be overweening. Nobody but Dante has ever so concentrated himself upon a country, and perhaps no poet ever born

has received so full and abundant a reward.

The present moment, of course, suggests reflections of its own; but these are apart from Scott and the real impression he has made upon the mind of his country. It suggests to us a wondering, half-smiling reflection that a hundred years ago there was no Scott known in Scotland. No Scott! no genius of the mountains, shedding color and light upon their mighty slopes; no herald of past glory, sounding his clarion out of the heart of the ancient ages; no kindly, soft beaming light of affectionate insight brightening the Lowland cottages! And yet more than this—there were no novels in the land. There was Richardson, no doubt, and the beginning of the *Minerva* press. But the modern novel was not, and all the amusement and instruction and consolation to be derived from it were yet in the future. The softer and lesser, but still effectual, hands which helped in the origination of this prose form of perennial poetry, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, rose with the greater magician, like secondary moons round a planet. There were no novels; and a hundred years ago the past history of Scotland was a ground for polemics only—for the contentions of a few historical fanatics, and the investigations of antiquarians—not a glowing and picturesque path in which all the world might rejoice, a region sounding with music and brilliant with color, as living as our own, and far more captivating in the sheen and brightness of romance, than the sober-tinted present. This is but a superficial enumeration of what Sir Walter has done for us. He has made our past beautiful and dear; he has lighted up our country, and given her a charm for all the nations of the earth; but he has done even more than this. To us he has populated Scotland. He has set that enthusiasm of loyalty which belongs only to a primitive race in full and splendid relief against the darkness of the hills to which it belongs; but he has also set forth the less demonstrative faithfulness of the tamer peasant of the plains, triumphant over the complications of more artificial life and the restraints of prudence and common-sense. He has surrounded us with the beautiful, the noble, and the fair, and he has not disdained to pluck a very daisy from the soft slopes of St. Leonard's and wear that

as his crowning glory. Could we go back to that Scotland of 1771, into which a new Scott was born without much remark, of the old mosstrooping race, tamed down to all the soberness and regularity of a respectable family, how strangely different should we find it! The people we should meet would be more entertaining in themselves, more original, less like everybody else, no doubt. They would remember the '45, and still feel in their hearts some remnant of that thrill of doubt and fear and hope which must have run through the island before the ill-fated prince turned back on his way to London. But in their recollections there would have been no Vich-Ian-Vohr, no Evan Dhu, no Flora,—high quintessence of the old Celtic race. And Arthur's Seat would have risen to the sky with no consciousness in its lion crest that David Deans's cottage lay safe below. And Stirling would have shone in the sun with no Fitz-James treading its lofty streets, no Douglas and no Lufra to call forth applause even from the Ladies' Rock. And Loch Katrine and her isles would have lain hidden in the darkness, with no soft courageous Ellen to bring them to human ken. What a strange, what an incredible difference! No Highland emigration could so depopulate those dearest hills and glens as they are depopulated by this mere imagination. A hundred years ago they were bare and naked—nay, they were not, except to here and there a wandering, hasty passenger—such a passenger, for example, as Samuel Johnson—who made what haste he could to escape from these dreary wilds. Not even Shakespeare—no poet we know of—has done so much as this for his country. And it has all been done within the century which in this month comes to an end.

This, however, is, as we have said, an accidental reflection. Scott himself is greater than all celebrations, and wants nothing to keep his memory fresh in the popular heart. He is not only the most perfect example of a national poet, but he is in himself a typical Scotsman. In his strength and in his weakness he is alike an example of the best and most characteristic qualities of his race. The restrained and disciplined force of his mind, the curb which he always holds over his imagination, even in its wealthiest overflowings, the absence of exaggeration in his warmest enthusiasm, the

serene and broad common-sense which gives a sober daylight reality to all his pictures, are essentially Scotch; and so is the equally characteristic imprudence which helped to cloud over the end of his life—the love of hospitality and a kind of home splendor—the openness of house and heart—the pride of family—which were the kind and endearing failings of his great soul. This self-restraint of mind and extravagance of life, perfect sobriety of thought and unbounded fervor of aspiration, are as national as is the cold-blooded caution of Andrew Fairservice, or the prudence of Cuddie Headrigg,—nay, they are far more distinctly and characteristically national. Scott's longing ambition to establish a house—a warm and kindly, and, in its way, splendid home—for his posterity after him—a house in which good men's feasts should be held and wide welcome given, and the liberal lavish life of a chief in his own land be kept up for generations, is a kind of weakness which, for our own part, we are incapable of criticizing. It is wrong, no doubt; for there is always a keen and sharp injustice involved in the career of all those who make it even possible that others may have to pay the penalty of their liberalities, and that a poor creditor ruined may be obliged unwillingly to counterbalance a poor friend helped—nay, even a piece of temporary splendor or vague general hospitality. It is wrong so—but only because the experiment has failed. Success makes it right, and quenches every thought of fault-finding. No mean self-glory was in Scott's thoughts. His Abbotsford was to have been a very light of kindness all over the world; shutting its doors on none; spreading a warmth of welcome and happiness through the very atmosphere. If there is a certain subtle pride involved in the desire to be always the giver, always the source of advantage and pleasure, a dispenser to others, a superior genial power in the midst of dependants, it is a kind of pride which has a thousand kindly excuses, and which attracts rather than repels. It is a fault which, buried deep out of sight, and little discerned by the shallow critic, lies at the very root of the native character of Scotland. It is not the reckless extravagance which distinguished the old race of Irish gentlemen—for waste is alien to the national tem-

per; but it is (we confess) a proud inclination to be the bestower—to give rather than receive. This was the source of many of Scott's imprudences, and of much of his suffering; but which of us shall throw a stone at the liberal soul, simple in his own tastes as a child, yet eager to make everything warm with sunshine and plenty about him, and to scatter the crumbs from his abundant genial table over half the world? A cynic, no doubt, might take a different view of this kind of pride—might call it ostentation and vanity, and a hundred hard names; and it has its darker side, no doubt, like every other; but it is essentially a national weakness. Hospitality, somebody says, is a barbarous virtue; but, anyhow, it is one which penetrates the Scottish character down to the lowest level of society. It is not, so far as we know, at all characteristically or universally English—a curious shade of difference between such near neighbors, which we do not remember to have seen any attempt to account for.

Walter Scott was born in the year 1771, on the day which is sacred in Catholic countries as that of the Assumption of the Virgin, and which, for many recent years (last year, even, in the fierce irony of time and fate), has made all the French skies hiss and sparkle to the glory of Napoleon—the 15th of August. His childish history, as contained in his autobiography and Mr. Lockhart's illustrations,* is altogether charming. Never was a more genial, poetic child born into this dreary world. In his sweetness of temper and love of his kind—his kindly enthusiasm of genius, which could not run in the ordinary channels, nor do itself much credit in book-learning—in his manful simplicity and true childhood—were all the germs of the future man. We may say, indeed, that the Walter Scott of Sandyknowe is as nearly identical with the Walter Scott of Abbotsford as it is possible to imagine. The large, sweet, liberal nature cannot be hid; and while the man is scarcely less fresh and

* It seems almost unnecessary to add here a tribute of admiration to the many already rendered to Lockhart's *Life of our great poet*. We know no work that can be placed by its side. It is neither an *éloge* nor a defence; but (barring Boswell's) the clearest and fullest narrative one man has ever made of the life of another.

open-hearted than the child, the child is scarcely less wise in human nature than the man. His breeding was peculiar, as by some benign arrangement of Providence the breeding of a child of genius generally is. He was brought up for the first six years—counting, at least, for fifteen of any other child's—in the lonely house of Sandyknowe, with his old grandfather and grandmother, in absolute enjoyment of country sights and sounds, riding on the shoulders of the ewe-milkers as they went about their work, and with the "cowbailie" in his pastoral wanderings. Besides the cowbailie and the milkmaid, he had his aunt, Miss Jenny, for his instructor, and a whole world of ballad and genealogical story to dwell in—happy boy!—a foundation of life never to be forgotten, and the importance of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. When this sweet preface of rural existence was over, and he had returned to Edinburgh, there is a half-expressed disappointment visible on the part of his parents that he was not quite sufficiently advanced for the High School! which, however, he seems to have entered in his eighth year. There is evidently very little foundation for the tradition which places Scott in the list of the dolts of genius. He was not a careful or anxious scholar, but he was always full of those flashes of brilliant perception which reveal the power within; and there is all the movement and energy of boyhood about the story, its frays and daring deeds, as well as those dreams which are common to youth, but which surround with a mist of glory and of joy the youth of genius. Except that he was more bright and sweet-tempered, more genial, and gay, and kind, than most youths of his age, there seems to have been nothing peculiar about young Walter. Sometimes he would tell his confidants of his "visions," the expression of his face changing as he did so from his usual kindly brightness to the gravity of intense feeling; sometimes he would climb high into the silent nooks of Arthur's Seat, with his chosen friend and a packet of books, which they read together. "He read faster than I," says the companion of these wonderful hours of leisure, "and had, on this account, to wait a little at finishing every two pages before turning the leaf." One wonders what thoughts came into the boy's head

as he waited, perched high upon those silent heights, with the most picturesque of cities lying below him, the soft steepes of St. Leonard's, or, far away on the other side, the blue distant Firth, with its islands.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

Did he croon the words to himself long ere ever the English squire was brought into being who was to say them? Or was David Deans already in his cottage, with his cows munching the sweet gowans, and Jeanie, the beloved of our heart, looking out, with her hand shading her eyes, for wilful Effie's return? Who can tell? and then the leaf would turn, and the boy-poet go back to rush through the breathing woods with Una, or sit and listen with that graceful company on the lawns of the Decameron. Never was fitter scene for such studies and such dreams. "We used to climb up the rocks in search of places where we might sit sheltered from the wind; and the more inaccessible they were, the better we liked them," says his companion. A lonely shoulder of the hill, no doubt, rose above, sheltering the two heads over the book. The whole soft, rich, lovely country was at their feet; the grey city slowly lighting its windows, glimmering in unequal fairy lines of human tapers, full of mystery and suggestion; the Firth, broad and calm and glorious, leading off into the unknown,—such a combination of land and water, of hill and plain, of town and country, as perhaps is to be found on no other spot on earth. Here the young mind grew, nourishing itself with the dew and the poetry, with the dreams and the romance that had charmed a score of generations. If school and college were but little to him, a better training was in those absorbed readings, those dreamy pauses, and that delicious stillness of the hills.

All this time he seems to have been laying in thoughts and incidents, and even words and phrases, for future use; putting them by, unconsciously, in the capacious caverns of that poetic memory, which is not so much memory as a vivid consciousness of every thing that has ever befallen its possessor. Long after, when the Waverley Novels appeared, awakening the wild delight and curiosity of a whole people, a hundred broken bits of words with

which they were familiar came back to the recollection of the men who had been boys in the days when Walter Scott was a boy, calling out vague echoes from the half-forgotten past, and confusing, or else enlightening, their anxious guesses at the identity of the Great Unknown. The "Prætorium here, Prætorium there," of Edie Ochiltree, which was taken from an anecdote told him by one of his friends, was perhaps odd enough to catch the fancy; but as much cannot be said for some of the chance expressions, spoken by careless lips, which turned up thirty years after in the web of the great Magician's weaving, to the wonder of his old companions. Nothing escaped him in those early days; and this extraordinary power of imaginative memory becomes all the more wonderful when we recollect that he never occupied the passive position of a spectator, but was always one of the foremost actors in everything he had a share in. So vivid, we suppose, is the sense of being in such a mind, that something of that Divine fulness of recollection, which makes everything present, was in the rich and large perceptions of the poet. He laid up everything unconsciously in his silent garners, hearing and seeing what no one else noted, living that double life of action and meditation,—the one most visible and real, the other utterly unsuspected,—which was natural to him. His soul in secret roved about among men and things, like a bee among the flowers, taking something from each new place or being,—here a character, there a story, even a phrase, if nothing better came in his musing, busy way.

His life as a young man is full of the same genial activity and enjoyment of life, and the same silent accumulation of the materials for his work. His journeys to the north and south—to the unexplored hills of Liddesdale and up into beautiful Perthshire, strike us with a pleasant surprise as we follow him, wondering where Tully Veolan is to be and where Charlieshope. He went like the founder of new empires through those lonely ways selecting his sites unawares, with eyes that glowed with warm and enthusiastic admiration, but as yet no sense of what he was really about. To us his way is traced in lines of light; but to him it was rich only in pleasant souvenirs of friendship, hospitable welcomes, good stories,

scraps of ballads, and many a happy laugh and good-humored jest. He was going through his *Wanderjahr* without knowing, piling up knowledge everywhere. But no idea of the brilliant future had yet come to him, even when he noted the scenes which were hereafter to inspire him, or which at least were to afford the garments of natural beauty and quaint human character to clothe his inspiration withal. So far indeed was he from foreseeing his own original career, that his first essay in print, made doubtfully, and more as a joke than a serious venture, the pleasant self-indulgence of an amateur, not the work of a born minstrel, was a translation. His version of Bürger's "Lenore" was his first effort; and its picturesque force and spirit made a great impression upon friendly critics, though not much upon the public, which just then had several translations of the same poem to choose from, and was not excited by it. Scott's translation, however, had all the animation and brilliancy of an original poem; and it is difficult on reading it to imagine that anything in it is second-hand, or that the ideas are derived from another. He was twenty-five when it was published; and there seems to have been a private motive for the publication apart from desire of fame or even love of poetry. It was supposed by some of the anxious confidants who were in his secrets, and knew that his life had been colored for some years by a half-hoping, half-despairing love for a nameless young lady, that the sight of a real printed book by her lover might move her heart. It was a forlorn hope, and it was not successful. The lady married another notwithstanding "Lenore;" choosing, it is said, a worthy and admirable but undistinguished man, instead of the immortal who wooed her with all the humility of his chivalric nature. The reader feels almost inclined to hope that she lived to repent it, for Scott's heart had received a lasting wound. But this is a spiteful thought, which never, we are sure, entered the mind of Scott. He did not break his heart altogether, it is apparent, but shortly after permitted it to be caught in the rebound by a sprightly half-French half-English maiden whom he met on the Borders. He was married after a short interval, and it is to be supposed that the life and character of his bride merged gently into his, as we believe it is considered best for a woman

to do; for there is little note afterwards of any individual appearance on her part, or influence upon him.

After this event the poet settled quietly in Edinburg, going on with his professional work as behooved a young husband—the founder of a new family—but spending his spare time, and a great deal of it, in the collection of ballads for his “*Border Minstrelsy*.” The appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of Selkirk, which came to him about this time, threw him more and more in the way of this search, and in 1802 his book was published. Percy and Ritson had already developed a taste for ballad literature, and the work was successful. It was just about this time that Longman, on purchasing the copyrights of Cottle of Bristol, decided the “*Lyrical Ballads*” of Wordsworth and Coleridge to be worth nothing, and allowed them to be withdrawn and returned to their authors; but Scott, after receiving £100 as the profit for a small first edition of his “*Minstrelsy*,” sold the copyright to the same publisher for £500. No doubt it would be sufficiently easy to explain why this collection of the earliest popular literature of the country, the pure and genial romance, concerned with external life only, and full of picturesque incident and primitive uncomplicated feeling, should seize the uneducated public ear in a way impossible to the deep thought, the undecided and struggling philosophies, and the much loftier pretensions of the new school of poetry; but still the contrast is curious. The publication of the “*Minstrelsy*” led by the easiest and most accidental (seeming) ways of gentle suggestions and pliant fancy to Scott’s first great original production. In the beginning of the year 1803 the “*Lay of the Last Minstrel*” was published. It was followed in three years by “*Marmion*,” and two years later still by the “*Lady of the Lake*.” Never was fame more instantaneously won. From the time the “*Lay*” was given to the world, that world was at his feet. The two subsequent publications did but enhance his fame: and by the year 1810, when the last of the three was published, he reigned supreme over a crowd of worshippers, fought for by publishers, adored by his audience, receiving the highest plaudits and the most solid rewards which poet, up to that time, had ever won. The books sold by thousands, the public never seeming to have enough,

and from every side nothing but praise came to their author. He was elevated at once into the highest rank, and the author of “*Waverley*” did not rouse a greater enthusiasm than did, in these early days, the author of the “*Lay*.”

In this judgment we cannot say that posterity has altogether agreed; but then it must be remembered that posterity has known Scott as so perfect and supreme in another walk, that his poetry has been somewhat lost in the blaze of his other fame, and has not received, since that other fame began, the notice it deserved. Scott has vanquished Scott, and silenced his own praise. It is a hard thing for a man to be in the first class in two of the great branches of art, and Scott the poet is not so unquestionably supreme as is Scott the novelist. Before his other gift was known, however, the world was wild on the subject of his merits. He became the great “*Magician*” before he had ever printed a word of prose; and the universal popularity which he won so easily was entirely due to the wonderful success of his poems. He took everybody by storm—critics and non-critics, men and children. There was no class and no age beneath his sway. He came out like his own *Lochinvar* and sprang “*light to the saddle*,” to lead everybody captive after him. At the first outset the “*Lay*” was everybody’s favorite, though after a while, when the wild rush of enthusiastic partiality for the first poem had a little abated, calmer judgment placed the more complete and perfect “*Marmion*” in the highest place. The “*Lay*” is always likely to attract the imagination. It is sweet and tender as a fairy tale in all its softer passages, though daring and rapid in its movements, as such a story ought to be. Never was a more ideal pair of gentle lovers than fair Margaret and her Knight. And in all the records of that poetry which touches the trembling string of the supernatural, we know no just parallel to the mission of Deloraine. The wild and strange character of the narrative is at once tempered and increased by the absolute truth, dulness, and bravery of the mostrooping hero, who is as unable to understand the spell he has gone through so many dangers to seek, as he is—even with that precious burden in his bosom—to resist the crane on the baron’s crest which moved him to immediate warfare. All the complications

occasioned by this yielding to the only temptation which could have made him swerve from his immediate duty, are dashed forth from the rapid harp with all the true animation and musical movement of a strain chanted, not written. This character is kept up throughout—the music wavers and changes as a minstrel would naturally change it—leaping of a sudden from the plaintive weariness of one canto—

“Alas, fair dames, your hopes are vain,
Thy heart has lost the unthinking strain,
Its lightness would my heart reprove,
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold,
I may not, must not, sing of love;”

to the fervor of the next, in which, warmed with applause and wine, he strikes a bolder note upon his harp—

“And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel’s dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove;
How could I name love’s very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?”

The same charming animation and susceptibility to all the changes of his audience carry the singer from Branksome’s echoing hall to the still bower of the weird lady, to Margaret, trembling at every breath as she steals out to meet her lover, and to the wild pranks of the elfin page. The song sweeps along without pause or weariness. Never once does it flag upon the reader’s ear. It is like a Scotch river, hasty and buoyant, flashing its dark clear waters under the trees and over the rocks, with here a deep sunny pool and there a waterfall, never weary, incapable of a pause. Such a stream is essentially unlike the broad smooth current of the great river as it flows through southern plains, soft, steady, and monotonously gentle in its flow; but the Highland river, with its sudden depths and shallows, its gleaming rapids and rock-broken channel, though it has not the stateliness nor the use of the Lowland flood, is as bright a companion as ever wanderer had. It makes the country musical to him, brightens the darkest nooks, and lends new meaning to the sunshine. This is the distinction of Scott’s poetry: it is not profound, nor very lofty; it touches upon none of the deeper questions that agitate

and confuse humanity. Its life and movements are on the surface, not veiled in mystery, or even haziness. The child enters into its meaning, while the oldest are stirred by it. It is simple and straightforward in its lyrical brightness. With a true sense at once of the power and of the limitations of his craft, the Minstrel puts nothing in his song which cannot be sung. And the very nature of the song forbids any over-vivacity of dramatic power, for the work is not a drama in which every man has to speak for himself, but a narrative proceeding from the lips of one. To compare this poetry with that of Wordsworth, for instance, would be a simple absurdity; it would be like comparing the Tay to the Thames. The well-trained, useful, majestic stream, which carries trade and wealth into the very bosom of the land, is as unlike as possible to the wayward child of the mountains, rushing against its rocks with wreaths and dashing clouds of spray, unfit to bear a boat for any steady progression, yet flowing on strongly, brightly, picturesquely, charming all eyes that look upon it, and delighting all hearts.

We do not of course mean this to apply to the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” only, but to its successors as well. In all these poems there is the same rapid, brilliant motion—the same animated variety of scenery and incident—the same warm, full tide of life. “Marmion,” we believe, has come to be very generally regarded as the best of the series; and there can be no doubt that its dramatic form and picturesque splendor transcend the others in some notable respects. It treats a larger subject, the canvas is broader, the personages more majestic; but for that very reason it fails of a certain tenderer and more gentle interest, which is very strong in its immediate successor, the “Lady of the Lake.” If critics have given the palm to the courtly scenes in “Marmion,” to its brilliant battle-pieces, and the splendor of its pictures, the popular mind has taken into its warmest liking the national romance of James Fitz-James. Something of that visionary warmth of feeling, in season and out of season, with which Scotland has all along regarded her “native kings”—a feeling held by none more strongly than by Scott—has stolen into this delightful rendering of the familiar tradition. And there is at the same time a more subtle

interest, which has crept in one cannot tell how. The beginning of the transition from one class of poetry to another is to be found in this poem. Ellen Douglas, so brave, so innocent, so simple-hearted and true, the very type of a high-spirited and high-born maiden, bold with the fearlessness of innocence, is such a picture as has not appeared before, and it is one which charms every heart. Never while Ben-venue stands, and Loch Katrine holds up to him her silver mirror, shall that light skiff and lighter form forsake the silver strand, or cease to throw a charm over those loveliest islets. The picture is so clear, so sweet, so fresh, that—as we say of Raphael—it might have been made yesterday. It is no profound study of an ideal woman, but it is a true Highland girl, frankest, most courageous, and most stainless of human creatures, capable of all and every exertion which love requires of her—facing all perils, like Una herself, with an unfaltering brow, when those who are dear to her require her help. None of Sir Walter's poetical heroines are so perfect. In her simplicity there is at once a gleam of frolic and a possibility of all the stateliness which becomes a lady of the far-framed Douglas blood. And there is a fine and delicate harmony between her and the scenery we find her in, which acts upon the reader like a perfect strain of music. It wants no elucidation, no explaining, like those grand chords with discords freely intermixed, which belong to a great sonata. This is the "melody that's sweetly played in tune," the air as simple and as sweet as the flowers it breathes over, which even a child can catch, and which tempts every voice to take up its cheerful refrain. In this fascinating way is a new power, the development of character, introduced into the tale. The dark chieftain in his waving tartans, the wonderfully strange and exciting scenes in the history of Clan Alpine, charm us by their picturesqueness and dramatic force; but in Ellen and her noble father there is, mingled with the poetry, a curious breadth and unexaggerated truth of portraiture, which show how Scott's powers had grown. These two stand behind the veil of the verse, as it were, with all the noble force of reality which distinguishes the work of after-days. As they stand they might be transported into "Waverley" with little harm.

Thus the greater artist has already begun to form and show himself within those early garments of poetry. This is, we think, the great distinction of the "Lady of the Lake." His former poems have just enough humanity to interest the reader in the rapid course of the tale; but here the great Maker finds himself unable longer to refrain from putting character into his poetic creations. It was perhaps a dangerous experiment; for the art of the minstrel is too light, too swift, too essentially musical, to be weighted with such grave necessities of detail. In "Marmion" there is no character-painting. The great lord himself does and says nothing which can make us believe in the forged letters, or indeed which can help us to any insight into his probable proceedings one way or another. We accept him on the poet's showing in what character he pleases. Neither is De Wilton more distinct, nor the sweet conventional medieval figure of Clara. It is better for the poem that they should not be so; for it is a vivid narrative of events, not an inquiry into the secrets of human nature. And where was there ever found a broader landscape, or one more full of atmosphere and sunshine, than that great picture which opens upon the southern noble and his train as they approach Edinburgh? or where a more glowing and splendid sketch than that midnight scene at the Cross? or where such a battle-piece as that of Flodden? This is true minstrelsy, the song flung from rapid harp and voice, the strain of the primitive chronicler. The warm impulse of external life thrills through every line. There is no time nor place for details of individual humanity, nor for the deeper thoughts and emotions which clog and curb all instantaneous action. The minstrel cannot pause to disentangle that confused and confusing network. This is not his vocation in the world.

"The Lord of the Isles" has never reached the high popularity attained by the earlier poems—a fact for which we can give no sufficient reason, unless, indeed, that Scott had attained by a bound such perfection in his chosen strain, that it was impossible for him to mount higher, and that a certain monotony had crept into the repetition. We have, for our own part, the prejudices of personal association in favor of this poem; but putting these as much as possible apart, it seems to us very little if at all inferior to the others. The

picturesque scene in the hall of Ardtornish; the wonderful voyage among the isles, which conveys to ourselves all the exhilaration and wild delight in the sweeping seas and favorable gales—the flying motion and continually-varying scenery which are characteristic of such a voyage; the romantic surprise of Arran; and, finally, the grand picture of Bannockburn—match at once in beauty and interest anything in “*Marmion*,” while there is, besides, a second manifestation of another power, which we have remarked upon as appearing in “*The Lady of the Lake*.” The great and noble character of the kingly Bruce shows once more that not only the audience but the poet had outgrown the primitive music, and was groping towards something deeper and higher. There is no reason to suspect that the author, any more than his audience, knew what it was which was coming; but already the charm of a broader art had begun to attract and draw him away from the old harp which lent him so much grace and sweetness, yet limited his genius and cramped the real soul within him. It seems to us that nothing can be more plain than this gradually rising necessity for a fuller utterance. The new power worked with the old tools with an unconsciousness of itself which belongs only to the greatest mould of man; but yet felt that the tools were old, and longed for instruments more fitted to its nature. Except Shakespeare, no one we know of has possessed this unconsciousness, which is the crowning charm of genius, in such a degree as Scott. He was perfectly contented and happy in his simple strain; half amused that anything so easy could have gained him so much fame, and always aware that some day the world might change its mind on the subject, but taking it with a delightful ease and naturalness. When the new stream began to swell upwards out of the murmuring spring among the hills, Scott himself tried, as it were, to dam it down, and keep it within the narrower channel. He kept on trying to make the graceful and vague forms he had been used to, till the grander heads forced themselves through the clay. When, out of the rose-tinted mists of poetry, Ellen Douglas and her father looked him in the face—and when the grand serene countenance of the Bruce insisted on making itself apparent out of the romance of the Maid of Lorne, one can imagine a certain con-

fusion growing into the mind of the poet. Here was something which wanted larger development—a sphere more extended, a different kind of utterance. No doubt, for the first moment, they bewildered him with the vague delicious consciousness they must have brought of a giant's strength yet untried, and a whole new world yet to be conquered. He had outgrown the earlier singing-robcs, the primitive music. Something weightier, something wider, was to come.

Thus the poems of Scott were but as the preface to his work. His real and enduring glory is in his novels—the fuller and greater drama which did not naturally with him shape itself into verse, and which was quite beyond the minstrel's sphere. There is a certain confusion here in words, which we trust may not involve our meaning to the reader's apprehension. Scott was a great poet—one of the greatest—but not in verse. In verse he is ever and at all times a minstrel, and nothing more. He is the modern representative of that most perennially popular of all characters, the bard who weaves into living song the exploits and the adventures of heroes. It is no mean band, for Homer stands at the head of it, supreme in the love and admiration of all the ages; but it is essentially different from the other schools of poetry which have flourished among us, and in more recent times. It does not admit of the great impersonations of the drama proper, and at the same time it forbids, as strictly as the true drama forbids, those explanations which are permitted to reflective and philosophical poetry. The impression it makes must be conveyed rapidly, without interruption to the song; the narrative must flow swift as a stream, vivid and direct to its end. The primitive passions, the motives known to all men, the great principles of life which all can comprehend and even divine, are the materials in which alone it ever works. The fact must never be lost sight of, that the tale is told by one voice, and that this one voice *sings*. The story has to be done at a hearing, or at two or three hearings, but must, by its nature, never be allowed to flag or become monotonous. Neither can it be permitted to be elaborate. Directness, simplicity, comprehensibility, are absolute necessities to it. No one must pause to ask what does this or that mean. To thrill the listeners

with a rapidly-succeeding variety of emotions—to hold them breathless in suspense for the *dénouement*—to carry them along with the hero through some rapid adventure—these are the minstrel's powers. If he lays hand on the more complicated chords of existence, and tries to unravel the deeper mysteries, he forsakes his sphere. Hamlet and Lear are impossible to him, and so are the musings of Jacques, and even the delicious trifling of Rosalind. His is a hasty muse, with staff in hand and shoes on feet. He must be doing at all hazards. He must know how to relieve the strain upon his audience by a rapid change of subject, but never by a pause. Thus he stands apart among the ranks of the poets—a great artist in his way, the most popular perhaps of all—but never attaining to that highest sphere in which the crowned singers dwell.

This is Scott's position in what is called his poetry as distinct from his prose writings, and we think it is a mistaken love which claims a higher for him. Of all poets it is perhaps the minstrel who has the largest and most sympathetic audience. When we reflect that while all the world vied in celebration of Scott, Wordsworth was known only to a handful of friends, this fact will be made very apparent. The critics who applauded the one to the echo, and fell with savage cruelty upon the other; the public who bought up edition after edition of the minstrel's lays, and left the poet unregarded among his mountains,—enforce the lesson with a clearness above all comment. And it would be wrong to say that there was no justice in the award of the world. That world was made up of—a small class of people able to appreciate the loftier flights of poetry, and to understand those researches into the depths of human nature, and those high communings with heaven and earth which are her privilege—and of myriads who were too busy, too joyous, too sick and sorrowful, too hard-working and worn with care, to have any power to enter into the depths or ascend to the heights of that divine philosophy which speaks in music and song; but these myriads at the same time were pervaded by that vague longing for beauty and sweetness, for noble deeds and thrilling tales, which is one of the broadest principles of humanity. In the midst of the flatness of their own particular lives their ears were

open to the tale of passions, sufferings, and generousities—of those conflicts of love and hate which (they are always ready to believe) make the lives of some men as full of interest as their own lives are devoid of it; and for this throng, this multitude more than could be numbered, Scott took up his harp and sang. He played upon them as upon another harp. He moved them to instant excitement, to sympathy with the generous and the injured, to admiration of the lovely and good. He turned their tame partiality for their native country into a passion; he raised patriotism into a proud determined principle; he made the blood run warm in their veins, and roused them to the influence of poetry, to the sway of the unseen. Therefore we say that the award was just. The poetry of Wordsworth affected one to the depths of his being, where the poetry of Scott roused a thousand superficially out of the dulness of theirs. The effect and the means were alike superficial in comparison. The nightingale in the darkling woods moves to deepest delight the few wakeful ears that hear him; but the day-light lark spreads the joy of his song over a world of fields, and wakes up a whole village with his simpler melody. Such is the minstrel's place in the economy of art; he gets his reward at once, warm and abundant; the other waits for the slow coming of his day, sadly enough often, not knowing if it will ever come. But it does; and the dear minstrel whom we love, who gave us our first thrill of poetic interest, who woke the dull heart in us, who made us first to hear and see—he wanes. It is the nature of things. "In thy lifetime thou hadst thy good things." Such is the sentence pronounced upon this facile yet merited success.

For these poems Scott received not only, as we have said, the universal plaudits of this world, but a great deal of money. A thousand pounds was given to him for "Marmion" before the poem was published or even written, and his other works were in proportion. The sum was wonderful then, and indeed is not much less than miraculous now, for Scott was still but a new poet, and had not done anything to fight his way into prosperity. He had, however, unfortunately, taken a step which neutralized those advantages to him. He had helped

his friend James Ballantyne, his acquaintance with whom had been formed in childhood, to begin business in Edinburgh as a printer, and after a while became his partner—a step which involved him in all the after-troubles of his life. For it was not really Abbotsford, nor family pride, nor any other of the causes by which his downfall is commonly accounted for, which really produced it; but the half-benevolent, half-prudent scheme by which, no doubt, he hoped to put money in his own purse, but, at the same time, to establish his friend in business, and help him on in his career. Before this step was taken, he had reached a pleasant eminence of comfort and tranquillity in respect to pecuniary matters. He had somewhere about £2,000 a-year, an income sufficient for all the necessities of his position; and though his professional work had suffered from his poetry, the poetry itself had done a good deal to redress the balance, and he had already purchased the farm of Abbotsford before a word of the novels had been written, or at least published. This new connection, however, involved him at once in business difficulties, and kept him for the rest of his life the slave of those wants and foolishnesses which he had rashly connected himself with, notwithstanding the clear perception of character which always distinguished him. He worked for his partners, or rather for the necessities forced upon him by his relations with them, as he had never worked for his own convenience; and he had now reached the commencement of that middle period of life, in which it is not easy for a man to begin to deny himself, or to give up for himself or those he loves the indulgences and graces of existence. The publication of the “*Lord of the Isles*” was the first check in his triumphant poetical career. This was after the publication of “*Waverley*,” of which we have not yet spoken, and he had consequently a fund of consolation to strengthen his heart. We quote from Lockhart’s *Life* an account of the manner in which he received the news of this check:—

“One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call on him; and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of ‘*Guy Mannering*.’ I give what follows from Ballantyne’s *memo-*

rande. ‘Well, James,’ he said, ‘I have given you a week; what are people saying about the ‘*Lord of the Isles*’? I hesitated a little after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. ‘Come,’ he said, ‘speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—*disappointment*.’ My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event. . . . However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather that his poetical popularity should have lasted so long than that it should have now at last given way. At length he said, with perfect cheerfulness—‘Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can’t afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else;’ and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel.”

Brave, modest, truthful, indomitable soul! just so might Shakespeare have done had the audience of the Globe tired of tragedy—turned to at a historical play or one of those delightful comedies which are what no other comedies ever were; so might Shakespeare have done—but no other poet we ever heard of. In every other individual of the race, the tormenting of an irritable self-esteem and profound indignation against a world not wise enough to appreciate him, has more or less soured both temper and life—but not with these two. There is a certain grandeur, no doubt, in the persistent self-support of a neglected poet,* who gives himself all the moral backing of his own good opinion, and persists in believing in himself till he has elicited a gleam of answering belief from the world. But how much sweeter and dearer to the heart, in its charm of modesty and humility, is this acceptance of the verdict of others, this cheerful putting aside of self, and undiscouraged change, since the friendly world so wills it, of fashion and form! “We must not droop; we can’t afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else.” Unimpressive, commonplace words; and yet no sublime expression of any poet’s faith in himself ever touched us so much. It is what Shakespeare would have done. And Scott did it—and no one else.

There is a grandeur in the life which is above common rules—which is a law unto

itself—exempted by its great endowments from the common course of living. Such an existence, when it is pure like Wordsworth's, commands our respect and almost awe. When it is wild and irregular like Byron's, it moves us to seek out every eager excuse for that light, leading ever astray, which still is light from heaven. But how much nobler, how much more truly great, is the life raised by genius above the common level, but loyally subject to all the daily burdens of humanity, throwing off no yoke; patient, not petulant under every restraint; if one thing fails, cheerfully, bravely, with a smile, taking up another. This is a subject of which we cannot trust ourselves to speak, so infinitely, to our thinking, does this broad loyal simple humanity, the common nature sublimated and expanded all over, not individualized into sharp identity, transcend those lower peaks of obstinate, self-regarding, self-idolizing personality. Scott conducts himself throughout in his faults as in his virtues, as any ordinary man of generosity and honor would have done. He seeks no benefit of clergy. He toils, mortgages himself, anticipates the exertions of his own future, as if he had been no poet, but an honest man struggling hard by sacrifice and manual labor—common work—to keep his head above water, and save himself and his friends. He takes no thought for his own ruffled *amour propre*, makes no moan over the hard necessity of putting his Pegasus into harness. Far other is the effect of necessity and embarrassment upon him. That which the poorest scribbler mourns over as a degradation of his genius, this man accepted without a whisper or a thought of shame. It was no ignominy and no grief to him that he had to keep all his mighty faculties in constant exercise, and work like a slave or a giant for the money which was needed. Neither his work nor his anxiety disturbed the gracious nature which through all could take its pleasure, could bear up and press on, ever with more and more work, and ever dragging after him, upheld by his strong arm, the incapable souls whose fault it was. His poetic contemporaries, while he went through this long struggle, were preaching to the world the necessity laid upon it of providing a peaceful nest and a sheltered life for the man of genius, in order that he

might work without care or restraint; while gaily in his fetters, bound hand and foot, anxiously striving only to keep on, and not to fail, this man of genius lived and labored. Honor and highest praise to the brave soul who was first of all things a man before ever he was a poet!

Perhaps, however, we ought to take a less enthusiastic view, which is also a true one. No amount of high principle or training could have made Wordsworth or Byron do what Scott did. Their narrower temperament and constitution could no more have borne it than a weak man could have borne the burden which is easy to the strong. It would have been intolerable to either, and must have been thrown off as incompatible with their lofty pretensions, or else would have crushed them to death. But Scott's unbounded healthfulness of soul, his superiority to all those tremors of sickly foresight which are to the mind what neuralgia and toothache are to the body—his native cheerfulness carried to the edge, but never over the edge, of *insouciance*—his delightful faculty of shaking off all burdens from his memory, and leaving to the morrow its own cares,—brought him through this enormous struggle as no man of less perfect health and breadth of constitution could have been brought. It cannot even be said that the lamentable malady which clouded the end of his life was caused by these unexampled exertions; for in such a way, with just such sufferings, his father, a man with no cares to afflict him, had also passed into the dark valley. Scott labored at the highest mental work as if it had been weaving or carpentering, only with energy tenfold greater than is ever employed at the bench or the loom, and would have been the first to laugh, no doubt, at the thought of hardship in his own bright and noble lot.

The story of the origin of "Waverley" is almost too well known to need repetition; but it is necessary in every sketch of his life. After the success of the "Lay," it occurred to him to illustrate the manners of the past in prose as he had already done in verse; and, moved by the pleasant impulse with which a man so exuberant in strength and genius takes up any new work, he wrote the first chapters—the description of Waverley Honor and the dreamy youth and studies of the young heir. When he submitted this, however,

to some friends, he was discouraged by them from proceeding with it. They feared that he would risk the fame he had won by the puerility of a novel, and were of opinion besides that Waverley Honor itself was dull, and likely to excite no interest. One can imagine the spark of humorous incredulity in Sir Walter's eye at this judgment; but his life was full as life could be. He had but to weave so many couplets together, and gather up the laurels and the gold that were sure to follow; and he put away the manuscript, accordingly, at the bidding of his advisers, without, it would appear, a word of remonstrance. In the drawer where he had placed it, it lay long forgotten, for some seven or eight years, at the end of which time, in a search for some fishing-tackle, he found the neglected sheets. Probably by this time it had become apparent to his sagacious mind that his fountain of poetry was not one which would flow forever. He took it out, read it over, and doubtless, with more amusement than displeasure, recollected, and did not agree in, the unfavorable verdict. The half-forgotten papers were not restored to their drawer; and with all the pleasant excitement belonging to a new and fresh piece of work, Scott began to finish his story. The two last volumes were written in *three weeks!* There is a curious story told in Lockhart's Life of the effect produced upon one of a young party of convivial law-students in Edinburgh by the sight, through a window, of the perpetual movement of Scott's hand as he wrote. "It never stops," he said; "page after page is finished and thrown upon that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books." It was the conclusion of "Waverley" which was being written in this untiring way, and the fact—though it cannot reasonably tell either for or against the book as a book—is curious, as demonstrating the warmth of interest with which Scott threw himself into everything he undertook. He did not put it aside, it is evident, till it was finished, knowing, no doubt, his own readiness to accept counsel on the subject, and resolving to make this work at least certain. We do not hear that he submitted it to any further private

judgment; but good James Ballantyne shook his head over it, and found that Waverley Honor was dull, and Tullyveolan *vulgar*—save the mark! and had but poor expectation of any good result. Thus humbly and diffidently was a book to steal into the world which made such a revolution in the world of letters as has not been made since. It was received with such a flash of enthusiasm as none of his works had as yet called forth. Not even the fresh delight of the "Lay" had stirred the public mind as did the new revelation—the beginning of a new branch of literature, as it may be called—which came before it in "Waverley." The effect was electrical. "Opinion!" said Lord Holland, when asked what he thought of the book; "none of us went to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout." The world was once more taken by storm.

We have said that in these days there were no novels; except the contemporary works of Miss Edgeworth—works which are said (as the lesser sometimes manages to convey the spark of life to the greater) to have directed the thoughts of Scott to this kind of literature—nothing of any weight or importance in the shape of fiction had appeared between "Waverley" and "Sir Charles Grandison." Richardson had had his day; and his influence, so far as it was living and real, was dying out of the world. He was falling into the position of a classic—much admired and quoted, but little read. The field altogether was clear; and Miss Edgeworth's novels, though full of truth and genius, could not stand for a moment in comparison with those of Scott. He came upon the stage not quite knowing what was to follow, with none of the sublime self-confidence with which some of his contemporaries faced the world, feeling certain, however it might decide, that they themselves could be nothing but supremely right. Scott did not attach to his work the same tremendous importance. It was not, in his estimation, great enough to hold the world in balance, and he knew himself ready and cheerfully willing to change the manner of it at any time if such a proceeding seemed expedient. Nevertheless it must have been a serious question with him whether or not this new venture was to be successful. Lockhart remarks upon "the gallant composure" with which Scott "awaited the decision of

the public," as exemplified in the fact that immediately on the publication of "Waverley" he started on a yacht voyage of nearly two months' duration. This, however, may be interpreted in two ways, and it might well be that the thoroughly brave but harassed and hard-working soul was glad to escape from that interval of suspense—to turn his mind entirely from the question, which, no doubt, was an anxious one, and to return only when it must be distinctly decided one way or another. He had the faculty invaluable to every hard-working man, and above all to one whose work is of a mental kind, of separating himself alike from his toils and his anxieties, and living in the cheerful, novel day of adventure and change when that came to him, without torturing himself with unavailing broodings over what was going on behind. That he turned his back upon Edinburgh, and indeed upon the world in which letters and newspapers were practicable, and went out to the silent seas, to the coasts with which he was unacquainted, and to the small society, all congenial and pleasant to him, who were thrown upon each other in the inevitably close companionship of the "stout cutter,"—was exactly one of those brilliantly sensible expedients of self-deliverance which so healthy and manful a nature selects by intuition to get itself through its difficulties. He never spared himself work, nor took any cowardly means of escape from the trials that had to be borne. But he avoided the suspense which was avoidable, and which it was useless and unavailing to brave. Before going away, however, he had heard already the buzz of rising curiosity and fame. "It has made a very strong impression here," he writes to his friend Morritt, a few days after its publication, "and the good people of Edinburg are busied in tracing out the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains;" he "does not expect, however, that it will be popular in the South, as much of the humor, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional." In another letter he adds a piece of criticism which is true enough, and shows the impartiality with which he looked upon the children of his brain. "The hero," he says, "is a sneaking piece of imbecility, and if he had married Flora she would have set him up on the chim-

ney piece as Count Borolaski's wife used to do with him. I am a bad hand," he continues, "at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." This shows that Scott recognized a deficiency which is, indeed, not common to him only, but to the greatest of dramatists as well. When one recalls not only Waverley, but the Claudios, Bertrams, Bassanios, and Sebastians of Shakespeare, as well as Scott's own mild, respectable, and ineffectual band of Harry Mortons, Lovels, &c., it becomes evident that to "depict a hero" is a very hazardous task indeed, transcending even the highest powers.

But hero apart, what a wonderful and enchanted world was there and then opened to the astonished public! Here was no astonishing Grandison ideal, no work of mere imagination created out of nothing, but a revelation of a whole broad country, varied as nature is, and as true. The veil was drawn from the face of Scotland, not only to other nations, but to her own astonished, delighted inhabitants, who had hitherto despised or derided the Highland caterans, but now saw suddenly with amazed eyes the courtly figure of Vich Ian Vohr descending from the mists, the stately and beautiful Flora, with all their attendants, such surrounding personages as Evan Dhu and Callum Beg, either of them enough to have made any ordinary man's fortune. We can comprehend but dimly at this distance—we who have been brought up upon the Waverley novels, and scarcely can remember when we first made acquaintance with that wonderful Highland court, any more than we can remember when it was that we first set childish foot within Prospero's enchanted isle—it is with difficulty that we can realize the first magical effects produced by them. They had no rivals in the field. They were read everywhere, by all kinds of people; they flew from hand to hand like the news of a campaign in which everybody was personally interested; and it is easy to realize how, as book followed book, the world kept ever growing larger and larger round the astonished, entranced, breathless audience, which had enough ado to look on while the bright panorama glided before them, and sketch

after sketch of new country rose brilliant out of the mists. The race whose power and place was over—the economy of the past in its last splendid, fatal outburst—became visible suddenly, as no amount of historical description could ever have made it, in the persons of Fergus MacIvor and his valiant and loyal henchman. In that wonderful flow of narrative the reader was carried along from admiration to disapproval, to blame, to enthusiasm, to regret, and finally to that scaffold and conclusion which he came to with a pang of the "*hysterica passio*" in his throat, and at the same time that sense of inevitable and necessary fate which ennobles and saddens the Greek drama—all without time to breathe or pause, or escape from the spell that had seized upon him. The splendid warmth of kindly and genial humor which lighted up the absorbing tale, gave to it all the breadth of that life which goes on cheerily, feasts and laughs, and finds a sober enjoyment in the midst of the greatest convulsions. What could be more delightful, more loving in its fun, more whimsical in its quaint conception, and, at the same time, more completely true to nature, than the Baron of Bradwardine, a knight and gentleman every inch of him—with his wisdom, his learning, his vanity, and gravest solemn foolishness? "I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task," says Scott, with the gleam of enjoyment in his eyes. He, too, liked it as much as his audience. To him, as to every true humorist, his Baron was dear—there is moisture beyond the laughter in his eye, rising half from the heartiness of the laugh, half from a tender affection below. Without this no man ever attains to true humor, which is ever kind, ever delicate in its touch, mellowed and sweetened by the heart of sympathy within. And all is so easy, so natural, flowing from detail to detail with the quiet succession of fact, no strain of invention perceptible, or even, the reader feels, possible. The book advances, grows, lives by its own instinctive vitality. One thinks of the hand seen through the window finishing page after page without a pause. Why? Because by force of genius the author had, as it were, no will in the matter. The book brought itself into being; took its own way, amusing the writer even by its awkwardness, by the flow of its incidents, by

the changes and slips it made in his half-conscious hands.

And pouring after "Waverley" into the world came the flood of its successors, all instinct with kindred life, proving that no adventitious help of historical interest was wanted, but that the humblest incidents of common life were enough to furnish at once drama and interest. The cottage of the Mucklebackits with its simple tragedy is brought as close to us as the rude hall of the Highland chieftain, and goes even more warmly to our hearts. Scott draws them as if he had been studying fishermen and their ways all his life. His sympathy enters into everything. The rustic dalliance on one hand, and that sorrow of the poor which has to be put aside for all the necessities of ordinary life, are all open to his sympathetic eye; and, with the touch as of a magician's wand, he conjures all coarseness out of the one, and teaches us to feel for the petulance of grief restrained—the passion of sorrow which takes the form of irritation—in the other. As the brilliant series flows on, it is as if each new study was the author's masterpiece; and so mightily does he work upon us, that even the conventional machinery of the lost child, in its different forms, gains a new interest, and becomes in his hands the most ready way of securing a picturesque arrangement of characters. More than this, however, Scott never aims at in his plot. Though we defy the most cold-blooded reader to follow without excitement the story of those strange events which make Captain Brown into Henry Bertram of Ellangowan, it is not upon such means of arousing and retaining the reader's interest that Scott depends. The story is but as a thread to him upon which his pearls are strung; and though each tale has its love-story, we do not suppose that any but the youngest reader is much concerned whether Waverley marries or not, or takes any great interest in the rapid loves of Lovel or Hazeldean. It is the men and women whom he introduces to us who engross our interest; and besides this, which is the primary attraction, his power of simple narration is unequalled. This is almost a more rare gift than that power of creation which has peopled our earth and our country with so many new and original and noble beings. Scott not only introduces us to a crowd of men and women

whom we did not know before, but he sets incidents so before us that they make as vivid an impression upon our minds as things that have happened to ourselves. We feel that it would be quite possible for a man in all good faith, after reading, say, the Battle of Prestonpans, the Porteous Riot, or the expedition of Dandie Dinmont and young Bertram across the moors, to feel his mind overshadowed by a momentary doubt whether these incidents had occurred in his own experience or had been simply told to him. He takes us into a new district, and sets it before us so that we feel capable of recognizing every bush and cothouse. He makes a scene so to pass before us that we feel we have been in it. In every way he pours the full tide of his own exuberant existence over the subject he has chosen; he makes it live, he makes it glow, he removes it out of the region of hypothesis, and writes certainty all over it. His novels are as vivid, as lifelike, as layish in their vitality, as are his poems; and though the probabilities are by no means slavishly adhered to, or facts severely upheld, there are few among us who do not stand by Scott against both history and likelihood. What he has created, is—and we are impatient of any contradiction, for do not his brilliant imaginations, his pictures, even his dreams and visions, prove themselves? By their internal evidence we feel ourselves ready to stand or fall.

The curious breadth of Scott's character is apparent also in the fact that he has given us every possible kind of man and woman to add to the population of our world. Almost all other writers have been limited in this respect. In our own day, Dickens had his special kind of character which he could bring out to perfection—Thackeray his—and Lord Lytton his; but Scott, like Shakespeare, has a world of men under his belt. From Jenny Dennison, up to Rebecca the Jewess, what a range of variety; from *Cœur-de-Lion* to Dirk Hatteraick! and yet they are all so vivid that we might (as people say) shake hands with them. Every one of his figures is an individual study. They are not divided into classes, as is so usual even with novelists of genius, who have one stock old man whom they vary at their will, one humorous character, one grave one, with which they play all the changes possible on a circle so limited. Scott is

entirely free from this. Baron Bradwardine and Jonathan Oldbuck are as little like each other as either is like Waverley or Fergus MacIvor; and the same may be said of every picture he has made. Except in the thankless rôle of hero, where it is very difficult to vary the no-character, he never repeats himself. Guy Mannering, Pleydell, and Dandie Dinmont are in no way to be confounded with the other soldiers, lawyers, or honest fellows in the series. Neither have we any counterpart or echo of Nicol Jarvie or of Andrew Fairservice. This notable expedient for saving trouble evidently had not occurred to him. Even his heroines, though they partake of the same disadvantages as the heroes, have a certain glimmer of identity. Rose and Lucy are not the same, neither are the sprightly Julia and Miss Wardour, though there is a certain resemblance between them. This wonderful variety cannot be better illustrated than by taking one class of characters as an example. There is Andrew Fairservice, Cuddie Headrigg, Ritchie Monypplies, all serving-men—all with a strong tendency to prudence and care of themselves, all quaintly attached to their masters, all full of native wit, and fertile in excuse and self-defence. They are all alike vivid and distinct, and are occasionally placed in very similar circumstances. But there is no resemblance between them. They are just as separate if one had been a knight and another a baron. And then compare them with that wonderful picture of the old-world Major-domo, Caleb Balderstone. He is as distinct from them, in some respects as superior to them, as it is possible to conceive. It would be easy to go through the whole series, and prove from one group after another the many-sidedness of the painter. There is not a child even whom he passes at a cotter's door but becomes individual to him. He notes every similarity, every feature they have in common with others, and then he makes them different. There is no more to be said. If we knew how he did it, we too ourselves could do it—but at least we can perceive the fact. They are like the people we meet—alike in a thousand things, exactly alike in none. This is another point of resemblance between the broad and expansive nature of our great novelist and that of Shakespeare. He too,

and above all who have ever tried, painted all mankind—not a few typical figures disturbed by doubts of their own identity, and followed about by a little crowd of shadows, but a host of individuals. In the same way—from prince to bedesman, from the ewe-milker to the lady of romance—Scott is able for all. He looks on the world with eyes of sunshiny daylight, not with spectacles colored by his own theories or other people's. He is indeed troubled by no theories which can warp his cheerful unflinching eyesight. What he sees and feels, what he has laid up and noted unconsciously in the long bright days of silence and obscure existence, he brings forth now with an instinctive fidelity. Though he is called the *Great Unknown*, people find him out everywhere by chance words he says, by the stories he tells—by the current, as it were, of his mind. At all times he is true to nature and recollection, and brings forth out of his treasures things new and old—things always genial, large, and true. We cannot, after reflection (barring always the heroes), bring to our mind a single instance of repetition. His smaller figures and his great are alike distinct: every new novel has a new standing-ground, a new succession of groups, an individuality distinctive to itself. The reader has but to cast his eye upon all the works of imagination he knows, except Shakespeare and Scott, and he will easily perceive how rare and remarkable this distinction is.

Scott's first novel was published in 1814, and by the year 1818 his genius had attained one of its distinct climaxes and culminating-points in the "Heart of Midlothian." Between these two dates, "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," and "Rob Roy" had been published. Of these the "Black Dwarf" is the only* weak spot; all the others show the full fervor and power of his first and freshest inspiration. It is difficult to distinguish where all are so much above

criticism; but there can be no question that, among so many remarkable works, the "Heart of Midlothian" separates itself, prince or rather princess among equals. Here is the humblest, commonest tale of deception and betrayal, a story in its beginning like one of those that abound in all literature. There is the pretty, vain, foolish girl gone astray, the "villain" who deceived her, the father and sister broken-hearted with shame, the unhappy young heroine's life spoilt, and ruined like that of a trodden-down flower; nothing, alas! can be more ordinary than the tale. Put to it but its usual moral conclusion, the only one possible to the sentimentalist, the "only act" which the "lovely woman" who has "stooped to folly" can find "her guilt to cover," and the moralist has no more well-worn subject; but the touch of Scott's hand changed all. "Had this story been conducted by a common hand," says a judicious anonymous correspondent quoted in Lockhart's "Life," "Effie would have attracted all our concern and sympathy—Jeanie only cold approbation: whereas Jeanie, without youth, beauty, genius, warm passions, or any other novel-perfection, is here our object from beginning to end." Jeanie Deans, to our thinking, is the cream and perfection of Scott's work. She is tenfold more, because in all ordinary circumstances she would be so much less interesting to us than a score of beautiful Rowenas, than even Flora or Rebecca. She is a piece of actual fact, real as the gentle landscape in which she is first enclosed, true as her kine that browse upon the slope—and yet she is the highest ideal that Scott has ever attained. A creature absolutely pure, absolutely truthful, yet of a tenderness, a forbearance, and long-suffering beyond the power of man, willing to die rather than lie, but resolute that the truth her nature has forced her to speak shall not be used for harm if her very life can prevent it. And this flower of human nature expands and blooms out, its slow sweet blossom opening before our eyes without one moment's departure from the homely guise, the homely language, even the matter-of-fact channel in which her thoughts run by nature. She is never made anything different from what it is natural that the daughter of David Deans, cowfeeder at St. Leonard's, should be. In all her many adventures she is always the

* This weakness was discovered before its publication by William Blackwood, the founder and first Editor of this Magazine, and pointed out by him with the courage and clear-sightedness which distinguished him—a bold act, which roused Scott into a most unusual outburst of petulance, almost the only one recorded of him; though it is evident that he soon adopted the opinion which had irritated him.

same simple straightforward, untiring, one-ideal woman; simple, but strong not weak in her simplicity, firm in her gentleness, resisting all unnecessary explanations with a sensible decision, at which the clever, bold, unscrupulous villain of the piece stands aghast. He has not the courage to keep his secrets, he who has courage to break hearts and prisons; but Jeanie has the courage. There is not one scene in which this high valor of the heart, this absolute goodness, fails her; nor is there one in which she departs ever so little from the lowliness of her beginning. She is as little daunted by the Duke and the Queen as she is by the other difficulties which she has met and surmounted with that tremulous timidity of courage which belongs to nerves highly strung; nay, she has even a certain modest pleasure in the society of these potentates, her simple soul meeting them with awe, yet with absolute frankness, making no commonplace attempt at equality. Nothing but the beautiful unison of a soul so firm and true with the circumstances and habits appropriate to her class could have brought out the whole of Jeanie's virtues. Nor do her dangers, or the fame and success she has won, make for a moment that effect upon her which such experiences would make upon the temperament to which a desire of "bettering itself"—in one way as noble a desire as it is possible to entertain—is the chief of human motives. That desire has been the parent of many fine deeds, but its introduction would have desecrated Jeanie. With a higher and nobler art, the poet has perceived that the time which has been so important to her is, after all, but a little interval in her life, and that it has no power to upset the sweet balance of her nature, or whisper into her sound and healthful brain any extravagant wishes. The accidental and temporary pass away, the perennial and natural remain. Jeanie is greater than rank or gain could make her in the noble simplicity of her nature; and the elevation which is the natural reward of virtue in every fairy tale would be puerile and unworthy of her—false to every nature. The pretty Perdita becomes a princess by every rule of romance, even when she is not an anonymous king's daughter to begin with; but Jeanie is above any such primitive reward. She is herself always, which is greater than

any princess; and there never was a more exquisite touch than that in which, after her outburst of poetic eloquence to the Queen—eloquence to which she is stimulated by the very climax of love and anxiety—she sinks serene into herself, and contemplates Richmond Hill as "braw rich feeding for the cows," the innocent dumb friends of her simple and unchanging soul. This is the true moderation of genius. An inferior writer would have kept Jeanie up at the poetic pitch, and lost her in an attempt to prove the elevating influence of high emotion—an elevation which in that case would have been as poor as it was artificial, and devoid of all true insight. Scott knew better; his humble maiden of the fields never ceases for a moment to be the best and highest thing he could make her—herself.

It is with a mingling of surprise and amusement that we have read in the letter we have just quoted a contemporary's bold criticism upon the construction of this tale. When we think of it, we entirely agree with what is said, and have felt it all our life, though it has been a kind of irreverence to think of saying it. "The latter part of the fourth volume unavoidably flags," says this bold critic, whom we suppose by the style to be a woman. "After Jeanie is happily settled at Rosneath, we have no more to wish for." This is quite true. The postscriptal part of the story is unnecessary and uncalled for. We do not much care to know what became of Effie, nor have we any interest to speak of in her abandoned child. We are perfectly contented to part with them all, after the hurried farewell between the sisters, and when the minister's wife has been settled in homely dignity upon her beautiful peninsula. We cannot even make out very clearly for what object this postscript is added on. It does not help, but rather mars, the tale; it is huddled up and ended in a hurry, and no necessity of either art or nature demands its introduction. When we thus apply the more ordinary rules of criticism to a book which has taken possession of our very hearts, and twined itself in our very lives, we feel a certain surprise at our own temerity. For here once more Scott is as Shakespeare in our minds. His very errors are dear to us; they are, to our thinking, rather the beloved weaknesses of a dear friend—the

little clouds that make his glory supportable, and which we love for his sake—than defects to be criticised in art. We can no more take him to pieces in cold blood than we could

“Peep and botanize
Upon our mother’s grave”—

that last profanity of the intellect, denounced as it deserves by another great poet. Far from us be this irreverence. It is well for the national heart, for its faithfulness and its true humanity, that it should possess poets and heroes who are above comment—men who can do no wrong. If history disagrees with our Shakespeare, so much the worse for history; and if our Scott, in a moment of weariness, runs contrary to a law of perfect art, why, then, it is not for such a crowned and reigning soul that laws of art were made. Let us be bound by them who are as other men—but not our sovereign, of whose gentle errors, whose splendid mistakes and irregularities, we are proud.

While all this magnificent stream was going, Scott was, thank heaven, at the height of happiness, enjoying his harassed, laborious, and anxious life as few men enjoy the most undisturbed existence. He had to toil as none but himself could toil to pay John Ballantyne’s terrible notes of hand, which seem to have dropped in, at the most unexpected moments, to everybody’s consternation—and to float off by his fairy vessels and ships of light the heavy mass of dead and valueless lumber which the brothers had accumulated. And while he was stirred to the last possibility of his powers by this gigantic task, he was himself extravagant, let us allow. He joined field to field with that strange craving for a little and a little more which is one of the strongest appetites of human nature when once indulged in; and he bought armor and knick-knacks with a very rage of acquisition; and he opened his hospitable doors—the doors of the cottage which was soon to become a castle, the little house of Abbotsford which he could not content himself without turning into a great one—to all the world. This was very imprudent, let us confess, but it was no doubt a very condition of the wonderful inspired existence which he was leading. Without this margin of self-indulgence—the word seems harsh—of in-

dulgence in his own innocent tastes and perfectly legitimate pleasures, it is probable that he could not have gone on at all. But for the dead weight of the Ballantynes and their concerns, his land-buying, his rococo, and his hospitality would all have been within his means; but granted the terrible clog, and the superhuman exertions necessary to drag on with it, Scott’s personal extravagances were, we should be inclined to say, necessary to his very existence. They were to him what fresh air, fresh water, a draught of generous wine, is to a man engaged in some immense athletic feat. They kept him going; the spring of pleasure and exhilaration which they communicated gave him vigor for his almost hopeless labor. Here was at least something in which there was satisfaction, something gained out of the wreck and fermentation of time. There are some of us now who know as well as Scott did what ease and consolation there is in now and then a piece of pure personal extravagance, an unjustifiable yet most balmy and sweet indulgence in the midst of hard and thankless labors. It is foolish—it makes the burden heavier and the toil harder—but it is life. Economy, self-denial, a few years’ seclusion like that of Wordsworth, sharp saving and care of the pennies, since the pounds must go into the Ballantynes’s miserable till, would very likely have set him right. But this, Scott—born, as people say, of the thriftiest race in Christendom—was simply incapable of. Necessary poverty he would have borne as bravely as he did everything else, but voluntary economy was impossible to him. He had to live largely while he strode along under his burden, or to throw it down and die. Heaven help those who have such burdens on their shoulders! They must make out to live and labor somehow, and one way or other they have to pay for the power.

In the year 1817 another immense and novel success was attained in “Ivanhoe,” which took England (especially) by storm, and which has since reigned among the very best of Scott’s novels. “As a work of art ‘Ivanhoe’ is perhaps the first of all of Scott’s efforts in prose or in verse,” says Mr. Lockhart; but this is an opinion in which we cannot agree. It is a model of a romantic and picturesque narrative, perhaps the very finest and animated sketch of ancient manners ever made, and

certainly the noblest in the English language. But Mr. Lockhart adds: "I believe no reader who is capable of comprehending the author's Scotch character and Scotch dialogue will ever place even 'Ivanhoe' as a work of genius on the same level with 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' or the 'Heart of Midlothian.'" In this verdict we emphatically concur: The splendor of life and movement in this work, the ease with which it carries the reader back to a period so far beyond the limits of natural interest, and the dazzling reproduction before us of that early age, which, however far it be from absolute correctness, is henceforward our only picture of the days of *Cœur-de-Lion*—all this, we repeat, cannot for a moment be put in the balance with *Jeanie Deans*. The triumph in one case is as great in degree as in the other, but it is infinitely inferior in kind.

It is impossible in our limited space to enter more fully into either the work or the life of this brilliant middle period. From the time when Constable took upon him the burden of the Ballantynes's responsibilities, until the time when Constable himself began to stagger in his too impetuous career, the pressure upon Scott diminished. He was led from extravagance to extravagance, all, alas! but too congenial to his mind, by the sanguine impetuosity of the publisher, who was ever ready to advance to him thousands upon thousands of pounds for future novels, without any stipulation, except that they were to be by the author of "Waverley." This time of his splendor and happiness is pathetic beyond description to the reader who, knows what is coming, and is aware of the frightful precipice upon the very edge of which this beautiful, liberal, princely household was standing. But he was very happy, thank heaven! All the good that man could get out of life was his. He built himself the castle of his dreams—he gathered round him all the curious and beautiful things which he loved—he saw his children grow and thrive about him—he received, with a hospitality without bounds, everybody that was worth receiving in the three kingdoms, and a great many who very little merited that delightful and never failing welcome. Everything went well with him for these glorious abundant years—or at least appeared to go well. It was in 1825 that the first threatenings of ruin came. One of the

commercial crises that overtake, it seems periodically, all great commercial countries, had arrived; and Constable, a most daring, sanguine, and enthusiastic man by nature, had gone further than man ought to go in a career of business, which reads like a publisher's fairy tale, and had rushed at last far beyond the limits of a well-founded commercial standing into the bog of debt and bills. Sir Walter—for by this time his title had been conferred upon him—had through the Ballantynes become involved in Constable's affairs in a manner which we have no time to explain, and he was the first, and indeed only, hope of the despairing publisher in his downfall. By this time he had attained his fifty-fourth year, a time when men begin to feel the comfort of slackening their labors. But when this terrible news broke upon him, the first and only thought in Scott's mind was how he could best and most rapidly work off the enormous burden. We cannot enter into Constable's mad schemes, one of which was to borrow £100,000 from the Bank of England on the security of future works by the author of *Waverley*! All we can do is to keep to the thread of Scott's own actions and feelings. He had already suffered a great deal from serious illness, and had met with one or two discouragements, interruptions in the wonderful course of his literary success. In the saddest pathetic way he forebodes in his journal the possible failure of his powers in the gigantic struggle with ruin and shame which he was about to undertake. Nothing can be more sad than the following passage, written in the first pang of the discovery. As he gazes into the face of probable ruin, his whole life passes before him like a dream.

"For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He will no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly as the means of planting such scours and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

"'Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves.'

"This cannot be: but I may work substantial husbandry; *i. e.*, write history and such concerns. They will not be received with,

the same enthusiasm : at least, I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must work for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

"While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road."

"It is a bitter thought, and if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created—there is scarce a tree in it that does not owe its being to me.

"What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself : stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time ; getting forward, and held a bold and a clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer ; broken-hearted for two years ; my heart handsomely pieced again—but the crack will remain to my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times ; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come) : because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows ; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? how live a poor indebted man where I was once wealthy, the honored? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking for me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do, could they know how things may be. An odd

thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch?—or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—'family poorly left'—'pity he took that foolish title'? Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw!—poor Tom Purdie!—such news will wring your hearts, and many poor fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread."

Further on he breaks into an apostrophe more touching still, one which makes the heart contract, and the eyes fill with a too-painful sympathy. "Oh Invention, rouse thyself!" he cries; "may man be kind, may God be propitious! The worst is," he adds, with unspeakable and most pathetic humility, "*I never quite know when I am right or wrong* ; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me." This was in January, 1826, some few months after the catastrophe had happened. Yet the man who writes thus—with a cry of uncontrollable anguish which some few minds will be able to realize but too deeply, and which must impress all—by sheer work, by the invention which he thus invoked, did, between the close of 1825 and the 10th of June, 1827, "diminish his debt to an amount which," Mr. Lockhart tells us, "cannot be stated at less than £28,000!" This was produced by the novel of "Woodstock," for which £8,000 was given ; by the "Life of Napoleon," which produced £18,000 ; and by some portion of the "Chronicles of the Canon-gate." These immense earnings were accompanied by corresponding economies ; and though the courageous cheerfulness of his mind broke down at intervals under the terrible weight, he pursued his course with a passion of zeal and earnestness. In two years he had cleared off £40,000, and in 1830 the debt was reduced to £54,000, considerably less than half the original sum. The creditors, in admiration and gratitude, presented him with his own library, plate, and furniture—a gift which he received with simple and profound pleasure. They had before allowed him to continue to live in Abbotsford.

But from this time a cold shadow began to creep over the great life. He had one or two fits of paralysis, trifling in themselves, but sadly sufficient to show what was coming. He tells us himself that he has "awkward feelings" which he "cannot bear up against," confusions of head and thought, dreariness, and pain. "A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value," he cries once more, with sharp anguish in his tone. The power is gliding away from him unawares. In 1831 he has "a remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of 'Count Robert.'" "I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public," he adds, with a desperate calmness; "at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaking, I think, into the bargain. . . . I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labors to sink under critical clamor. Did I know how to begin I would begin again this very day, although I know I should sink at the end."

The writer who transcribes these words, and who follows with a feeling which is more than sympathy the last awful pause of coming impotence which shadows over this valiant ever-laboring soul, can scarcely see the lines for tears.

Thus he fell who had worked, we believe, as never man worked before, with a steadiness, a bravery, an indomitable gaiety of heart, which raised him as high among the heroes of his race as his genius does among its poets. This last prodigious effort was to clear his honest name, and to preserve the dear home which had been for so long the delight of his heart; and if he himself had helped to make the ruin which he sought single-handed to repair, it was not his kind profusion, his congenial magnificence, that was the sole, or indeed the chief, cause of that overthrow. But what others had done he only struggled to undo—struggled till the pen fell from his feeble hand—till the last ray of light sunk and

faded from his despairing soul. He felt the light and the power steal away from him as the darkened days went on. His wife died by his side when he most wanted solace; yet, with one faithful child standing by him of all his once joyous family, his daughter Anne, he still toiled and struggled on until nature refused to struggle more.

We need not attempt to touch on the last despairing journey to Italy. He went to Rome, Naples, places he would have loved to roam about and take into his heart, with one sad moaning cry everywhere to get home—to die at home. And so he did. They took him back to his Abbotsford for the last scene of all. From that dearest familiar place his most Christian, most honest, most courteous, noble, and gentle soul must have known its way better to the open gates of heaven.

And what can we say of Walter Scott which all the world has not said already? His last fierce and terrible struggle against those giant powers of Debt and Shame, which are to this generation what dragons and devouring monsters were to the past, humbling, as he felt it, and as many a man has felt it, was in reality the greatest, it saddest, glory of his career. It was the thing he could bear worst, and he bore it like a hero. The greatest works of his genius pale before this work of his life. We shake our heads and sigh over the fatal darkness that enveloped his end. He himself mournfully speaks of the degradation which, in the public eye, attends the author who works for his bread. But if such a degradation ever existed, he made an end of it; and never was battle against the most chivalrous of foes on the noblest field more splendidly fought than this dark and desperate battle against the modern demons whose grip is ruin, and whose conquest gives no fame.

His bones are laid by the Tweed, as he would have had them. But the heirs and descendants for whom he labored have all but died out of the land, a pathetic moral to his tale of tenderest and most natural ambition. Yet Scott has not lived in vain; for Scotland is his monument, and the nation his heir, proud to her heart of her poet, the type of our race, the flower of our genius, the noblest and truest, as well as most gifted, of all Scots who glory in that name.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE HERSCHELS AND THE STAR-DEPTHS.

THE astronomer whose loss science is lamenting as we write brought to a close, thirty-five years ago, the most wonderful series of researches yet recorded in the history of astronomy. For more than half a century those researches had been in progress, and during all that time the astronomer engaged upon the work had been recognized as the first astronomer of his time. From 1780 to 1822 Sir W. Herschel was engaged in surveying the star-depths; after 1822 the researches were carried on by Sir John Herschel, second to no astronomer of our day, nor to any observational astronomer the world has yet produced save his father alone.

It is well that the real nature of the work accomplished by the Herschels should be recognized, for otherwise just honor will not be done to their memory. It is amazing, indeed, that it should now be necessary to correct mistaken impressions on the subject; yet there can be no question that few know rightly what are the real claims of the Herschels to the admiration of the world and to the gratitude of astronomers. It was but necessary to peruse the obituary notices which appeared during the week following May 11th last, to find how little the work of the Herschels has been appreciated. In those notices we commonly saw the labors of the elder Herschel associated—as was fit—with the work of the son, and yet the real end and aim of those labors and of Sir John Herschel's, altogether missed by the biographer.

The real work of the Herschels—that end to which all their labors were directed—was the survey of those regions of space which lie beyond the range of the unaided vision. Other work they did which well deserves attention. The elder Herschel, in particular, has left papers describing observations of the planets, careful studies of the sun's surface, and researches into a variety of other subjects of interest. But all the work thus recorded was regarded by him rather as affording practice whereby he might acquire a mastery over his instruments, than as work to which he cared to devote his whole powers. Even the discovery of a planet travelling outside the path of Saturn, although this discovery

is commonly regarded as the most noteworthy achievement of Herschel's life, was in reality but an almost accidental result of his real work among the star-depths. It was, in truth, such an accident as he may be said to have rendered a certainty. No man can apply the powers of telescopes larger than any before constructed, to scrutinize, as he did, every portion of the celestial depths, without being rewarded before long by some such discovery: and it was well, in many respects, that Sir W. Herschel was thus rewarded, because the recognition which his labors thenceforth received undoubtedly facilitated the prosecution of his researches. But those labors had another and a nobler end than the mere discovery of unknown planets. He never prosecuted them for a single hour without discovering multitudes of unknown orbs far mightier than the massive bulk of Uranus. These discoveries passed unrecorded, save numerically, so many were they; but they tended to the solution of the noblest problem which men have yet attempted to master. That the true end of Sir W. Herschel's labors was the mastery of this problem, must be obvious to any one who will be at the pains to examine those volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* in which his researches are recorded; but he has also plainly told us his purpose in continually applying more and more powerful telescopes to the survey of the celestial depths. "A knowledge of the construction of the heavens," he wrote in 1811, "has always been the ultimate object of my observations."

We do not purpose here to enter into the details of the various processes of inquiry in which the active mind of Sir W. Herschel led him to engage while he was attempting to solve the secret of the star-depths. We wish rather to present results than to consider methods.

Yet the first of Herschel's researches was so full of interest, and led to a result so strange, that it will be well briefly to consider its purport.

When Herschel began his labors he hoped not merely to determine the general arrangement of the stars throughout the spaces around us, but also to ascertain

the real architecture (if one may so speak) of the stellar system. To this end it was necessary that the distances of the stars should be ascertained; and, accordingly, one of the first subjects to which Herschel applied his powers was the amazingly difficult one of measuring the stars' distances. A method of extreme ingenuity, but also (as was commonly the case with Herschel's devices) of extreme simplicity, suggested itself to his mind. Of course the only real means of determining any star's distance must depend upon the effects of the earth's motion around the sun. If the earth were at rest we should see the star always in a certain direction, but how far off it lay in that direction we could never know. It is because the earth takes up different positions, so that we see a star at different times in different directions, that we have a means of estimating the star's distance. But the earth's path, despite the 180,000,000 of miles of its diameter, is so minute compared with the spaces which separate our sun from the nearest stars, that astronomers had despaired in Herschel's time of measuring the change of seeming direction due to the earth's motion. An observer might at one time notice that his telescope had to be pointed in a certain direction to bear on a particular star, while six months later (when the earth would be 180,000,000 of miles from the spot she had occupied before) the observer might try to note whether his telescope required to be pointed in some slightly different direction to bear on the star. But in the meantime the stand of the telescope might have been slightly moved, as by the sinking of a pier or even by changes due to greater warmth or cold. The air might not act precisely in the same way on the rays from the star. The observer's own powers might have varied, or rather, these and other like changes must inevitably take place to some extent, however slight; and it had begun to be known in Sir W. Herschel's time that the slightest possible error of the kind would suffice to render any attempts at measurement ineffective.

Herschel at once suggested a means of overcoming all these difficulties. What we want, he reasoned, is to tell towards what point of the heavens a star seems to lie, at different seasons, and the nearer the star the more it will seem to shift. A star so far off as not to be visible without

a powerful telescope will not seem to shift at all; for it must probably be twenty or thirty times farther away than the bright stars, and we know that even these shift so slightly that we cannot be sure they shift at all. What is to prevent us, then, from regarding one of these faint and therefore very distant stars as a sort of index point from which to measure the minute excursions of some bright star close by it on the heavens? If we do this, it will not matter whether our observatory or our telescope have slightly shifted, whether the air acts more or less strongly in bending the rays of light from the star, and so on. For now, we are no longer concerned in trying to find the absolute place of the star upon the heavens, but in noting how it seems to be placed with regard to a neighboring star, an inquiry which can be in no way affected by these difficulties.

Now Herschel had repeatedly noticed faint stars very close by bright ones. There were some instances in which the faint star was so minute and so close by the larger one, that it required one of his most powerful telescopes to see the small star at all as an object distinct from the larger one. Cases such as this obviously promised to afford very satisfactory information about star distances. The very faint orb must lie at an enormous distance beyond the bright one—so, at least, Herschel believed,—while a fortunate chance seemed to have placed the two orbs so nearly in the same direction that the least displacement of the brighter orb, on account of the earth's motion, must necessarily be made apparent.

But the careful study of many such cases brought only disappointment, so far as Herschel's main object was concerned. There was absolutely no trace, in any instance examined by him, of that seeming vibratory motion of the brighter orb, year after year, which Herschel had hoped to recognize. The conviction grew gradually upon him that there had been a flaw in his reasoning. And inquiring where that flaw could be, he presently saw that his assumption of the relatively enormous distance of the faint star must be ill-founded. Then he went farther, beginning to believe that the fainter and the brighter star lay at the same distance,—in other words, that they formed a physically associated pair. This view—since firmly established

by his own labors and his son's—changed altogether the meaning of the lessons taught by the stars. For hitherto men had believed that the stars are distributed through space in such sort as to be independent of each other. A few thoughtful men—as Wright, Kant, Lambert, and Mitchell—had ventured to express doubts as to the justice of this view; and Mitchell, indeed, had by the mere force of abstract reasoning, anticipated the very conclusion to which observation had now led Sir W. Herschel. But it is in the nature of men, of scientific men as well as others, to turn an almost deaf ear to abstract reasoning, however sound, and to note only what is established by observation; so that, as we have said, the general belief among astronomers had been that the stars are distributed throughout space, not in systems, but singly.

In the meantime Sir W. Herschel had turned his attention to the general architecture of the heavens. He had sought in particular to determine the figure of that vast scheme of orbs of which our sun is a member. The method he employed for this purpose was simple in the extreme.

Let it be supposed that the system of stars has definite limits, and that within those limits stars, resembling our sun, are distributed with a certain general uniformity. Then it is quite obvious that, if we look towards those parts of the star-system where the limits are farthest away, we shall see the greatest number of stars, supposing always that our vision reaches to the limits of the system in such directions. So that if we have but a sufficiently powerful telescope to pierce to the very boundary of the star-system, and if we always use the same telescope so as to make sure that we are always dealing with the same range of the heavens, all we need do in order to determine the shape of the star-system is to count the number of stars seen in different directions. Where there are few stars the boundary of the star-system must be relatively near; where many stars are seen the boundary must be far away.

Perhaps not a single reader of these pages needs to be told that it was by applying this method—which he called star-gauging—that Sir W. Herschel was led to the belief that the system of stars is shaped like a cloven flat disc. And we

suppose every reader is familiar also with the picture which is introduced into all our books of astronomy to illustrate this theory of the star-system. We have before us, as we write, Sir W. Herschel's own drawing, in the volume of the *Philosophical Transactions for the Year 1785*, and, after a careful re-perusal of the accompanying paper, we cannot wonder that a theory so noble in itself, and presented with the simple grandeur of diction which distinguishes Sir W. Herschel's astronomical speculations, should have engaged the earnest attention of astronomers, and should again and again have been referred to or quoted in astronomical treatises. Nor can we greatly wonder that Sir W. Herschel's own confidence should have been shared by those who have presented his theory. "I have now viewed and gauged the Milky Way," he says, "in almost every direction, and find it composed of stars whose number, by the account of these gauges, constantly increases and decreases in proportion to its apparent brightness to the naked eye. That this shining zone is a most extensive stratum of stars of various sizes admits no longer of the least doubt, and that our sun is actually one of the heavenly bodies belonging to it is as evident."

When to this we add that Sir John Herschel, gauging the depths of the southern heavens, was led to precisely the same conclusions as to the general structure of the Milky Way, it seems impossible not to regard the theory so often presented in our books as involving the definite conclusions of the Herschels respecting the scheme of the fixed stars. Nor is it necessary to add that conclusions thus accepted by the greatest authorities in stellar astronomy that have ever lived must be such as few students of astronomy would care to call in question.

It will therefore surprise many to be told that, as a matter of fact, seven years had not passed after the elder Herschel had enunciated that theory which has been so often presented in astronomical treatises, and which his own son seems always to have regarded as established, before Sir W. Herschel abandoned the theory as untenable. In the picture and paper of 1785 we find our sun one of innumerable stars, not all equal, indeed, nor spread with mathematical uniformity, but still all comparable with each other in

magnitude and distributed with a general approach to uniformity. In 1802 we find Sir W. Herschel regarding our sun as one of a set of stars which he called insulated stars, and the Milky Way as composed of stars wholly different in their nature and arrangement. We quote his own words lest the reader should be disposed to doubt the very possibility that in so many treatises a theory should have been assigned to Sir W. Herschel which he had himself rejected. After saying that our sun, magnificent as its system is, must yet be regarded as only a single individual of the species he denotes by the term insulated star, he presently proceeds:—"To this may be added that the stars we consider as insulated are also surrounded by a magnificent collection of innumerable stars called the Milky Way. For though our sun, and all the stars we see, may truly be said to be in the plane of the Milky Way, yet I am now convinced by a long inspection and continued examination of it, that the Milky Way itself consists of stars very differently scattered from those which are immediately about us." And a few pages further on the very principle of the method of star-gauging, and the conclusions as to the shape of the Milky Way, are thus unmistakably called in question. "In my sweeps of the heavens," says Herschel, "it has been fully ascertained that the brightness of the Milky Way arises only from stars; and that their compression increases in proportion to the brightness of the Milky Way. We may, indeed, partly ascribe the increase both of brightness and of apparent compression, to a greater depth of the space which contains these stars; but this will equally tend to show their clustering condition; for, since the increase of brightness is gradual, the space containing the clustering stars must tend to a spherical form, if the gradual increase of brightness is to be explained by the situation of the stars."

But we cannot rightly understand either the theory which Sir W. Herschel thus abandoned,* or that by which it was re-

placed, without considering his researches into objects quite different from the fixed stars.

In ancient times astronomers had noticed five spots on the heavens where a cloudy sort of light could be recognized. These spots they had called "cloudy stars." But not very long after the invention of the telescope several more of these star-cloudlets began to be recognized. Lacaille discovered forty-five in the southern heavens, and Messier, the comet-seeker, made a list of no less than 103. The star-cloudlets, or nebulae, known when Sir W. Herschel began his researches, amounted to less than 150. In the year 1786 that astronomer began his contributions to the list of known nebulae by sending a catalogue of no less than 1,000 of these objects to the Royal Society. Three years later he sent in a list of yet another thousand nebulae; and in 1802 (when he was sixty-four years old) another list containing 500 of these objects. In other words, during sixteen years this indefatigable observer noted the places of more than sixteen times as many of these celestial cloudlets as all preceding observers had been able to record. Sir John Herschel, having proposed to himself the task of completing at a southern station the survey of the heavens which his father had commenced, thought it necessary to prepare himself for the work by re-surveying the northern heavens. While thus engaged he discovered 500 nebulae which had escaped his father's notice. Then proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope, he examined those parts of the heavens which had been invisible from his father's northerly observatory, and in 1847 communicated a list of 1708 star-clouds discovered during the progress of this survey. In all, Sir John Herschel discovered no less than 2,208 nebulae, his father having discovered 2,500. As the whole number of known nebulae in our day amounts to but 5,200, it will be seen

again, "Nous parvenons donc au résultat, peut-être inattendu, mais incontestable, que le système de Herschel, énoncé en 1785, sur l'arrangement de la Voie Lactée, s'écroule de toutes parts, d'après les recherches ultérieures de l'auteur; et que Herschel lui-même l'a entièrement abandonné." Yet an assertion to this effect, made by the present writer in the presence of the Royal Astronomical Society, two years since, was received with obvious signs of incredulity.

* The eminent German astronomer, Struve, thus writes respecting Herschel's change of view:—"Remarquons d'abord que, dès 1802, il n'est plus question de la figure de la Voie Lactée dans les recherches de Herschel. Elle n'est plus une strate limitée, car elle est insondable, et il devient impossible d'en embrasser la totalité." And

that more than nine of every ten known nebulae were discovered by the Herschels.

And here let us pause for a moment to endeavor to realize the fact that more than five thousand of these *clouds* exist within the range of telescopic vision. The number of stars visible to the unaided eye in the whole heavens is about five thousand—that is, on a dark and clear night average eyesight can recognize about 2,500 stars of different orders of brightness. Now suppose that all the stars were suddenly destroyed, the nebulae alone being left, and that at the same time our powers of vision were suddenly increased to such an extent that we could see all objects visible in the telescopes with which the Herschels surveyed the heavens. Then we should see about as many faint cloud-like specks of light as would correspond to the number of stars we *now* see. And if, further, the defining powers of the Herschelians telescopes could be given to us, we should recognize in these cloud-like specks all the various orders into which the Herschels divide the nebulae. Here we should see straggling clusters very little condensed in their central portions, there globular clusters so rich in stars as to shine with unspeakable glory—insomuch that it has been well remarked of some of them that no one who beholds them for the first time in a telescope of adequate power can refrain from a shout of rapture. In some regions the oval nebulae, close set with stars or wholly irresolvable, would be seen, in others spiral and ring nebulae, the strange forms of the “dumb bell nebula,” the “crab nebula,” the “key,” the “flight of wild ducks,” nebulous stars, and the planetary nebulae, shown under the power of the great Rosse telescope as among the most fantastic of the celestial cloudlets. While lastly, long irregular streamers and wisps of cloudy light, seemingly shapeless and unintelligible, would be seen in those regions of the heavens where now are seen the constellations Orion and Argo, the Swan and the Archer.

It was these wonderful objects which led Sir W. Herschel to propound the noblest theory of the universe which the world had yet known, or rather (for Lambert and Kant had, in some respects, anticipated Herschel's theoretical considerations), the noblest theory which men had yet attempted to place on an observational

basis. He recognized in many of these seeming cloudlets galaxies like our own, like that wonderful scheme of stars, the glories of which he had himself labored to make known to us. In fact, he called certain of these objects Milky Ways, remarking that many of them “cannot well be less, and are probably much larger, than our own star-system; and being also extended, the inhabitants of the planets which attend the stars which compose them must likewise perceive the same phenomena [that we do]. For which reason these nebulae may be called Milky Ways by way of distinction.”

This conception of more star-systems than the one of which our sun is a member is unspeakably impressive. We are altogether unable, indeed, to form any adequate idea of the relations which we express easily enough in words. There are many ways of presenting the considerations dealt with by Sir W. Herschel, and yet every one of these methods must be regarded as in many respects unsatisfactory. We may consider, on the one hand, the seeming minuteness of the distance separating the stars of a nebula from each other, and then endeavor to realize the fact that that distance, only just rendered appreciable by the magnifying power of the largest telescopes man can construct, is assuredly not less but probably exceeds many hundredfold the distance separating our sun from the neighboring suns—this last distance being so enormous that it has been calculated that the swiftly-travelling comets which visit us from the interstellar spaces cannot have occupied less than ten millions of years in traversing it. Or again, we may endeavor to picture to ourselves the vastness of the distances which must separate us from these out-lying Milky Ways, when millions of such orbs as our own sun, though all shining at the same time within the field of view of a powerful telescope, yet present only the appearance of a faint milky light which the thinnest haze can blot from our view. Or, lastly—and this, perhaps, affords the most striking means of indicating the grandeur of Herschel's conceptions—we may endeavor to picture the fact that this earth on which we live, and those companion orbs whereof many so largely exceed our earth in mass and volume—the solar system, in fine, which has so often been presented to our contemplation as

in itself a sort of universe—would seem a mere point if viewed from the nearest fixed star, and yet that each point of the millions which make up the milky light of a nebula must be regarded (if these conceptions of Sir W. Herschel be just) as the centre of a scheme as vast as the solar system, and possibly far vaster.

Another conception, even more overwhelming, is that of the distances separating these Milky Ways from each other. For vast as are the dimensions of the several Milky Ways, including our own, the distances separating one from another are far vaster—belong, indeed, to a higher order of vastness altogether.

And here the question will suggest itself, What position (according to these views) does our own Milky Way bear among the others? We have already quoted Herschel's opinion as to the dimensions of our galaxy, which he supposed to be far surpassed by those of many other galaxies. But he also came to an opinion as to the relative *age* of our Milky Way, which cannot fail to strike the reader as singularly indicative of the daring originality of his mind. "If it were possible," he says, "to distinguish between the parts of an indefinitely extended whole, the nebula we inhabit might be said to be one which has fewer marks of profound antiquity than the rest. To explain this idea perhaps more clearly, we should recollect that the condensation of clusters of stars has been ascribed to a gradual approach; and whoever reflects on the numbers of ages that must have passed before some of the clusters could be so far condensed as we find them at present, will not wonder if I ascribe a certain air of youth and vigor to many regions of our sidereal stratum."

Sir John Herschel has also exhibited the relations of this theory of external Milky Ways, in passages of a striking nature. In one respect, indeed, he has passed even beyond the limits ranged over by his father's daring ideas, inasmuch that while Sir W. Herschel spoke only of systems of Milky Ways, his son has urged the idea of systems of such systems, and has even suggested the possibility that some of the celestial cloudlets may belong to this higher order. "To us," he says, "the material universe must be regarded as practically infinite, seeing that we can perceive no reason which can place any bounds to the further extension of that principle of sys-

tematic subordination which has already been traced to a certain extent. . . .

It by no means follows that all those objects which stand classed under the general designation of 'nebulae' or 'clusters of stars,' and of which the number already known amounts to upwards of five thousand, are objects of the same order. Among those dim and mysterious existences, which only a practised eye, aided by a powerful telescope, can pronounce to be something different from minute stars, may, for anything we can prove to the contrary, be included *systems of a higher order* than that which comprehends all our nebulae (properly such), reduced by immensity of distance to the very last limit of visibility."

But we must distinguish between that which is possible or even probable, and that which the astronomer has been able to demonstrate. If we examine the progress of Sir W. Herschel's researches into the nebulae, we find that side by side with that gradual but, in the end, complete change which we have already noted in his views respecting our Milky Way, there was an equally gradual, and, in the end, an equally complete change in his ideas respecting the greater number of the celestial cloudlets. Nor will it be difficult to recognize the way in which each change bore upon the other. Nay, it could readily be shown, if this were the place for a close analysis of Herschel's ideas, that the changes in his views (1) as to the nature of double stars; (2) as to the constitution of our star-system; and (3) as to the nature of the nebulae,—were all part and parcel (perhaps unconsciously to himself) of a modification of the principle itself according to which he interpreted his observations.

It may be well, as we have already quoted what he wrote in 1802, when his ideas respecting the Milky Way underwent their most marked modification, to quote the remarks with which, in 1811, he introduced his modified views respecting the general constitution of the heavens. "I find," he says, "that by arranging the nebulae in a certain successive regular order, they may be viewed in a new light, and, if I am not mistaken, an examination of them will lead to consequences which cannot be indifferent to an inquiring mind. If it should be remarked that in this new arrangement I am not entirely consistent

with what I have already in former papers said on the nature of some objects that have come under my observation, I must freely confess that by continuing my sweeps of the heavens, my opinion of the arrangement of the stars and their magnitudes, and of some other particulars, has undergone a gradual change; and, indeed, when the novelty of the subject is considered, we cannot be surprised that many things, formerly taken for granted, should on examination prove to be different from what they were generally but incautiously supposed to be. For instance, an equal scattering of the stars may be admitted in certain calculations; but when we examine the Milky Way, or the closely-compressed clusters of stars, this supposed equality of scattering must be given up. We may also have surmised nebulae to be no other than clusters of stars disguised by their very great distance, but a longer experience and better acquaintance with the nature of nebulae will not allow a general admission of such a principle, although undoubtedly a cluster of stars *may* assume a nebulous appearance when it is too remote for us to discern the stars of which it is composed."

The new views respecting the constitution of the heavens, introduced in this paper, related chiefly to those nebulae which, though otherwise conspicuous, yet when examined even under the highest powers of Sir W. Herschel's largest telescope, presented a milky appearance. He now for the first time expressed the opinion that such nebulae did not consist of multitudes of stars, but of some self-luminous substance of exceeding tenuity. He recognized the existence of this luminous vapor amidst large tracts of the heavens; and he regarded it as certainly lying within the limits of our galaxy, and forming, therefore, part and parcel of its constitution. Nay, more; he stated his belief, and brought strong evidence to show that this vaporous matter was the substance out of which the stars have been made. He pointed to different milky nebulae which seemed to belong to different stages of growth, from an exceedingly faint and altogether irregular nebulosity, to rounded nebulae, nebulae with faint centres, nebulae with bright centres, nebulae consisting almost wholly of a bright central light (the outer portion being scarcely discernible), and, finally, nebu-

lous stars—this being the last recognizable stage in the progress to actual stars or suns.*

There is something singularly impressive in the ideas suggested by this theory, whether as respects extension in space or duration of time. Of course, in one respect, this new view of certain orders of nebulae implied an enormous diminution of the estimated dimensions of these objects. Taking, for instance, the wonderful mass of nebulous light which seems to cling around the sword of the giant Orion, it will be obvious that if this object were supposed to lie far beyond the limits of our star-system, and to consist of countless millions of suns so far off as not to be separately discernible, the nebula would be an altogether more wonderful object than it becomes on the supposition that it lies within our galaxy, or even *nearer* (as Sir W. Herschel believed) than the stars seemingly immersed in it. In reducing the distance of this object many hundreds of times, Herschel was reducing its vastness many millions of times. But then it is not to be noted that in simply ceasing to view this particular nebulae as a vast external system of suns, Herschel was by no means seeking to show that no such systems of suns exist outside our galaxy. On the contrary, all the arguments from analogy, on which he had founded his belief in external star-systems, remained unimpaired, as also did much of the observational evidence. And *now* Herschel was showing our galaxy as a much more wonderful scheme than it had hitherto been supposed to be. For, according to these new views, vast as has been the time during which our galaxy has been in existence, it has not yet completely formed itself into stars. Over vast regions belonging to it, enormous masses of nebulous matter are gradually condensing into stars,—single, double, or multiple. The imagination is wholly unable either to conceive the duration of the time-intervals which have been and will be occupied by these wonderful processes, or to picture the stupendous nature of those laboratories of our galaxy, in which its suns have had their genesis.

*We purposely omit here any reference to Sir William Herschel's explanation of the so-called planetary nebulae; because neither the explanation itself nor the objections to it would well admit of popular exposition, at least within the space here at our disposal.

Nothing is more remarkable, perhaps, in the history of scientific theories, than the circumstance that while Sir W. Herschel's theory of self-luminous vapor existing within the limits of the galaxy is very commonly spoken of, the actual fact that he thus anticipated one of the most remarkable discoveries of recent times, seems almost wholly overlooked. Again and again, in books of astronomy and in scientific papers, Dr. Huggins's great discovery that many of the nebulae are vast agglomerations of glowing gas, is spoken of as strikingly opposed to the views of Sir W. Herschel. The circumstance is, indeed, of a piece with the fact to which we have already referred—that ideas respecting the Milky Way, which Herschel was the first to reject, are still presented as confidently as though they were the fruits of his matured experience.

What was really overthrown by Dr. Huggins's discovery was the opinion, which had been gradually gaining ground, that Sir W. Herschel had been mistaken. For instance, Professor Grant, in one of the finest works on astronomy which the last quarter of a century has produced, wrote thus: "Notwithstanding the ingenuity of illustration and the incontestable force of reasoning by which Sir W. Herschel sought to establish his bold hypothesis, it has not received that confirmation from the labors of subsequent inquirers which is so remarkable in the case of many of the other speculations of that great astronomer. In fact, the greater the optical power of the telescope with which the heavens are surveyed, the more strongly do the results tend to produce the impression that all nebulae are in reality vast aggregations of stars, which assume a nebulous aspect only because the telescope with which they are observed in each instance is not sufficiently powerful to resolve them into stars. Sir John Herschel himself, notwithstanding that tendency to reverence his father's dicta which has seemed so reprehensible to one biographer, was disposed to entertain the same opinion; for he says, 'it may very reasonably be doubted whether there is any essential physical distinction between' clusters of stars and those nebulae which his father regarded as composed of a shining nebulous fluid, and whether such distinction as there is 'be anything else than one of degree, arising merely from the ex-

cessive minuteness and multitude of the stars, of which the latter, as compared with the former, consist.'"^{*}

But during Sir John Herschel's researches in the southern heavens, evidence of a very significant nature was obtained concerning this very question. We do not hesitate, indeed, to say that the facts now about to be described throw more light on the question of external Milky Ways than any which astronomical observation has yet revealed.

In the southern skies there are two strange patches of milky light which have long been known by sailors as the Magellanic Clouds, because Magellan was the first voyager who recorded their existence. Astronomers, however, usually call these objects the *Nubeculae*. Both are nearly round, and their light, when they are viewed with the unaided eye, corresponds exactly with that of the Milky Way in regions of medium brightness.

We owe to Sir John Herschel the first systematic survey of these interesting objects. The result is full of interest. In one respect telescopic scrutiny shows that the Magellanic Clouds resemble the Milky Way in constitution; for scattered over both clouds are myriads of stars of all magnitudes from the eighth downwards. But also there are numbers of nebulae within the limits of both clouds, whereas the ground of the Milky Way is singularly free from true nebulae. Nor are the nebulae in the Magellanic Clouds so spread that we can attribute their appearance within the limits of the clouds to accident, or judge their real position to be (conceivably) far out in space beyond the myriad of stars just referred to. On the contrary, the space all round both the Magellanic Clouds is singularly free as well from stars as from nebulae. To use Sir John Herschel's own striking

^{*} Lest the present writer should seem to dwell unduly here on the mistakes of men so eminent in their several degrees as Professor Grant and Sir John Herschel, he quotes his own opinion as recorded in 1865 on the same subject. After defining "Herschel's Nebulae Theory," he said respecting it, that "modern discoveries do not favor it. It appears probable that with sufficient telescopic power, all nebulae would be resolvable into stars." Scarcely had these words been published when he received from Dr. Huggins the account of the spectroscopic discovery that the Orion nebula, and several others, are composed of glowing gas.

expression, "the access to the nubeculæ on all sides is through a desert." No doubt, then, can remain that the nebulae seen in the Magellanic Clouds are within the same region of space as the small stars seen along with them.

Now let the reader carefully note the significance of these facts. The reasoning by which that significance is deduced is exceedingly simple; but the result is of the utmost importance.

Each of the Magellanic Clouds, as we have said, is nearly round. Now when an object appears round the most probable opinion we can form respecting the object's shape is that it is globular. An object which is not globular *may* appear circular, as, for instance, an egg, a roller, or the like, looked at endwise, or a coin looked at in a direction square to its flat surfaces. But we know that if an egg, or a roller, or a coin, were held in a random position, the chances would be against that position being such that the egg, or roller, or coin would present its round aspect, so to speak. And clearly, therefore, if we know nothing about a certain object but that it appears round, we must accept as probable the belief that it is globular.* This conclusion, which would

be justly arrived at in the case of one object, is much strengthened when two objects of the same general aspect, but quite independent of each other, *both* appear to be round. We cannot reasonably doubt, then, that the region of space occupied by each Magellanic Cloud approaches to the globular form.

But if the Magellanic Clouds are globular objects, we can tell the relative limits of distance between which all objects in either cloud must lie. To illustrate our meaning, let us take the sun's globe. One point of that globe is nearer to us than any other, and one point is farther away than any other. The nearest point is that which appears to lie at the centre of the solar disc, the farthest would appear to occupy exactly the same position, if the sun were a transparent globe. Now we can tell how much farther *relatively* the latter point is than the former, without at all considering the *actual* distance of the sun. The sun might be only a thousand miles away, or a thousand billions of miles, and yet the relative distances of these two points would be the same. As a matter of fact, if the distance of the nearest point of the sun's globe is called one hundred, then the distance of the farthest is slightly less than a hundred and one. Precisely the same reasoning applies to each of the Magellanic Clouds, only the relative distances are not the same as in the sun's case, because the Magellanic Clouds both cover a much larger portion of the sky than the sun does. In the case of the larger Magellanic Cloud, it is easily shown that if the distance of the nearest part of that globe-shaped cluster be called *nine*, the distance of the farthest part must be about *ten*. In the case of the smaller, the distance of the farthest part is yet more nearly equal to that of the nearest part.

We have, then, this altogether unexpected result, that, so far as the nebulae in the Magellanic Clouds are concerned, we have not to deal with galaxies external to our system, but with objects mixed up with stars of the eighth magnitude—that is, with stars which had always been regarded by astronomers as lying far nearer to us than the outskirts of the star-system. "It must be taken as a demonstrated fact," says Sir John Herschel, "that stars of the seventh or eighth magnitude" (that is, stars only just beyond the limits of the un-

* We have an instance of this sort of reasoning in the case of the moon. We know nothing certainly about the shape of the moon regarded as a solid, for we only see her under one aspect. So far as abstract possibilities are concerned, the moon, as seen under certain aspects from Venus, might present the shape of an egg, or even of a diamond. Still we conclude that the moon is a globe, because she presents the aspect which a globe, and a globe only, presents in all positions. (Lately astronomers have indeed seen reason for questioning this conclusion; but our present argument is not affected by the circumstance.) But now let us conceive a case directly illustrating the argument dealt with above. Suppose a certain fruit of an unknown nature is held in such a position, and at such a distance, that all we can recognize of its aspect is its seeming outline, and that this outline is round. We should regard it as probable that the fruit is globular. Now if a second specimen were similarly held up (in a random position) and seen to be also round, we should be very strongly confirmed in our opinion, and the mathematical theory of probabilities shows us that this naturally deduced conclusion is a just one. For instance, suppose—to use our ordinary modes of expression—that the odds are three to one against an egg-shaped fruit appearing round (under such circumstances as are dealt with above), then the odds against two such egg-shaped fruits appearing round would be no less than fifteen to one.

aided vision) "and irresolvable nebulae" (that is, objects which had been supposed to lie hundreds of times farther away than the outermost bounds of our own star-system) "may co-exist within limits of distance not differing in proportion more than as nine to ten, a conclusion which must inspire some degree of caution in admitting *as certain* many of the consequences which have been rather strongly dwelt upon" in the treatment of the elder Herschel's researches.

Now it may seem highly venturesome to press this conclusion more earnestly than Sir John Herschel himself has seemed willing to do. Yet we must not forget that it was a peculiarity of Sir John Herschel's mode of dealing with such matters, that he did not press facts home very strongly. He had not, indeed, a firm grasp of facts. Again and again in his published works we find him reasoning in absolute forgetfulness—or as if in absolute forgetfulness—of facts he had already demonstrated or admitted. He differed in this most markedly from his father, who never once let go his grasp of a fact. Both these great men had a light hold of theories, but the elder Herschel had at the same time a vice-like hold of facts,—Sir John Herschel not unseldom let them slip through his fingers.

We therefore confidently urge the "demonstrated fact" spoken of by Sir John Herschel, as "a conclusion which must inspire" something more than "caution in admitting" the consequences which had been supposed to flow from the elder Herschel's studies of such irresolvable nebulae as he did not consider to be gaseous. Sir W. Herschel had judged that multitudes of these nebulae must be external Milky Ways; the "demonstrated fact" is that a large group of such nebulae happening to be so placed that their distance (relatively to isolated stars) can be estimated, are *not* external galaxies, but much nearer to us than many parts of our own galaxies. In the only cases in which we *can* judge, these star-cloudlets are found *not* to be external star-systems; is not this a ground for something more than caution as to the theory that in the other cases, where we have no means of judging, such star-cloudlets are *certainly* external star-systems? Take any really parallel case and the answer to this question will be obvious. Suppose a botanist had asserted

his belief that all the plants presenting certain characteristic features were poisonous, no evidence beyond the existence of those features being at the time available, and that at length some person made actual experiment on ten or twelve orders of plants having such features, and found that they certainly were *not* poisonous—would not this demonstrated fact dispose entirely of the reasoning, however ingenious it might be, on which the general theory of the poisonous nature of such plants had been supposed to be established? Would it not be a fair inference that the untried orders were at least *probably* innocuous? And would it not be thought strange if a botanist, commenting on the discovery that all the as yet tried orders of plants having certain characteristics were innocuous, were to say, "This demonstrated fact must inspire some degree of caution in admitting *as certain* the conclusion that the remaining orders of such plants are poisonous." We yield to none in our respect for the great astronomer whose loss science is now deplored. We entertain most strongly the opinion that he was far the greatest astronomer of our time; but truth compels us to say that in his mode of dealing with demonstrated facts, and especially in this particular instance, he was, to say the least, not so happy as his father. He seems almost to have regretted to see certain questions pass beyond the field of controversy into the domain of the known.

But, after all, how aptly this "demonstrated fact" of Sir John Herschel's fits in with the work of his father! When we note how the views of the elder Herschel had been gradually modified, and the course on which the progression of his theories had led him, we see that the fact discovered by the younger Herschel was only somewhat in advance of the point reached by the father, but lies strictly in the direction along which he had been progressing up to the very close of his career. Sir W. Herschel had modified his views about unequal double stars—concluding that the fainter orb is physically associated with the brighter one, instead of lying far beyond it. He had modified his views as to star-groups of various order. He had given up the idea that our star-system can be gauged—regarding the great cloud-masses of the Milky Way as real clustering aggregations of stars, instead of depths extending far out

into space and owing their seeming richness only to such extension. He had come to regard many star clusters as part and parcel of the Milky Way, and large numbers of nebulae as vaporous masses lying far within its limits. It seems impossible to question how *he*, at least, would have regarded the discovery made by his son. He would have felt, we conceive, that so far as the evidence went, the sole remaining objects which could till then be regarded as external galaxies, must no longer be so regarded,—that *these*, like so many objects which he had himself dealt with, must be looked upon as among the wonders of our own star-systems. Nor do

we think that in arriving at this conclusion, in making this further advance along the road which he had already traversed so far, he would have judged that he was adopting views in any respect less wonderful or less awe-inspiring than those grand, yet mistaken, theories, in which hundreds of other Milky Ways had figured. On the contrary he would have felt that in obtaining an enhanced estimate of the extent, variety, and vitality of our own star-system, we were at the same time being led to form nobler opinions as to the myriads of other star-systems which doubtless exist, though, as yet, no telescope has revealed them to our contemplation.

St. Paul's.

WAR.

I STOOD by night upon a reeking plain,
 Among stark stiffened hecatombs of slain,
 Who blankly stared into the sullen skies
 With glassy, sightless, widely-open eyes.
 The night was moonless, dense with stormful cloud,
 And muffled all, nor aught to sight allowed,
 Save in large livid lightning's ghastly glare
 Over the dead men with their awful stare.
 Upon a rising ground some ruins riven
 Of a burnt village, whence the dwellers driven
 Fled from a ravening fire with ne'er a home,
 Stand in the cold flame desolate and dumb.
 Some curl in attitudes of mortal anguish,
 Some with a burning thirst low moaning languish
 In their own life-blood, helpless underneath
 A heavy horror that hath ceased to breathe.
 This form that feels hath hair and beard of grey,
 The overlying corse fair curls; but they
 Are marred with crimson: this was a fair boy,
 Stay of a widowed mother, and her joy;
 A tender girl awaits the comely youth,
 To whom is plighted all her maiden truth:
 These two, late locked in a death-grapple wild—
 Might they not be a father and his child,
 Lying together very still and mild?
 While many a fearful formless mangled thing,
 That once was human, blends with littering
 Of tumbril-wheel, of cannon-carriage wrack,
 Rifle with sword, and soldier's haversack.

But what are those portentous Phantoms tall
 That rise before my spirit to appal?
 One rides upon a pale colossal horse,
 Which, with its head low, sniffs before a corse
 And shakes with terror; but the rider swart,
 Of supernatural height, of regal port,
 Inhales the tainted air with nostrils wide,
 And face hard-set in a right royal pride.

One strong red hand a blade, that he has bathed
 In a warm living heart, holds reeking ; swathed
 With giant folds imperially red
 His huge mailed body, on the grizzly head
 A brazen helm, he dark surveys the dead ;
 Dilate with cruel unwholesome arrogance
 The dictatorial form, the countenance
 Swollen with gluttoned vengeance, things unsweet
 As fumes that bloat yon corpses at his feet !
 Whence hath the robe drunk purple ?—there is hung
 A collar of torn hearts that he hath wrung
 About his neck, for royal collar slung—
 Chains of wrought gold that blaze with many a gem
 In snaky twine contorted over them :
 His martial plume a swath of foodless grain,
 Trodden, or scorched, or sodden with late rain.
 Tear-blotted letters from far homes are strown
 Under his horse-hoofs, or inanimate blown
 Of gusty winds, the words upon them traced
 Nearly, like lives of those who wrote, effaced.
 He looks the incarnation of old War,
 Resembling an imperial conqueror.

Low thunder with rare intermission growled,
 Wherein were mingled cries of wolves that howled :
 I saw one straining, gaunt and fiery-eyed,
 Held by the king in leash : his awful side
 It sprung anon away from fiercely hounded,
 And woe is me ! who witnessed where it bounded—
 A little child in sad astonishment
 I had beheld, who with a woman went :
 She sought distracted on the fearful plain
 One special soldier among all the slain—
 That famished wolf was hounded on the pair,
 And with fire-fangs it healed a lorn despair !

An Empire floats a banner,
 Sable, and white, and red,
 Dyed with rapine and famine and plague,
 And blood of the innocent dead !

Black with pestilence, white with famine, red with the innocent dead !

Yet a more hideous Phantom than the other
 Leaned on the War-shape like its own twin brother.
 A wan blue mist it seemed to emanate
 From where the dead most thickly congregate,
 A crawling exhalation, yet anon
 A lank tall body with the grave-clothes on :
 It trailed and sloped o'er many miles of dead,
 Until it reached with a most fearful head
 The bosom of the warrior on the horse,
 There leaned fraternal like a month-old corse :
 Nay, somewhat otherwise ; rather, methought,
 It wore aspect like one most loathsome fraught
 With such disease as by beleagured Metz
 Some saw who passed among the lazarettes.
 Surely this was incarnate Pestilence !
 Yet as I shrank with shuddering from thence,
 It wore a face, pale history shall remember
 For his who gagged his country one December.

It held in skeleton semblance of a hand
A distaff broken for symbol of command.

Not the Eagle, but the Vulture,
Wheels above him—screaming now :

"I will yield my foul sepulture
To the murdered men below !"

Hoarsely croaks a carrion crow :

"Thou who wert a Pestilence :

Rot abhorred in impotence !"

February, 1871.

RODEN NOEL.

—♦—
St. Paul's.

A FESTA IN VENICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD."

MOST of us have felt, at first sight of some long famous spot, scene, or building, that slight chill of disappointment which testifies to the discrepancy between fact and fancy. Later, in most cases, the disappointment wears off, and we learn to admire as we learn to understand. But there are still in this Europe of ours a few places the reality of whose beauty outstrips expectation, and where we have but to let our eyes drink in the loveliness spread out before them, to be satisfied utterly.

Such a place is Venice. Most exquisite, surely, of all cities made with hands ! Many Italian cities are poetic, many are pathetic—as Ferrara, and the silent, sun-flooded Pisa ; but which of them unites with the poetic beauty of tangible marble, and intangible memories of the past, the ineffable pathos that broods upon the great waters—the solemn sadness of the sea ? None save the Queen of the Adriatic, Venice the Incomparable !

And yet she is far from being gloomy or dreary. Those who saw her in her holiday garb on the 2d of July, 1871, will own that no spectacle more serenely gay, more softly bright, was ever presented to them. On that day Venice, in common with many sister cities, celebrated the accomplished fact of the transfer of the Italian capital to Rome.

The present writer pretends to no power of political vivisection. He can but paint the surface life of that 2d of July in Venice, and offers the following little water-color sketch emboldened by the knowledge that the picture is a faithful one as far as it goes.

The July sun rose up gloriously from the Lagoon into a cloudless sky, and flushed the marble pallor of beautiful

Venice, and sparkled in the restless waters, and brightened the countless banners of the Italian tricolor, which fluttered from nearly every window and house-top. All the city had blossomed into red, white, and green. And above all bent the arch of intensely blue Italian summer sky. "A fine festa at last !" said one to another, with a short sigh of relief, and a smiling glance round the horizon. There had been cold and rain and sharp winds during the preceding month, and the saturnine had predicted foul weather for the 2d, and even the sanguine had trembled a little. But lo ! the day was perfect, from beginning to end ; and the most determined grumbler could find nothing worse to say than that it was very hot in the sunshine—a truism to which no one actuated by the prevailing holiday spirit deigned to pay the compliment of a retort.

It was not the tricolor alone that flouted the breeze. (There *was* a breeze, let the grumblers say what they might !) Almost all the little trading vessels moored at the stone quay called the Riva de Schiavoni sported their bunting. A little removed—being of imposing bulk amongst the smaller craft—lay two English steamers, from the "coaly Tyne ?" No trace of their black cargo was to be seen. They looked as trim and smart as the best. One was dressed with gay flags up to the mast-head, and both displayed the union-jack. Then there was a rich, solemn-looking, crimson banner, bearing the crescent, which flew above a tiny, picturesque vessel, whose Albanian crew, grave-eyed, with white or red fez, baggy Turkish breeches, and bare, knotty legs, went leisurely about their work on deck under a sail-cloth awning.

What a boundless richness and variety

of color on all sides! These are the glowing tints which the old Venetian painters seized and perpetuated on their canvas. The island of San Giorgio Maggiore, with its tall, slender bell-tower of red brick, topped with cream-white marble, and a conical leaden roof with a burnished golden angel glittering at its apex; the dome-shaped pile of Santa Maria della Salute, looking pearl-grey in the morning light; the faintly rose-colored mass of the Doge's Palace, with its exquisite marble arcades; the innumerable tints in the rich, weather-stained stone carvings of the princely dwellings on the Grand Canal; every thing, down to the burnished neck of the pigeon that peeped and fluttered to be fed upon our window-sill, furnished a feast of color to the gazing eye, thanks to that bounteous and lordly giver, the blessed sun!

In the Church of St. Mark's—quaint, precious, Byzantine jewel, set in the Italian framework of the Piazza!—there was—I had nearly written “divine service”—there was chanting and bending, and low muttering of the mass, and much coming and going of many feet, and inter-changement of soft, polite greetings; not forgetting a deeper and more courteous bow *en passant* to the high altar. Outside, on the quays, and in the narrow alleys (Venetian “calle”), and in the little stone-paved courts, now baking under the sunshine, sellers of fresh water were crying their stock in trade, and lavishing every epithet on it that could incite the thirsty to expend their last centesimo on the cool draught. This cry of “Acqua! Acqua! Buona fresca!” is one that seldom ceases throughout the long summer's day in Venice. The sound of church bells came in wafts across the water from many an islet in the Lagoon, or clanged and jangled near at hand from the tall belfries. A few women of the lower orders, with shawls of more or less smartness, wrapped mantilla-wise over their heads and shoulders, passed along, going to mass or coming from it. Boatmen and gondoliers lounged and basked in the hot rays until one expected that their brown faces and limbs would positively be baked into the hard terra-cotta which they so much resembled. The irrepressible boys were restless and noisy already. For even at Venice your boy is only so far modified by the influences of the place as

to become amphibious, and to enjoy the delight of having two elements, instead of only one, to be mischievous in!

But on the whole the city was quiet. She was waiting. One who knows this country well, and is a true friend to it, has often said to me that there are few things which an Italian will do with less reluctance than waiting. And this trait presents matter for regret in many cases. But on the second of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-one, the nation might reply with an exultant glance at Rome, “We have at least waited to some purpose this time!”

As evening drew on there was a hum and stir perceptible. A very low hum, a very gentle stir. One of the greatest charms of Venice is the absence of jarring noises. There is no rattle of wheels, no clatter of hoofs, not much tread of feet. The gondole glide along with a faint plash! plash! of the oar. All sounds are softened and sweetened by the water. Even the voices of the people are low and pleasant—a very rare quality in Italians. And the soft, lisping accents of the Venetian tongue remind one of the low wash of the tide playing amongst weeds and shells.

At half-past seven, when the sky was flushing pale rose-color, there was a crowd of gondole on the Grand Canal. The conspicuous object amongst them was a huge barge, gilt, and decorated, and beflagged, and bearing an inscription in gold letters on a sort of shield surrounded with garlands “Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re d'Italia Unita!” On this barge was the band of the National Guard, playing National airs; and above all, the *Fanfara Reale*, or March of the King. As I shall have occasion to mention this “*fanfara*” frequently, I may as well say at once that it is, as its title imports, a strain of lively military music in the time of a quick march, which is always played on the appearance of the King at any public ceremonial, and has thus become personally associated with the *Re Galantuomo*.

On went the barge at a slow and stately pace, surrounded and followed by a moving mass, a very shoal of boats of all sorts and conditions. Looked at from the level of one sitting in a gondola, it presented a strange spectacle. The gondoliers, standing high on the poop, with their long oars bending hither and thither, like a field of tall reeds in the wind. Only that in-

stead of one wind, there seemed to be fifty, making the reeds slope to all points of the compass. Seen from a balcony above, the sight must have been charming; for all the folks were in holiday attire, and holiday attire in Italy means all colors of the rainbow, and the gondole were all open, having taken off their black hoods for the occasion. Every now and then, in the intervals of the music, a voice would cry, "Viva Roma Capitale d'Italia!" "Viva Vittorio Emanuele in Campidoglio!" "Viva Italia libera e unita!" to which the crowd responded with clapping of hands and "Evviva-a-a!" Banners were flying from the windows and balconies on the Grand Canal, and at each patriotic shout, ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats, and little children clapped their hands and joined their shrill pipes to the general cry.

So we struggled on, wedged into the "shoal," and somehow or other succeeded in getting through the archway of the Rialto despite of difficulties which only a Venetian gondolier could overcome. Yet throughout the whole proceeding I did not hear one voice raised in anger. There was not the faintest approach to a row, although the skilful rowers were necessarily incommode and put out by the mistakes and awkwardness of the less skilful; and so compact was the crowd of boats, that at one time one could easily have walked dry-shod across the Grand Canal. Amongst the gondole, with their high prows and threatening steel *ferri* (the sort of battle-axe familiar to most persons from photographs and models of the Venetian gondola), flitted several tiny canoes, paddled with as much "skill and dexterity" as Tom Tug himself, that "jolly young waterman," could have laid claim to. One of the canoes bore a sail which looked, as did the whole craft indeed, as though it had just left the hands of the toy-maker, and was all a-flutter with bright little strips of banners.

The turning a little below the Rialto, to retrace our course up the Canal, seemed in anticipation a ticklish business; but it, too, was accomplished with the same quietude and apparent ease as all the rest. And now, beautiful as had been the spectacle going down, it was a thousand times more beautiful in returning. For a glorious full moon had arisen by this time, and was lighting the splendid

palaces in her own tenderly beautifying way; dwelling on the richness of the decorations and the grandeur of the outlines, and completely ignoring the ruin that Time has wrought among them here and there. At some of the houses a long line of lamps across the façade glowed with a rich golden light. Half-way back from the Rialto, towards the Piazza, the barge stopped, the music ceased, and we rowed along almost as silently as phantom boats upon the moon-lit waters.

Opposite the gardens of the Royal Palace—a mere strip of greenery with a marble balustrade fencing it on the side of the Lagoon—was a new spectacle: a little barque was gliding about with a crimson fire at her prow, which sent a long glowing reflection into the water, side by side with the trembling bluish lines of mirrored moonlight, and had a magically beautiful effect. From an Italian iron-clad in the offing colored rockets were being sent up at intervals, and Bengal lights made an illumination far and wide. It seemed a sacrifice to land at the Piazzetta and tread on the stone pavements, so lovely was the seaward view.

But what a crowd of many-colored figures, what a ceaseless movement, what a hum of voices, persistent and continuous as the sound of a waterfall, when we fairly emerged on the great Piazza of St. Mark! The whole vast space was a blaze of light which glowed even up to the summit of the tall Campanile. There were clusters of lamps like clusters of stars, dotted all about the Piazza. The arcades called the Procuratie, where the jewellers' shops are, were dazzling. Banners hung from every window; companies of boys and young men carrying torches, which gave out the richest crimson light, walked slowly up and down, clearing a path among the people; and the wonderful effects of light and shadow thus obtained are indescribable. Sometimes a great white light would go up and make everything else pale in its intense brilliancy. Sometimes the flame would be as blue as a sapphire. These Bengal lights were burned at the extremity of the Piazza farthest from St. Mark's, and the grand oriental front of the venerable basilica looked in the glare as if it had that instant been erected by the Slaves of the Lamp. The mosaics glistened, the stone carvings showed like petrified tropical plants. The great bronze

horses seemed to start forth from their niche over the doorway and paw the air; and, above all, stretched the unfathomable blue depth of sky, with its fair golden moon and quivering white stars.

In the centre of the Piazza was a military band. They had doubtless prepared a programme of music to be executed in due sequence, but they were not destined to carry it out. On this evening the crowd would listen to nothing save the *Fanfara Reale*. Let the band begin what ear-delighting melody they might, they infallibly had to stop at the end of a few bars and return to the "tra-ra-ra" of the King's March. And no sooner did the well-known strain begin than it was hailed with a shout of rapture, and listened to with as much apparent delight as though the auditors had never heard it in their lives before. Again and again it had to be repeated, the appetite of the crowd being apparently insatiable.

And it must not be supposed that the "crowd" consisted of any such elements as with us go to make up a street mob. Populace there was certainly, and of the poorest. But there were also smart *bourgeois* and *bourgeoises* (and how smart were these latter only the editor of a fashion-book could convey an idea; for the fair Venetians had disfigured themselves with humps, and heels, and masses of false hair in the newest mode, and wore dresses of every color of the rainbow, and sometimes of a great many colors together), there were patricians, and artists, and lawyers, and men of almost every profession under the sun—save the clerical. Of these, I do not remember to have seen one. Every one of the great quantity of seats before Florian's *café* was filled, every table occupied. All the other less famous *cafés* had also as many customers as they could serve on this occasion. The order and good-humor of the whole assembled mass were absolutely perfect. There was very much more good-breeding than I have often seen in a crowded ball-room. I am afraid it would not be possible to bring together an equal number of the "crème de la crème" who should hustle and stare so little! One heard a great many tongues spoken around—English, French, German, Russian, Greek; but the great majority of the people were Venetians. It was a popular

demonstration, spontaneous and unforced as, perhaps, popular demonstrations seldom are. Shout after shout went up for the King, for united Italy, for Rome the capital, and the hero who, whatever his shortcomings, has deserved the utmost love and gratitude of his countrymen, was not forgotten. There was many a hearty "Evviva" for Garibaldi.

Close upon midnight the band moved away from the Piazza, still playing the inevitable *Fanfara*, and followed by an admiring and enthusiastic crowd. Just before entering their barracks they stopped, and in compliance with many urgent voices played the so-called "Hymn of Garibaldi." It is the melody made familiar to us by the street organs, and of which the burden is—

"Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori, ch'è l'ora,
Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori o stranier!"

"Go hence from Italy, O stranger! for the hour has come!" It used to be sung and played with especial reference to the Austrian dominion in the Peninsula. But now the Austrians are our very good friends on this side the Alps. And circumstances having carried away some other "good friends" (who perhaps were looked upon as being just a trifle in the way in the very core of Italy, notwithstanding the unimpeachable excellence of their intentions), it seems difficult to guess who now remains to be adjured to "andar fuori!"

No; there was no meaning attached to the old "Hymn of Garibaldi" on that July night save the laudable one of honoring the brave and incorruptible soldier whom every Italian must be proud to call countryman. The Italians are now in undisputed possession at home, "in casa loro," and the future seems fair before the nation.

As we walked homeward in the moonlight we looked up at the mystic-winged lion of St. Mark upon his soaring column, and thought that of all the strange, and beautiful, and significant, and important spectacles his winged shadow had fallen on, not the least lovely, characteristic, and fraught with important meanings was the festa which terminated with the distant, dying strains of Garibaldi's Hymn.

Macmillan's Magazine.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XLI.

PATTY'S ADVISERS.

WHEN Paul Whitmore went away, Mrs. Downes wished her husband would go downstairs with him. She wanted to get rid of Mr. Downes; she cared little that he should be courteous to the artist. The short interview between the two men had shown her there could be no friendship between them.

"So much the better—it makes me all the safer."

Patty had studied her husband's character; his was just one of the natures she had power to read thoroughly, and she had realized painfully during the last half-hour that all his idolatry, all her beauty, would fail to keep her on the throne she now filled in Mr. Downes's mind, if he ever came to know about her origin.

"He's not up enough yet among great people himself to be liberal about such a misfortune," Patty sighed, "and he's right. If one wants to climb, one must do it boldly; there's no use in stopping to see who one kicks down as stepping-stones, and people can't climb high who have any drag to pull them down. Paul will never speak about Ashton to my husband, I know he won't; and I don't mean ever to see his wife, and I don't fancy," she smiled, "that Mrs. Whitmore will hear a single word about me or my portrait."

While Patty stood thinking, Mr. Downes had been bending over the canvas. He looked at his wife—

"That is a clever young fellow, Elinor; but he has a very objectionable manner: he wants deference—I think you must keep up your dignity a little more, darling. Mr. Whitmore scarcely seems to feel that it is a privilege to paint such a face as yours. I came up to tell you that Henrietta has come to luncheon: the truth is, I asked her yesterday. I—I am very anxious you should see a good deal of Henrietta, darling; she knows everybody, and there is a certain style about her, and—and—" Here Mr. Downes floundered; a rising flush on the lovely pink cheeks warned him that he was getting into trouble.

But Patty's natural coolness saved him

from the petulant answer a more sensitive, more loving wife would possibly have been betrayed into making. She looked at her husband and smiled.

"Mrs. Winchester is your cousin, Maurice. I hope she will always find a pleasure in coming to see me. Shall we go down to her?"

Mr. Downes pulled out his long whiskers; he had expected a different answer, and, not being a quick-witted man, he was disconcerted. He could not find fault with his wife's words, and yet they did not satisfy him. Since their arrival in Park Lane he had become aware of an increasing sense of disappointment. His wife was charming,—he had never seen any one so beautiful,—she had far less of girlish ignorance than might have been expected from her age and secluded education, and yet he was not satisfied. He did not know what he wanted. He thought that he wished the playful archness which gave Mrs. Downes her most bewitching expression, should be used for him as well as against him—for his wife was never so gay and charming as when she made him give up his most determined resolutions; but he was not even sure about this.

"She is thoroughly sweet-tempered," he said, as he followed her downstairs: "most women dislike their husband's relations;" and then he sighed—he was actually silly enough to think that, perhaps, if Elinor were not quite so easy-tempered, she might be more loving.

Mrs. Winchester rustled all over as she rose and shook hands with her cousin's wife.

Mrs. Winchester was a finely-formed woman, with a face that had once possessed the beauty of a fresh complexion, and large bright unmeaning blue eyes, but to freshness had succeeded the peculiar coarseness which told of open-air driving in all weathers, and habits of luxury. Mrs. Winchester looked now like a Juno rather the worse for wear; and, conscious of the losses, she strove to hide them by an elaborate costume and a judicious use of powder and pale blue ribbon.

Mr. Downes kept silent; he left his wife and her visitor to entertain each other, but the talk soon flagged. Mrs. Winchester

occupied herself in criticising the trimming on Patty's dress, and in taking stock of the rings she wore; her eyes travelled carefully from the bow of the tiny shoe to the waves of bright sunny hair; not in rapid glances, but in a practical, methodical fashion. Mrs. Winchester was taking notes, and meant to remember them.

Mr. Downes grew impatient of the silence. "Elinor has just given her first sitting to your artist, Henrietta."

"Your artist!" The cousins were looking at each other; neither of them saw the lightning in Patty's dark blue eyes. Anger is so terrible in blue eyes. There is a steely brightness in it which brown eyes have no power to render: in the last there is a glow of passion; in the other, the glare of stern displeasure. But Patty's feelings had not reached such a pitch as sternness.

"Good gracious," she thought, "if those two are going to discuss Paul, I'd better stop my ears. De Mirancourt said, 'When you are bored, think of something pleasant.'"

Mrs. Downes forced her attention away, though she longed to listen; and reminded herself that in a fortnight she was to be presented at Court, and that she should certainly make Mrs. Winchester look very *passée* as they drove along side by side. But Patty was only a woman, though she was so clever; and she could not help, after a minute, gathering up the crumbs of talk between the faded Juno and her husband.

"But still, Maurice, you must acknowledge he is a remarkable person—not much appreciation for style, and that kind of thing, you know; but he quite amuses me: these fresh unconventional people are so original and amusing. I expect your wife, now, would quite take his fancy."

His cousin left off speaking, but Mr. Downes stood listening; he wished to give her opportunity to explain her last remark; then seeing the lady sink back gracefully into her chair, he turned his head stiffly towards her—slowly as well as stiffly, as if he were striving not to impair the upright set of his collar.

"I suppose you mean in common with the effect produced on every one else; otherwise I am at a loss to conceive how my wife should have any special charm for this Mr. Whitmore."

It was just at this point that Patty roused, or rather that her interest forced her to listen.

What had gone before to cause her husband's words? She met his eyes—conscious that her own were full of eager terror, and that she was blushing.

Mr. Downes was delighted. He thought his wife had been annoyed by Mrs. Winchester's remark, and to see her thus appealing to his protection against his cousin's sneer gave him an exquisite sense of pride and power.

At that moment he would have done anything she asked.

"How silly Maurice looks when he smiles, in that way," Patty said to herself, quite restored and composed now that she felt safe again.

"You dear Maurice," Mrs. Winchester smiled, in a large, encouraging manner—she was not quite so rich as Mr. Downes, and it was delightful to have a chance of patronizing him,—“don't you see what I mean? Artists always admire natural beauty far more than that which is trained and conventional. Don't look ashamed, my dear Elinor; you will lose your freshness quite soon enough.” Mrs. Winchester's silk slounces rustled again in a little chorus of applause.

Patty gave her a sweet, innocent glance.

"Oh, dear, I hope not! I want to keep fresh and natural for a long, long time; it must be so dreadful to look faded, and to have to think of what is becoming and all that; it would soon make me quite vain, I'm afraid."

Mr. Downes was startled; it was impossible that his wife could be acting, she spoke so simply and heartily, and yet when he saw the discomfiture in his cousin's face, he wished Elinor had said something less personal.

"She couldn't mean it, of course, it was a chance shot," and then he laughed to himself, "Poor Henrietta! I am afraid it came rather near the mark."

"When you come down to see us at Brookton, my dear, you will be quite in your element," said Mrs. Winchester; "you may be as wild as you like at Brookton,—milk the cows, you know, or anything that takes your fancy. Ah, Maurice, when will you settle down at Hatchhurst, and be the model landlord Charles is, with his cottages and his prize pigs?"

Mr. Downes had grown angry; he

waited to swallow his indignation before he spoke, and his wife answered—

"I must come to you to teach me a good deal first, Henrietta; if you know how to milk cows, I suppose you understand all the rest. You see I have spent so much of my life at school that I am alarmingly ignorant on all these homely subjects; but I've no doubt I shall like Brookton and the prize pigs immensely. I don't think Maurice looks old enough for a model landlord, do you? We'll wait to go to Hatchhurst till we want repairing won't we, dear?"

She said this with the arch playfulness her husband loved so much; she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced up for the smile which she knew was waiting for her.

"Little fool," said Juno, in a puffet; and then aloud, "My dear child, you don't imagine that people live in London all the year round, do you?"

"Oh no; but then we shall prefer to go abroad. We like variety and amusement. I'm afraid your grand country-houses full of dull English people would bore us terribly, wouldn't they, Maurice?"—she had caught a glimpse of frowning between her husband's eyebrows—"although we had the occasional relaxation of milking, you know." Her laugh rang out merrily; even Mrs. Winchester believed that though her young cousin stung, it was by chance, and that she was as free from guile as a roadside nettle.

"You are so young, my dear, you don't know how very pleasant such gatherings are, besides the introductions they lead up to. Why, I expect Lord Dacre and his brother, Lady Elsland and her two daughters, Sir John and Lady Pierpark, and many others of the same class."

"But are they amusing?"

Mrs. Winchester looked gravely at her cousin Maurice; her own father had been a rich manufacturer without any ancestry to speak of; she thought as much of a title as poor Mrs. Bright did. It seemed to her that any one sufficiently audacious to despise a title must go wrong, and she was sure of Maurice's sympathy on this point.

"Elinor is joking," he said; "we shall both enjoy a visit to Brookton, but I want you two to plan some dinners and entertainments; in fact, whatever you please. It seems to me quite time Elinor should show herself in her own house."

Luncheon was announced, and Patty made no answer to her husband's suggestion; she was thinking—

"I was in too great a hurry, after all, and yet I don't know. So long as one's husband has a certain position, nothing else matters really when people have once seen me; it does not signify who or what he is, and he is very presentable. Poor fellow! does he really think my life is going to be shaped out between him and that fat vulgar woman?"

The "vulgar woman," going on before on Mr. Downes's arm, was saying—

"She'll do famously, after a bit, you know, when she has had just a little training; I'll do all I can, you may be sure."

To which Mr. Downes answered—

"Thank you; yes, she is so sweet-tempered, so anxious to do all I wish. I don't suppose any one was ever so fortunate as myself."

"But, then," said Mrs. Winchester, when she reached home and related the foregoing conversation to her quiet, subdued husband, "you know Maurice is such a foolish, self-willed fellow; he has such an idea of his own opinion; I'm quite sure, if one only knew his wife's history, there is something in it he has no cause to be proud of. People ought to have relatives of some sort or other."

CHAPTER XLII.

AT ROGER WESTROFF'S.

MISS COPPOCK had gone up and down in life, not by the gradual turn of Fortune's wheel, but by those swifter risings and fallings of which the child reaps an early experience as he tumbles on the nursery floor, pitches headlong down a flight of stairs, or finds himself at the sudden giddy height of a swing.

Her experience had taken its complexion from these sudden transitions; and as she had indulged, like most of her sisterhood, in much novel reading, of a highly-spiced sort, she had exaggerated and strongly-colored opinions.

Patty laughed at her, and called her romantic; it was a profanation of the word, for there was none of the chivalry and freshness of true romance in Patience's forecastings. Intrigue, mystery, an implicit belief in the evil of human nature, composed the foundation of her fears and schemes, and the last of these was very

uppermost as she stood looking at the face sketched on the canvas.

Patty's daring surprised her.

"How could she have the face and bring that man here, with the risk of his wife finding her out, too? though perhaps Patty has made him promise not to tell: she is capable of anything; that I believe."

Miss Coppock stood before the picture with a very dissatisfied face.

"I don't think I ought to let this go on under my eyes without speaking to Mr. Downes—no, how can I talk such nonsense? Speak to him—I'll die first." A curious twist came on the thin lips, a mixture of anger and suffering.

Her thoughts went on. Even if she could overcome her repugnance, what good would come of an appeal to Patty's husband—what chance had she of being believed? She would be dismissed, and so lose the hold which made her dismissal as she thought impossible.

If Patty had married a stranger, Patience would probably have sided with the wife against the husband, but Maurice Downes's claim was older, dearer than Patty's. The poor faded woman had at first wept bitter, scalding tears when she found herself utterly unrecognized, an object of dislike to Patty's husband, but she had learned to rejoice in this. Patty had taught Miss Coppock long ago that she must not live for herself, and now it seemed to her excited notions that she was taking a glorious revenge on her faithless lover in watching over his wife for his sake. She did not want Patty to love Mr. Downes. Patience would have stoutly denied the charge of selfishness in this, but the one drop of balm in her miserable existence lay in thinking how happy she would have made Maurice's life, if he had kept faith with her!

"He might have known, then, what a true wife can be to a husband."

Her life was far more unhappy than it had been before Patty's marriage. In Park Lane Miss Coppock felt herself an upper servant. Patty to her was simply Mrs. Downes, smiling, rarely affording an outlet for the bitter words Patience longed to speak, but as utterly, callously indifferent as though her companion had been a block of senseless wood.

"Why don't I give up; it's killing me?" said Patience, as she still stood before the canvas. "Why do I care how Patty be-

haves to him when he takes no more notice of me than as if I were one of the maids?—it's worse than that." She was sobbing unconsciously with intense humiliation. "I know it makes him sick to look at me; I heard him say only yesterday that ugliness was as loathsome as disease: he didn't mean me to hear." She wiped her poor eyes, shining now with tears in place of their departed brightness. "No, his nature's not as changed as all that, though her influence is enough to spoil any goodness,—but I heard him say it. I'm such a fool that my ears seem to hunger for every word he speaks, and all the more because I dare not look at him; I daren't: there's no saying, if our eyes met, that he mightn't remember me."

Poor Patience! she had not changed nearly so much as Maurice Downes had. The seamed, scarred skin that masked the form of every feature, the fringeless, dull eyes, could not choke the expression of feeling as the growth of self-love and worldliness had choked the power of repentance and tenderness in the fair whiskered, perfectly dressed husband of Elinor Downes; there was no fear that he could remember Patience Clayton, the love of his youth; he had forgotten the episode altogether.

But there is no blindness in love equal to the blindness of a disappointed woman.

"No, I can't go away," she went on. "She may not seem to care for what I say, but I am a check upon her for all that; I can keep her from making Maurice miserable, and besides"—a gleam of hope brightened her sad face—"if I see things going too far with Mr. Whitmore, I'll speak to Roger Westropp himself. I'd half a mind to say something yesterday: he's neither fear nor favor to keep him back, and I can see he's not best pleased as it is with her for never going to see him. I shan't forget his face in a hurry, when I told him Mrs. Downes wished him to be considered her foster-father; when I think of the lies she must have told her husband to account for her having no relations, it makes me almost hate her."

Here again Patience exaggerated; Patty had not been truthful, but in some ways she had kept to facts. This was the story Mrs. Downes had told her husband. Her mother had died when she was quite young; her father had not been a kind

husband, had always seemed badly off, and she had lost sight of him for years; her fortune had come to her from an uncle, her only surviving relative, and till she went to school in France she had lived under the care of Roger Westropp, an old countryman. She called him her foster-father, as he was husband to the woman who had nursed her when a child. This was her story, with the superadded fact of her own creation, that she had been at a French school since childhood. If Mr. Downes had been less infatuated, if he had been in England even, he might have made a more searching inquiry. The letters of old Mr. Parkins, the Australian lawyer's agent, relative to the marriage settlement, had corroborated Patty's representations. The rank and position of her school friends showed Mr. Downes that his wife was qualified for the position he intended her to fill. The only cloud that ever came across his satisfaction was the possible reappearance of the missing father, Mr. Latimer, whom Mr. Downes imagined to be a gentlemanlike spendthrift. He had soon let Patty discover that he was just as unwilling to see Roger Westropp, the country foster-father, at Park Lane, as she was to receive him there. Poverty, misfortune, and ugliness were abhorrent to Mr. Downes; he liked the sunny side of the peach, and he would not be cognizant that both sides were not sunny.

"Well, do you think it will be a likeness? you ought to be able to judge by this time."

Patience started. Mrs. Downes had come into the room, and had been looking at her for some minutes.

"I—oh, I suppose it will be like—" The moving exhortation she had planned to deliver seemed out of place in presence of this smiling, artless creature. In her soul Patience struggled to keep to her harsh estimate of Mrs. Downes, but to-day Patty's eyes were full of sweet affectionate sunshine, and the poor unloved woman could not refuse herself the unwonted enjoyment. Distrust in Miss Coppock was universal, not special; she was as eager to snatch at a present gratification as a child is to grasp roses in the hedge he is driven rapidly alongside of.

"As Mr. Downes says," said Patty, musingly, "it won't be easy to imitate my complexion."

Patience was accustomed to hear Mrs. Downes's special charms discussed by their owner as if they were unrivalled. Patty had a way of taking herself to pieces in talk, and appraising each detail.

"I dare say not, and yet that little likeness of your—of Mr. Westropp's—gives it perfectly; by the by," she turned round eagerly from the canvas, "I wanted to tell you I saw him yesterday, and he sent you a message."

Mrs. Downes grew so red that Patience thought she was angry.

"What do you mean?"

"I couldn't help seeing him; you sent me to Chancery Lane to make those inquiries for you about old Mr. Parkins, and just as I came out of the lawyer's office I met Mr. Westropp. He caught hold of me before I'd time to turn away."

"Why should you turn away from him? I am very glad to hear about him. Is he quite well?"

Patience looked at her; there was a glister in the deep blue eyes, and the red still glowed hotly on the delicate skin, but Mrs. Downes spoke calmly.

"Either she hasn't any feeling, or she acts as well as if she was downright wicked." To Mrs. Downes she said, bluntly—

"No, I don't think he's well at all; he says it is the closeness of London, and this soft change in the weather, but he's as white as a sheet, and he seems so feeble. He says you ought to have gone to see him before this, and he sent you a message, but I don't think you'll like it."

"Nonsense." Mrs. Downes pressed her lips together to keep them still. "Why should I dislike it? What did he say?"

"Well, only don't blame me afterwards." Patience was half afraid, and yet she secretly rejoiced at the sting which she knew even Patty must feel in listening. "He said, 'You can give my dooty to Madam Downes, and tell her she've got no cause to fear her father'll be the one to bring shame on her finery. You can tell her too as her mother were a virtuous woman, though she were poor; let Martha have a care she don't do nought to disgrace me.'"

There was a silence. Womanly feeling was still strong enough to keep Patience's eyes turned away. She did not see Mrs. Downes grow white for an instant, and then make a strong effort at indifference.

"Ah," she said calmly, "he's angry, and he has a right to be angry. I meant to have gone before now. I'll go and see him to-day."

"You'll want me to go with you?"

"Yes, I shall only drive to the railway station, and I cannot travel alone by railway."

Even now accustomed as she was to Mrs. Downes's splendor, and the observances she exacted, a remark of this kind brought a smile to the companion's pale lips, and Patty saw it, but she was too wise or too indifferent to take any notice.

Patty did not choose to show her father the style in which she lived; she was only going to see Mr. Westropp, her pensioner; it was unnecessary that her servants should see their mistress calling at such a dirty house.

She drove to the station, and then went on by train with Miss Coppock.

"Stay here till I come back," she said, when they reached the station for Bellamont Terrace; and she set forth alone.

She had dressed very quietly in black silk, with a simple bonnet, and a thick black veil, but it seemed to Patty that everyone she met looked at her.

"And mine is a face sure to be recognized. One comfort is, no one in society could live in such a den as this is."

The house in Bellamont Terrace looked as dingy and squalid as ever, but Patty scarcely gave it a momentary glance: she ran up the little garden—or rather assemblage of weeds—and the steps, and knocked.

Her heart beat in a most unusual fashion while she waited; all her acquired dignity seemed to be slipping away like sand. She felt the old petulance, the old flippancy on her tongue, when at last the door was slowly opened by her father.

"It's you, is it? Go in, will you?"

Neither of them made any attempt at greeting. Patty felt, as she passed on into the small squalid room, that none of De Mirancourt's teaching would serve her here. She realized what others have realized before her, that no light is so fierce and searching as that in which we are seen and judged by the eyes of near kindred. No modern gloss will cover or atone for a once known defect of childhood.

Roger pushed a chair forward; he remained standing even after Patty's silk skirts had left off rustling.

She looked up with her irresistible smile; but though the motive that had called it forth was self, though her visit was made quite as much with a view to her own security as from natural yearning to see his face again, there was some feeling yet in the girl's heart, and she saw that in Roger's hollow eyes and sickly hue which drove the glow from her own cheeks, and brought an anxious look to her eyes.

Roger had watched her intently; his pride was soothed, and his stubborn resolve not to show pleasure at the sight of her yielded. He sat down.

"Well, lass, I'm glad to see ye, but you've taken long enough to think whether you should come or not."

"It was too bad of me, wasn't it? but you see in London there certainly is about half the time for everything one gets in the country, but I hope to come often now. Don't you pine after the country, father?"

A deep flush, and sudden vexed biting of her under-lip, came like a cloud over Patty's sunshine; but the lovely blue eyes smiled still—as eyes will smile to which the practice is one of habit rather than of feeling.

How easily the familiar word had slipped out; it seemed to her, in the cowed mood which Roger's self-restraint had imposed on her, that she must never risk seeing her father in Mr. Downes's presence—the word would slip out again.

Patty wished herself safe in Park Lane. Roger's smile had faded; and even while it had lasted the half-knowledge she had of her father had made her aware that he had not had his say yet, and that, unless she could fence it off by her own cleverness, she had something to hear to which it would be unpleasant to listen. She detested strife or dispute; if all the world would only keep good-tempered and smile over their disagreements, it would be so much better. It would be too absurd if her father quarrelled with her for disowning him, when it would be so much pleasanter and so much more for his own interest to keep good friends.

"Pine after the country, eh?"—Roger smiled again, but with so much sarcasm that Patty grew nervous—"No, lass, I don't think it—and even so be I was to, I shouldn't turn my back on London; I've too much to look after here."

"But I mean for your health." Patty

had not felt so shorn of all her strength since she left Ashton. She looked pleadingly in the small restless eyes, but she found no help in them—it seemed as if her father had an intuitive knowledge of her perplexity, and was determined to enjoy it to the uttermost.

If she could only get up and go away; but she dared not do this: it might provoke the very explanation she was determined to escape from.

"My health?"—with a disagreeable laugh,—“you've grown mighty careful about me all of a sudden. My health is as good as it has been all these months past, Patty—I should say Mrs. Downes—I mind that's more suited to your wishes; ain't it, ma'am?”

A nightmare was pressing on Patty's new self. Her polish, her easy smiling power of repartee, seemed held back from her by a strength she could not grapple with; but she would not submit: she strove for freedom, and the natural weapon of her childhood, her insolent petulant tongue, made itself once more heard.

"Of course it is,"—with the old toss and the pouted scarlet lips,—“I don't see why I shouldn't be called by my own name; Patty isn't a name at all,—it's not fit for a Christian.”

Her eyes glistened with angry tears.

"Hark ye, lass,"—Roger smiled at her discomfiture; “you may do as you choose, for aught I mind, but I'll not sit here to listen to reproach cast on your dead mother. She named you Patty when you was a little un: you may be ashamed o' me, if you please; but have a care how you let me see you're ashamed o' her.”

There was the old sternness in voice and look, and Patty breathed more easily: she knew the end of Roger's angry moods; it was his sarcasm that took away her wits.

"Ashamed! it's too bad to say that; as if it's likely I could be—you seem to think badly enough of me, I must say, father. I mayn't, perhaps, have been as dutiful as some children; I'm sorry; but then you know you've brought me up to hate profession and show of liking—I thought by doing what I thought you wished, I was showing the dutifulness you'd value most. You can't have everything." Her own words sounded so virtuous that Patty felt in a glow. What a good daughter she had been after all to this sordid father, who had refused to

change his mean miserable ways even when she gave him means for a very different way of life.

Roger looked up sharply through his frowning, shaggy eyebrows.

"Dootifulness you calls it—I don't see much dooty, Madam Downes, in payin' me back some of the hard-earned coin I spent first on Watty, and then on you. By rights,"—he doubled his bony fist and struck his knee with it,—“the money warn't yourn at all; it must ha' come to me in the nat'ral course o' things—Watty havin' no other kin.”

"I don't see that,"—Patty was growing cool and composed again,—“such things happen every day; where would be the use of making wills or of lawyers, if people always left their money in the regular way? Besides, it's much better as it is—I use the money, you would only let it rust; why, you don't nearly spend what I allow you.”

Roger's pale face flushed, but Patty had no thought of wounding him; she had grown so accustomed to dependants, and also to consider her father as her pensioner, that it could never have occurred to her he might resent the allusion.

"Insolent hussy," he said to himself; “she's worse than I expected, but she shall pay for some of these airs and graces.”

"That's as it may be—I spend in my own fashion fast enough: I never spent for show. As to your being ashamed to own me, I don't trouble about it, seeing it's your account, not mine, that 'ull go to—but I have a word or two I may as well say as you're here. One is"—he cleared his throat—"since you speak of what you allow me, that I don't consider the allowance over liberal for a fine lady such as you to give away. Stop"—Patty was eagerly trying to speak—"I want to hear how you and your husband gets on together; if you're a good wife, may be it may make up for other shortcomin's."

Roger knew that if he had chosen to change his name to Latimer, and to make himself look respectable, his daughter could not have cast him off; and yet he resented that she should have ventured to choose her own husband for herself.

"Mr. Downes and I live very happily." Patty cast down her eyes. "He is very kind, and he thinks everything I do right."

"More fool he. I tell you your mother was the best wife as breathed; but, may-

be, if I'd spoiled her, she'd have turned out different. Well, lass, you've chosen for yourself: I wish you luck of your choice. If your husband's all you say, you can't make too much of him; maybe I'll see him one day."

"I'll bring him here some day." Patty's voice shook, though she tried hard to steady it. "Don't come to Park Lane; it would make everything tiresome, and I'll see about what you said just now at once; I will indeed;—I mean about money. I must go now, or I shall miss my train."

She looked at herself in the little smeared mirror, and her father looked too;—he sneered; but there was sadness in his face. Patty's action had taken him back to Ashton, and his cottage, and his daily life;—he had been happier in those old days.

"I saw Miss Nuna, a while ago," he said; "she didn't see me; she was too taken up with her husband, and he was looking into her face as if she'd been his sweetheart instead of his wife. That's a pleasant marriage, I warrant. Maybe you've happened to come across them, eh?"

"No, I haven't." Patty tossed her head and gathered up her skirts in sudden anger. "Well, good-by, father; I really must go now."

She was out of the room, in the road hurrying along to the station before she realized what she was doing.

The snort of an engine overhead, as she passed under the railway arch, steadied her wits.

"What a child I am!" she smiled with contempt at herself. "Doesn't a man often smile down into a woman's eyes without caring a bit about her? Most likely she's got a temper, and Paul's smile would sweeten a vixen. Poor fellow! what a mistake he made."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. BRIGHT'S MISGIVINGS.

MRS. DOWNES held the creed that no person who could use his or her wits ever allowed anything to worry. There were two courses open—either dismiss the subjects altogether by the substitution of something pleasant and flattering, or else decide at once on some plan which converts worry itself into a means of gratification.

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She only answered Miss Coppock's questions respecting her father by "yes" and "no;" and by the time she reached Park Lane she had determined to try whether Paul still loved her, or if he really cared for his wife.

"There is no harm in it whatever: I could tell Maurice the whole story with the greatest ease if Paul were not an artist, and if it would not bring out things I don't want talked of. I do not mean to encourage Paul; I only mean to amuse myself, and to be satisfied father is mistaken. Maurice always says he dislikes prudery, and he thinks it ill-bred. Of course I'm not going to flirt; that would not suit my position."

A slight triumphant smile curved her lovely lips; she was thinking how utterly needless it was for her to seek any man's admiration; she could never remember the time when she had not known she was beautiful.

"Paul must look at me while he paints, and if he looks—well, I can't help his admiring me. I'm not going to fall in love with him, or any such nonsense; I should be as silly as Patience if I thought of it." She glanced scornfully at Miss Coppock. "I shall let her be present at the next sitting; she'll see her folly then; and, besides, I think it is more what is done, and it will shut her mouth."

Paul came next morning, and Mrs. Downes carefully abstained from addressing her companion; Miss Coppock's name was not spoken in his presence.

Paul Whitmore was amused at this fresh evidence of Patty's fine ladyism; but he never suspected the plain, gaunt woman, who watched him so intently, to be an ancient acquaintance of Patty's Ashton days; he looked on the companion as a total stranger; and as Mrs. Downes was careful to avoid any mention of Nuna, there was no chance of a recurrence to old times.

The picture progressed marvellously this morning; yet Paul went home irritable, and disposed to find fault with himself and everyone else.

Patty was happy then, after all, with that dolt of a husband. She had actually smiled when she said Mr. Downes was satisfied with the picture.

"As if I care what he thinks or says! She must love him; she's much ~~too~~ clever to value his opinion a straw—unless Love

has made the fool of her that he makes of the most sensible women after marriage. I suppose it's all right; but a married woman in love with her husband is fifty times more foolish than when she's a girl. I've heard that married happiness is bad for the intellect." He went on presently—"I suppose that's why I'm such a consummate ass as to plague myself with all this trash. And yet I don't feel over happy just now, any way."

He was vexed with himself; and he hurried home, determined to be pleased with Nuna; but when he reached the studio, he gave a sigh of relief that she was not at home.

He remembered that she had settled to go out shopping with Mrs. Bright, and would not be back till tea-time.

"I shall stay in till she comes."

He took up a book lying on the table, but it was one he had had with him at Ashton; and by that strange power of localization which haunts inanimate objects, its very cover took him back to Carving's Wood Lane, and Patty—Patty, as he had seen her blushing under her sun-bonnet in the honey-suckle porch—Patty, as he had thought her, guileless and loving.

What a blissful dream that had been! Had he ever felt anything like its intensity, its intoxication of happiness?

By some process which he made no effort to check, thought took him through the months and weeks of his married life. Just now he had said, great happiness was fatal to intellectual power. Had he been so happy? was he always quite content, quite satisfied? He clasped his hands over his eyes, and then he got up and went to his easel, and began to scrape a half-finished study with a knife.

"If I'm not happy, I ought to be."

He turned resolutely from the whisper which had made itself heard when he clasped his head so firmly just now. The whisper had said that intense happiness, even if it were not lasting, was preferable to a tranquil, contented state of life.

"And I thought this was flesh. I thought this was good flesh when I did it. By Jove, how those sittings have improved me!"

He pushed the offending canvas away, and stood thinking of Patty again.

"It's first-rate study to paint her," he said. But he felt more restless still. He

began to think that if he stayed till Nuna came in, he should be cross or sulky, and damp the enjoyment she would be full of.

"She will expect me to enter into all she has been doing with that old noodle, and I can't. I feel bored by anything relating to those Brights; and I know what I can be when I'm thoroughly savage. Nuna doesn't, and there's no need she ever should."

He sighed. Just then it seemed to him as if his wife knew very little indeed of his real self; but he checked the thought.

"I've got a headache, and I'm out of sorts: I'll go down to those two fellows again and see what they are at."

Nuna came home earlier than he had expected, and her heart sank when she found she had missed Paul; but she kept a smiling face before Mrs. Bright.

"Dear me! I am disappointed not to see your husband; but never mind, dear; we can have a longer chat. You won't forget my two messages to him, will you, Nuna dear, about getting rid of the smell of paint,—it is horrid, isn't it? I wonder you're not bilious,—and about coming to see us? I've set my heart upon it. You don't look at all as you ought. I'm sure it's the nasty paint; and, besides other things, there is such a thing as stiffneckedness, my dear. I don't mean rheumatic, you know"—for Nuna had begun to smile—"you're too young for that; I mean your father's wife. I don't defend him; don't think it, my love. Only suppose I'd gone and set up a stepfather over Will! There's one thing, Will would have held his own against any stepfather; but I wouldn't let this estrangement go on if I were you; and you'd shut Mrs. Beaufort's mouth, too, which would be best on all accounts."

Nuna grew crimson.

"I don't want to stop Mrs. Beaufort; she can't say anything against me."

"Ah! my dear; don't now! I am sorry I said a word; it's nothing against you, of course, only she sneers at artists, and speaks of you as 'poor Nuna,' and as if you had quite fallen in position; of course, dear—now don't excite yourself, there's a dear creature, don't;" and Mrs. Bright's plump hands stretched out towards the flushed face and frowning eyes. "We who know Mr. Whitmore don't pay any heed, of course, not likely, but it's just—"

Nuna could hold herself in no longer; she got up with flashing eyes.

"And you expect me to make friends with a woman who speaks against Paul! I'm glad you have told me; if ever I do go to see you, it shall only be on the condition that Elizabeth never sets foot in your house while I am there. She is a wicked, false woman—I feel wicked when I think of her." The quick, impulsive anger was spent already; the tender heart suffered for the pain on Mrs. Bright's face. "Don't let us quarrel about her, my dear, kind friend."

She kissed and hugged Mrs. Bright impetuously, and the talk ended; but still her visitor was not satisfied. She could no longer believe Mrs. Beaufort's insinuations as to Nuna's want of affection. She had never seen her so warmly demonstrative as she had proved during their visit to London; but there was something unheard of in a woman refusing to sanction her own father's marriage. But Mrs. Bright went back to Gray's Farm more anxious, in some ways, about Nuna's future than when she left it.

"I hope Nuna won't come to harm." The good, plump, easy-natured woman sat thinking it all out when she got back to the quiet of her home; thought, she averred, being impossible in London: there was only time there to see, and to eat, drink, and sleep; and far too little for the last, which in Mrs. Bright's estimation was the chief necessary of life. "But anything unusual must be wrong; and it is such a pity to be unlike other people, especially in a woman; it's my belief women are always safest when they copy somebody else—Eve couldn't, of course; there was no pattern to follow, and I expect that's why she got into mischief."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A DISCUSSION.

NUNA had not borne with her old friend's silliness; she had peremptorily stopped any farther outpouring on the hateful topic of Mrs. Beaufort: but silly words have often as much root in them as those which are wiser; they grow in memory as rank weeds grow on a dry, stony, roadside heap. They were to be despised so far as they touched herself. She cared little for society, and she had as much as she wanted;—a few tried friends among her

husband's acquaintances would have been glad to see her more frequently; but she shrank from invitations.

"I don't get half as much as I want of Paul now," she thought; "and, if we go out often, we shall get farther and farther apart."

The Brights had departed a fortnight, and Nuna thought something in their visit must have vexed her husband, he had grown so very silent.

"Are you painting anything specially interesting now?" she said to Paul.

They were sitting at breakfast.

Paul flushed, frowned, and turned over his newspaper quickly, as if he were eager for the next column.

"Generally I know what you are doing," she said, "but you have not told me any thing these three weeks."

"That was all very well while it was new to you; but it would be nonsense to go on with it; what possible interest can you take in the mere painting of portraits?"

He spoke coldly; he did not even look at her, and tears were in Nuna's eyes in an instant.

"Oh, Paul! as if everything you do is not interesting to me. You are painting a portrait, then?"

She made her voice cheerful; she saw that at her first words he had plunged yet more deeply into his paper. Nuna would have liked at that moment to have made a bonfire of all the newspapers in London.

"Yes," Paul had not been reading; he had been thinking how he could best stop his wife's inquiries without giving her pain—he looked at her and smiled. "You are sure to hear about work that is interesting; but don't ask questions about portraits, there's a dear girl—they are distasteful enough to paint."

"Ah," said Nuna simply, "you poor darling, and you are sacrificed and have to paint them just because you married a wife who hadn't any money!"

She went round to her husband and kissed him, and, glad of the excuse for standing there with her arms round his neck, she bent down over his shoulder and looked at the paper.

"What are you reading, darling? Why, here are nothing but ships for Melbourne and all sorts of far-off places!—why Paul!"

She looked laughingly in his face.

Paul was vexed: it came into his head that Nuna was watching him; and he felt

that he had looked conscious when he said he disliked portrait painting.

"I shan't have time to read anything if you tease me," he said gravely; "you have not read your letter yet."

Nuna went away at once. She was trying not to be vexed by Paul's manner—a manner which, it seemed to her, grew more and more chill and indifferent.

"It's only from Mrs. Bright;" but she sat down and read her letter.

"Oh, Paul!"—her face was full of delight.

Paul had got interested at last in a corner of the paper which he was ashamed of looking at. He was in the midst of a description of a dinner and ball in Park Lane, given by Mrs. Downes the night before. He read the list of distinguished names; among them were some artists of various kinds.

"She might have asked me." There was an angry glow in his eyes as he looked up at Nuna.

"Well what?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon for interrupting you again, but here's an invitation for Gray's Farm, to go down on Saturday and stay as long as we can."

"Well, you had better go," said Paul; "it will do you good."

"But you'll go too, dearest?" She could not believe that Paul could wish her to go away and leave him alone.

"Me—fancy my leaving town just when I'm so busy! I don't know how to get daylight enough! besides I want to go away myself on Saturday."

"Then let me go with you instead," said Nuna beseechingly. "I would much rather go away alone with you, than be at Gray's Farm together even."

"Well, I can't exactly. Pritchard's coming back, I hear—you need not look miserable, Nuna—he's not coming to London, he's going to Scotland; and some of us have settled to go down and meet him at Harwick, and hear what he's been doing all this time."

"But don't artists' wives ever go about with their husbands?" Nuna felt very miserable spite of all her efforts.

"Sometimes, of course; but I don't fancy you would care to be the only woman of the party. If it were only Pritchard, it would be different; but there are some fellows going I should not like

you to know—you would not understand each other at all."

"Oh!" she wondered why Paul should care to associate with companions he could not introduce to his wife—she only said, "How long shall you be away?"

"A day or two; I shall be back long before you come home." Something in her face pricked his conscience. "I'm so glad you should have this change, my darling."

"Oh, Paul!"—she was thrown off her balance by his unusual tenderness; "you don't suppose I'm going there without you; what pleasure could I find away from you?"

"You'd much better go," but he kissed her and told her she was a dear little goose, and that when she got down to Gray's Farm she would be as blithe as a bird.

And then he hurried off to Park Lane.

Patty sat to him every day now, and he had grown to feel a restless impatience till the time for the sitting came. He hardly knew why this was; he was not in love again with Mrs. Downes; he had never said a word to her which he would not have said to any others of his sitters; but she had become to him like a story, and each day he seemed to turn over some yet more interesting page.

"She is unhappy, I am sure of it," he said to himself, "and yet she never complains. I expect that fellow Downes is a fastidious, carping idiot; those small-minded men are always tyrants; she's too good for him by half."

Too good for him! At first, fresh from a purer, more natural atmosphere, Paul Whitmore had gone away disgusted with what seemed to him Patty's deceit and artificial character. He told himself that she had the power of being exactly that which she thought most sure to please the human being she had resolved to fascinate; he acknowledged her power, but he shrank from it, and, as we know, he resolved not to see her again.

People write and often realize in their intercourse with other people, that scales fall from their eyes; that in an hour, it may be in an instant, a sudden revelation will come by means of a word or look—a revelation which will dethrone an idol and destroy implicit trust. And this case is enacted inversely only by a different process: just as the enchantress bound

Thalaba, not by one firm chain but by a continuous, unnumbered succession of silken threads, so will persons, and things too, from which at the outset there has been an instinctive shrinking, become even attractive when keen perceptive powers have become deadened by the familiarity of constant sight or use. In Paul Whitmore's case this deadening had not been left only to mere negative influence; Patty had first studied him with all her skill, sharpened by the keenness with which jealousy aids a woman's insight, and then she had thrown herself at once into the character which, according to her conception of it, must surely fascinate Paul. She was gentle, often silent, with a pensiveness bordering on melancholy; and then she would sparkle into one of those glimpses of smiling sunshine which brought back to him a vision of the honeysuckle porch in the lane. And after the first, Patty was not a conscious deceiver during the long interviews between them. To her, acting was more natural than simplicity; she was carried away by her part and by the interest she found in it.

She did not often surprise admiration in those long, all embracing glances that seemed to come direct from the artist's soul; but when she did surprise it, was it not something quite different to Maurice's incessant, complacent satisfaction?

"The very approval of a man like Paul," she thought, "makes one prouder of oneself; what does one care for praise when those who give it don't know the real value of what they are admiring?"

And yet it is possible that if Mrs. Downes had felt as sure of Paul Whitmore's admiration as she did of her husband's, their position in her eyes would have been reversed.

Lately, the sittings had become less interesting to her than they were to the artist. She had been presented; she was already talked about as beautiful; and she was impatient to see her picture framed, and to enjoy the homage paid to the loveliness it represented. It had taught her to set a yet higher value on her beauty; just at present she was very much in love with herself.

With a strange inconsistency she rejoiced when the last sitting came.

"How soon shall we have the picture back framed, and ready to hang up?" she said eagerly.

Paul was looking at her while she spoke, and he became conscious of her supreme vanity. He felt wounded; and then he smiled at himself for being harsh.

"You are glad the whole business is over; I've no doubt it has been a great bore," he said. The smile was on his lips, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, and Patty answered—

"You like me to be glad, don't you, that you have made such a success? you like me, too, to glory in the appreciation others must give to your skill,"—here her eyes drooped; "but you know that is all I rejoice in—no, not quite all." He looked up suddenly; there was the bright, artless glance that had so bewitched him long ago at Ashton; her voice was so low that no syllable reached even the strained ears of Miss Coppock, as she sat pretending to read at the other end of the room.

"What else, then?" said Paul, forced out of all self-restraint.

"Must I tell? I thought without words you would have known what these hours have been to me,"—she sighed: "but then I forget that sympathy is not as unknown to you as it is to me."

Her blue eyes had tears in them, and she again looked up at Paul.

Miss Coppock could not hear, but she could see; and her eyes told her that Mrs. Downes had said something which confused and agitated Mr. Whitmore.

Patience put down her book, and came close up to the artist, as he stood beside the picture, silent, but with a flush which mounted to the forehead.

"Is it quite finished?" she said; "dear me, how very nice it looks."

Patty never moved, but she could cheerfully have boxed Miss Coppock's ears.

Paul felt suddenly disappointed, as if a draught had been snatched from his lips—yet with a deep hidden away knowledge that the draught was unwholesome. He turned, so as to face Miss Coppock.

"It is not quite finished, but I shall not touch it again till I see it in the frame, and that will not be till Saturday. I am going away for a day or two; I shall look at it with fresh eyes when I come back."

"Miss Coppock, will you be good enough to ask Mr. Downes to come upstairs?"

Patty knew that her husband was out, but she was determined to know, before Paul left her, the impression he had of her.

Miss Coppock went ; but the spell over Paul was broken. He smiled when Patty looked at him again, and the flush faded from his face.

"You do not give me up because the picture is finished," she said softly ; " you will come and see me sometimes, unless indeed it bores you to come."

"That is not likely ;"—and then he looked grave—"but a man who has his way to make in the world has no time for visiting."

Patty's eyes sparkled with anger ; she could not understand him ; still she said with her most winning sweetness, "Good-bye ; I know you will come."

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. PRITCHARD'S ADVICE.

STEPHEN PRITCHARD had not improved in his travels. According to Jeremy Taylor, much travelling is not likely to raise a man's mind, however much it may widen it. When Paul Whitmore reached Harwich, he found his friend with looser notions than ever about life.

"Either I've grown more straitlaced, old fellow, or else your free-thinking has gone ahead since we parted company."

"By which you mean to insinuate that I have deteriorated. Stop a bit ; let us argue the point, as an old aunt of mine has a way of saying when you ask her to lend you money in a hurry. In the first place, as to body, look at yourself, and then look at me. You are, of course, the best-looking man of the two, inasmuch as you are not blessed with a Roman nose turned upside down, which I take mine to be ; and you have black eyes instead of boiled gooseberries under your brows ; but I'm speaking of health, sir. You are pale, and thin, and sallow ; you look worried to death ; whereas my portly visage has grown so smooth and rosy, that Care couldn't drive a furrow across it, if she tried : there's an elasticity of health on it which resists all impression from without."

"Care comes usually from within." Paul was vexed, and amused at the same time.

"Don't be in a hurry, I'm coming to that, and don't forget also that I've been living under sunny skies, where life is treated more rationally than it is in our breathless little island. I've been enjoying existence abroad—not using life as a machine full of faculties for making the

largest possible amount of money in the shortest possible amount of time. Care may come from within, but it won't come of itself ; it comes chiefly from the contemplation of some possible or ideal future. Paul, my dear fellow, I gave you all the warning I could, but you wouldn't listen. I'm sorry for you, but you are the very last man who ought to have married."

Paul made no answer. He thought Pritchard was trespassing beyond any right of friendship. He felt sorry their companions had left them to finish the evening together.

They were sitting near the window, and could see the lights glittering over the shadowy town, and hear the swell of the waves plashing against the pier.

"Paul,"—Pritchard's voice was as soft as a woman ; it sounded strangely sweet in the dim silence,—"you musn't get huffed if I speak my mind. I shall look upon you as a youngster when you have a grey beard. Just now I said I hadn't a care or an anxiety, but I've got them in looking at you. I should like to know what's amiss. I've not seen such trouble in your face since that time when you first came back from Ashton. Stop ; I've not done ; what I mean is this—marriage is a mistake for such a man as you are ; and if you and your wife are not happy together, part at once, and save each other a life's misery."

Paul started up ; but Pritchard would be heard out.

"I speak for her sake quite as much as for yours. She has a soul that will never be satisfied with any love that does not match hers. Bless you"—he tried to laugh, ashamed of his own earnestness—"I understand women : they're best studied through their eyes—when they are true women, that's to say ; but for all that they were never meant to torment a man's life out to satisfy their conceptions of what life ought to be : therefore I say if a man isn't happy with his wife, it's a far kinder act to separate from her than to break her heart by constant disappointments."

Paul had stood grasping the back of his chair while he listened.

"Unless you mean us to quarrel, Pritchard, you must avoid the subject altogether,"—he was deeply offended, and his voice showed it ; "but it seems bet-

ter to tell you, once for all, you are quite mistaken: my wife and I are very happy."

He left the room. He would not go out; he was afraid Pritchard might follow him, or that he might meet the two artists, who just then would have been most unwelcome.

He went upstairs into his bedroom, and threw open the window. It had been a great effort to keep his hands off Pritchard. That he should dare to speak of his married life to him at all was unbearable; but that he should have studied Nuna so as to give him (Paul) a new insight into her heart, had been so startling, that astonishment had for the time held anger within bounds. It blazed out now fierce and unchecked.

That a free-thinking, pleasure-loving being like Pritchard should presume to give his advice on so sacred and delicate a subject as married happiness, was intolerable.

"What can he know about it?" said Paul; "what can he know about the love of any pure good woman, or about how it should be prized and cherished?"

He pulled up short here, as if his thoughts had run against a stone wall; but they went on again, glancing aside from the question he had asked.

"Strange that he should have formed that opinion of Nuna! I wonder what he got it from—her eyes, he said;" and Paul sat pondering till the lights grew brighter in the deepening blackness, and the hum of voices in the street below his window grew hushed, and left the dull splash of the waves to unbroken monotony. Was Nuna dissatisfied? He had told Pritchard he and his wife were happy together; happy—and then he began to question the meaning of the word.

"Why did I marry?" he asked himself not repiningly, but in earnest seriousness—and the answer came, he had married for happiness, with a yearning for that pure bliss which his own early memories had taught him was to be found in a loving union, in a true home.

He had been young at the time of his father's death, but still he had distinct detached memories of seeing his parents together. He recalled these now; he was trying to discover whether his notion of married happiness was not something fantastic and unreal.

"I've read that our capacity for happiness is larger than is our power of gratifying it, and this is one of the means by which we are taught to aspire to the perfect love of heaven; but yet I fancy there may be intense happiness on earth for those who have full sympathy in its enjoyment: surely, so simple, so uncostly a thing as domestic happiness is within the reach of all."

You laugh at Paul for thinking this, you say he is visionary, he has none of that valuable and popular quality which those who have no other faculty label "invaluable common sense;" but your common sense may help you here, if you remember that Paul Whitmore had seen little of married life, and that the few families he knew intimately were happy and united.

It seemed to him, as his thoughts travelled back to childish days, that his father and mother were always associated in his recollections—and then he remembered to have heard that they were not happy apart: almost Nuna's own words when she said good-by to him. How wistful she had looked; and he had thought her tiresome not to take his absence more as a matter of course. A feeling of self-reproach came—how often he had left Nuna, and they had not been married a year!

"Though, in the love I am thinking of, time would make no difference, unless indeed affection became deepened and intensified by daily growth—a growth quickened by acts of love, done for the sake of one another."

He was getting less visionary, you see, but he was still vague; he still trusted in love itself too much as a sheet-anchor, without premising that the love must be so pure, so perfect, so really heaven-born, as to make the home in which it hides itself from wordly eyes an earthly Paradise. He knew what he meant and what he wanted; memory told him, and something nearer than memory, that he was the child of such a home: but as yet Paul only knew it might be; he did not grasp that the treasure he sought lay on his own hearthstone, and might be his if he really loved Nuna as she loved him. If he had asked Nuna why she married, she could not have given the same deliberate answer. She would probably have said that life would have been intolerable

away from Paul; if she had been older, and so had gained insight into her own nature, she would have known that the overmastering love she bore to Paul had so united her to him that she had no separate existence. Left alone away from him, life became gray and neutral-tinted,—she was like a chrysalis; her own life lay shrivelled in the past; only the presence of her love could quicken her pulses and rouse her from apathy and vacancy. No one had ever warned Nuna against idolatry; all other love since Mary's death had been thrown back on the ardent young soul, as the cold gray rock flings back the waves on the stones of the beach. Paul had drawn out her hidden love, kindled it, all unconscious of its intense and ardent power, till Nuna had grown to believe that there was no happiness that could satisfy so exacting a nature as her own. From the first she had a consciousness that she had been easily won, that her love had existed before Paul's had. It was her character to take blame to herself; it had not occurred to her, except in petulant, quickly repented of moments, seriously to doubt the strength of her husband's love.

While Paul sat thinking, it came to him that two subjects were continually trying to piece themselves together in his mind, and that from this very persistence there must be some mysterious affinity between them—the love of his father and his mother, and Pritchard's mention of Nuna. He called up the vision of her eyes; there seemed to him to be reproach in their lovely tenderness. Was he unhappy away from Nuna? No;—he tried to answer Yes; but he remembered that of his own free will he had settled to stay a day longer with Pritchard than he had at first intended.

He was uneasy and restless; he got up and walked about. Pritchard's advice came back, and he felt more angry than ever that he should have given occasion for such an expression of opinion; and as he raised his head haughtily, and threw back his hair with the old familiar action, Nuna's eyes, pleading, tender,—how passionately tender!—seemed to be looking from the dark corner of the room.

Paul's head lowered suddenly, and his hand clasped over his eyes. He was not trying to shut out the picture he had seen, he was concentrating thought on it. His

heart swelled and throbbed with a strange mixture of sorrow and joy; sorrow in which remorse was mingled, and joy full of anticipation. Yes, he had wronged his wife; he had not been untrue to her: in his heart Paul still thought he had behaved admirably and with rare self-denial in his interviews with Mrs. Downes, but he ought not to have kept a secret from Nuna.

"I never will have another," he said; "I'll tell her everything, and she's such a darling, for the very telling her she'll forgive at once."

In his usual impulsive fashion he settled to go home directly. Why not? it was not ten o'clock yet. He packed his bag, went down and wrote a note to Pritchard, who had gone to bed, and then found that no train left till six o'clock next morning.

This news set his impatience so ablaze that he went out, left his bag at the station, and resolved to pass the time awake.

He made his way to the pier and sat there, looking out over the sea, grown so quiet and still now, that its vast smooth face seemed to vex his restlessness. He sat thinking still of Nuna; had he given her much unhappiness? The only time he had ever suspected she might have grief which she hid away was on that night when he had been startled at the fire in her eyes; he had warned her against jealousy then, and he remembered the strange echo his words had had to him; he remembered, too, that on that same night had come the note from Mr. Downes.

"It would be terrible to make her jealous," he said thoughtfully; but he was thinking more of the disunion and strife it would cause than of the pain to Nuna's heart. He wondered now at the fascination he had found in those sittings in Park Lane, and side by side with the tender passion of his wife's eyes he saw that last look of Patty's. He turned from it with a feeling of reproach; he asked himself how he would like Nuna to look into any man's eyes as Patty had thus looked into his—into Will Bright's, for instance.

"What a Pharisee I'm growing!" he scoffed at himself. "Bright himself could not be narrower—as if women know what their eyes say; it's just a trick of expression: I have heard Nuna herself complain

of her stepmother's lectures about this. Poor darling! she hasn't an idea of the way in which her eyes betray her.

And yet, that last look of Patty's, judge it as leniently as he would, had suddenly robbed her of the charm which had held him in thrall; it had brought back his first shrinking. Which was the real woman, he asked himself, as he sat there in darkness—the Patty he had grown to believe in, or the artificial, worldly creature he had recognized at his first meeting with Mrs. Downes?

But Nuna's claims upon him had been strengthening even while his mind had wandered from them. He was angry with himself for thus wasting his thoughts away from her.

He did not attempt to analyze his feelings,—there was a blissful certainty of coming joy in them which was too exciting for such a process; but he felt that Nuna had never seemed so precious—felt, too, in a half-real way, as a man feels who is suddenly told that a familiar book in his library is of rare value, not to be purchased for money.

He might have got a clue to the change in himself if he had remarked his complacency regarding Pritchard; he had forgotten all about his friend's unpalatable advice.

By the time twelve o'clock sounded over the silent town, Paul felt so reconciled to life that he went back to the inn, and, finding his room still disengaged, went to bed and slept soundly till Boots roused him for his early journey.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DISCOVERY.

NUNA had not slept all night; and now, as she sat before her untasted breakfast, her eyes looked hard and bright, and there was a feverish spot on each cheek, which showed that want of rest had not overmastered the inward trouble that was working in her heart. Literally at work in every pulse-beat, it seemed to thrill over her whole body; a feeling till now latent had been roused to active life.

On the night before, she had sat up later than usual. Paul would be home the next evening; only twenty-four hours before she saw him; would he come, or should she get a letter to say, as he had said before, that he should stay away yet another day?

"How can I bear it?" she had said on this evening; "if he only could once know what his presence is to me, he would come, I know he would."

Nuna had never been able to conceive herself as necessary to Paul as he was to her: without fathoming the shallowness of her husband's affection for her, she had accepted as a disappointment, but still as an inevitable fact, that women were made for men, and not men for women; and when her imagination grew rebellious of the curb she strove to lay on it, and pictured earthly joys, more intense than any she had known, in the heart to heart communion of two souls made one by love, she had tried to school herself by the conviction that she was not worthy of Paul, and that she got as much of his affection as she could hope for.

"I was too easily won," she said. "Why else has he been so cold and silent lately? I am not companion enough for him, and he gets dull—ah! but—" and she remembered how lovingly he had urged her to go to Gray's Farm.

"But that was to go away from him," and she smiled through the tears in her eyes. For the present her grief lay hushed within her; she had nothing actually to complain of, she tried to hope that time would work a change.

"If you please, ma'am," said the prim maid, "here's a man with a picture from the frame-maker's. He's not quite sure if he was to bring it here or to Park Lane; but he says, as it's so late, he'll leave it now and call again in the morning to know if it's right."

"Very well," said Nuna; "say your master is out, and I don't know if it is right, but he can bring the picture in."

A man came in, almost staggering under the weight he carried, but Nuna was preoccupied,—she did not look round even to see where he placed the picture.

The man went out again, the servant followed him, and the door was closed.

The strange feeling of depression which had hung over Nuna lately was still heavy upon her. She felt nervous, and wished suddenly that the studio was not so large, so that the shadowy, far-off corners might lose the gloomy terrors which she thought oppressed her.

"I'll go to bed," she said; "I have sat up till I'm tired out. I believe I am afraid

of that huge picture ; I wonder what it can be. The best way is to look at it."

She had shrunk from doing this, remembering Paul's dislike to be questioned about his portraits ; but in his absence it was such a dear delight to gaze on something that his hand had touched—something created by the mind she so worshipped.

The picture had been placed against the bookcase ; Nuna had been sitting at the table with her back towards it. She took her reading lamp, and went close up to it ; her eyes did not at once reach the face ; she was arrested by the marvellous painting of the hands, the grace of the attitude ; "so simple, so unstudied," she said. "Paul has given this fine lady the freshness of a country girl."

She started so violently when her eyes reached the face that she nearly upset her lamp—started with a kind of superstitious terror—a terror which raised the hair on her temples, and bathed her forehead in sudden dew ; then a scornful smile of incredulity curved her lips ; she raised the lamp higher, and took a still closer survey.

She did not start this time. Something seemed to steel her against any outward emotion. Her heart felt dead, stony while she stood, still as the picture itself, taking in every detail of Patty's exceeding loveliness.

She came back to the table at last, set the lamp down, and stood thinking with fixed eyes and clasped hands.

Not for long. Nuna felt on a sudden that if she stayed near the portrait she should do it a mischief. She made no effort against the wild tempest that had risen in her bosom. She had tried, at first, to tell herself that there was some

accidental likeness, but conviction stifled this. It was Patty, and she had sought Paul out, and tried to rekindle his old love.

"Oh, God !" moaned Nuna, "take me in mercy ! How am I to live, if Paul loves her ?"

The night was full of torture. She had spent it mostly in walking up and down her bedroom, pressing her bare feet on the carpet with the longing after pain that mental agony creates ; and now this morning she was not really calmer, only stilled by exhaustion.

She had tried to pray, but her dry, parched tongue had uttered words which her heart gave no voice to ; and now, as she thought of the hours she was doomed to pass alone in the same room with that smiling, lovely face, her despair grew to frenzy, and she wrung her hands.

Nuna had none of the helpless feebleness which makes some women seek for instant support against sorrow—a feebleness which, if rightly guided, brings true help to the seeker, or, in another way it may be, deepens her misery. Paul had been the rock on which all her hopes had anchored. She only relied on Paul's counsel and will, and now Paul had no more love for her. She must go on loving him ; he was a part of her being now ; but pride, every true womanly feeling, Nuna thought, must prevent her from showing her love.

"He has separated us by his own act," and the words pierced through her as she spoke them. "Oh, Paul ! could you have kept this secret from me if you had ever loved me at all ?"

She had no power to withdraw herself from the hateful picture, so she sat through the morning, dry-eyed, waiting for her husband's return.

(To be continued.)

Chambers's Journal.

IN KAMTCHATKA AND THE COUNTRY OF THE KORAKS.

THE Russo-American Telegraph Company's exploring parties have done a great deal for the extension of knowledge, and the intellectual amusement of mankind. The grand project, abandoned on the adoption of the Atlantic cable, has produced for us stay-at-home travellers some of the most delightful books we have ever enjoyed. Mr. Whymper, Mr. Bell, and

Mr. Kennan* have each opened up for us immense tracts of the great earth, hitherto unknown, and carried us through scenes of surpassing interest. The tremendous ice-fields of the Alaska Territory, the awful cañons of the Colorado country, are

* *Tent Life in Siberia.* By George Kennan. New York : G. P. Putnam & Sons.

familiar to us by means of these narratives, which far surpass in excitement, enterprise, danger, and daring anything which imagination pictures. Mr. Kennan takes us more completely by surprise than either Mr. Whymper or Mr. Bell had done. Of Siberia we have learned a good deal of late, from Mr. Michie and others; but the Kamtchatkan peninsula represents "the back of God-speed!" to us, still suggests *Elizabeth or the Exiles* more distinctly than any authentic record. Mr. Kennan sailed with a small exploring party, in 1864, from San Francisco, to the harbor of Petropaulovski, the voyage occupying forty-six days, and being sufficiently monotonous to afford ample opportunity for intensifying apprehensions concerning the nature of the place he was bound for. The very name had always been associated with everything barren and inhospitable. The little party discussed, during the voyage, the question whether anything but mosses, lichens, and a little grass maintained the unequal struggle for existence in that frozen clime. At the entrance of Avatcha Bay, when the fog, which had for some time tantalized them, lifted, they beheld green grassy valleys stretching away from openings in the rocky coast, until they were lost in the distant mountains; the rounded bluffs were covered with clumps of yellow birch; and thickets of dark-green chaparral and patches of flowers could be seen on the warm sheltered slopes of the hills. As they neared the harbor, this was the scene they passed through: "On either side of the bay were green hills, covered with trees and verdant thickets; valleys white with clover, and diversified with little groves of silver-barked birch; rocks nodding with wild roses and columbine. Just before three o'clock, we came in sight of the village of Petropaulovski—a little cluster of red-roofed and bark-thatched log-houses; a Greek church, of curious architecture, with a green-painted dome; a strip of beach, a half-ruined wharf, two whale-boats, and the dismantled wreck of a half-sunken vessel. High green hills swept in a great semi-circle of foliage around the little village, and almost shut in the quiet pond-like harbor—an inlet of Avatcha Bay, on which it was situated. We glided silently under the shadow of the encircling hills into this land-locked mill-pond, and within a stone's throw of the nearest house

the sails were suddenly clewed up, and with a quivering of the ship, and a rattle of chain-cable, our anchor dropped into the soil of Asia."

Petropaulovski is not exactly a representative Kamtchadal town, for it has been exposed to exterior and foreign influences, and is very like other Russian settlements. The exploring party made but little delay there, and divided their forces, so as to cover the whole proposed line. To Mr. Kennan's division—told off to travel through the peninsula of Kamtchatka, and to strike the proposed route of the line midway between Okhotsk and Behring's Strait—belonged Major Abasa, the superintendent of the work, and generalissimo of the forces in Siberia, two natives, and a young American fur-trader named Dodd, who was to act as interpreter. Their plan was simple; here it is: "Our force numbered five men, and was to be divided into three parties—one for the west coast of the Okhotsk Sea; one for the north coast; and one for the country between the sea and the Arctic Circle. All minor details, such as means of transportation and subsistence, were left to the discretion of the several parties. We were to live on the country, and to travel with the natives. The Russian authorities did not hesitate to express their opinion that five men would never succeed in exploring the eighteen hundred miles of barren, almost uninhabited country between the Amoor River and Behring's Strait. It was not probable, they said, that the Major could get through the peninsula of Kamtchatka at all that fall, but that, if he did, he certainly could not penetrate the great desolate steppes to the northward, which were only inhabited by wandering tribes of Chookehis and Koraks. The Major replied simply that he would show them what we could do, and went on with his preparations."

There are no roads in the Kamtchadal peninsula, and the language spoken by the people is hopelessly unintelligible. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind, for the due appreciation of the journey on which Mr. Kennan, "the Major," Dodd, and their natives, set out on September 4, 1865. Boxes covered with sealskin, to be hung from pack-saddles, contained their stores; tents, bear-skins, and camp equipage were packed away in ingeniously contrived bundles; horses were ordered

from all the adjacent villages, and a special courier was sent throughout the peninsula, to apprise the natives of the coming of the expedition, and direct them to keep their horses in readiness. These comparatively civilized arrangements could, however, only avail them for a small portion of their journey, until they should reach the territory of the Wandering Koraks. North of that point, they could not depend upon any regular means of transportation—upon pack-horses, canoes, or dog-sledges—but would be obliged to trust to the tender mercies of the arctic nomads. South Kamtchatka is a delightful place, with a mild and equable climate, and vegetation of tropical freshness and luxuriance. The whole peninsula is of volcanic formation—five or six volcanoes are now firing away uninterruptedly—and is longitudinally divided by an immense chain of mountains, which has never been even named, and which breaks off abruptly into the Okhotsk Sea, leaving to the northward a high level steppe, called the “dole,” or desert, which is the wandering ground of the reindeer Koraks. Of the central and southern parts of the peninsula, Mr. Kennan says: “They are broken up by the spurs and foothills of the great mountain range into deep sequestered valleys of the wildest and most picturesque character, and afford scenery which, for majestic and varied beauty, is not surpassed in all Northern Asia. The population numbers about five thousand, and is composed of three distinct classes—the Russians, the Kamtchadals, or settled natives, and the Wandering Koraks. The most numerous are the Kamtchadals,—a good, peaceful, kindly, order-loving race—who live in log villages, near the mouths of small rivers, which rise in the central range of mountains, and fall into the Okhotsk Sea and the Pacific.” Mr. Kennan gives a most interesting description of these people. He calls them “a quiet, inoffensive, hospitable tribe of semi-barbarians, remarkable only for honesty, general amiability, and comical reverence for legally constituted authority. Such an idea as rebellion or resistance to oppression is wholly foreign to the Kamtchadal character *now*, whatever it may have been in previous ages of independence. They will suffer and endure any amount of abuse and ill-treatment without any apparent desire for revenge, and with the greatest good-nature and

elasticity of spirit. They are as faithful and forgiving as a dog. If you treat them well, your slightest wish will be their law.”

They are chiefly engaged in fishing, fur-trapping, and the cultivation of rye, turnips, cabbages, and potatoes. The few Russians are scattered among their villages, and trade for furs with them and the nomadic tribes to the northward. The Wandering Koraks, who are the wildest, and most independent natives in the peninsula, seldom come south of the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude, except for the purposes of trade. Their chosen haunts are the great desolate steppes lying east of Penjinsk Gulf, where they wander constantly from place to place in solitary bands, living in large fur tents, and depending for subsistence upon their vast herds of tamed and domesticated reindeer. The whole peninsula is supposed to be governed by a Russian “Ispravnik,” or local governor; but the Koraks are not really governed at all, nor do they require ruling. They are the most harmless and meritorious of savages, exceedingly interesting in a very strange way. One feels, in reading of them, as if they were creatures of an arctic mythology, dim and grim even beyond the Scandinavian; tenants of shades whose fields are ice-fields, and whose ghostly light comes from the flaming swords of the aurora borealis. The settlements of the southern natives, who are dark, swarthy, and smaller than the pure Siberians, with all their rudeness, are not wanting in comfort, and the following picture is attractive as well as vivid:—“If you can imagine a rough American backwoods’ settlement of low log-houses clustered round a gaily colored Turkish mosque, half-a-dozen small haystacks mounted on high vertical posts, fifteen or twenty titanic wooden gridirons similarly elevated, and hung full of drying fish, a few dog-sledges and canoes lying carelessly around, and a hundred or more gray wolves tied here and there between the houses to long heavy poles, you will have a general but tolerably accurate idea of a Kamtchadal settlement. They differ somewhat in respect to their size and their churches; but the gray log-houses, conical ‘bologans,’ drying fish, wolfish dogs, canoes, sledges, and fishy odors, are all invariable features.” Like the Esquimaux, though without the same terrible conditions of existence to explain their decay, the

Kamtchadals are dying out. Since 1780, their numbers have diminished one-half. They have already lost most of their distinctive customs and superstitions; and only the occasional sacrifice of a dog, to some malignant spirit of storm or disease, enables the modern traveller to catch a glimpse of their original paganism. They depend chiefly on the salmon, which literally choke the rivers, for their subsistence; but the whole peninsula abounds in animal life. Reindeer, and black and brown bears, roam about everywhere; a species of ibex inhabits the mountain; and millions of ducks, geese, and swans swarm about every river and little marshy lake throughout the country. Mr. Kennan's account of the reception given to the Major, Dodd, and himself, at a settlement whose name he never attempted to master, but which he calls Jerusalem, is one to capsize all one's previous notions of Kamtchatka.

"The house which was to be honored by our presence had been carefully scrubbed, swept, and garnished; the women had put on their most flowery calico dresses, and tied their hair up in their brightest silk handkerchiefs; most of the children's faces had been painfully washed and polished with soap, water, and wads of fibrous hemp; the whole village had been laid under contribution to obtain the requisite number of plates, cups, and spoons for our supper-table; and votive offerings of ducks, reindeer tongues, blueberries, and clotted cream poured in upon us with profusion. In an hour we sat down to an excellent supper of cold roast duck, broiled reindeer tongues, black bread and fresh butter, blueberries and cream, and *wild rose petals crushed with white sugar into a rich delicious jam*. We had come to Kamtchatka with minds and mouths heroically made up for an unvarying diet of blubber, tallow-candles, and train-oil; but imagine our surprise and delight at being treated instead to such luxuries as blueberries, cream, and preserved rose leaves!" No wonder Mr. Kennan is proud of making this hyperborean contribution to gastronomical science: "Take equal quantities of white loaf-sugar and the petals of the Alpine rose; add a little juice of crushed blueberries; macerate together to a rich crimson paste; serve in the painted cups of trumpet honeysuckles, and imagine your-

self feasting with the gods upon the summit of high Olympus!" Such a feast was a fitting preparation for a delicious journey through the valley of Gennl, the most beautiful as well as the most fertile spot in all the peninsula, in glorious weather, in perfect health, and in high spirits.

It is difficult to imagine anything more enjoyable than this journey, succeeded by a river voyage, during which the travellers "lay on the open deck of a Kamtchadal boat, covered to a depth of six inches with fragrant flowers and freshly-cut hay," and floated slowly down a broad tranquil stream through ranges of snow-clad mountains, past forests glowing with yellow and crimson, and vast steppes waving with tall wild grass, and with occasional glimpses of magnificent active volcanoes. But when this is changed for the ascent of a tremendous ravine, and the exploration of immense plains of spongy moss, in the midst of driving rain, and wind of inconceivable force and fury, things are more in accordance with one's established notions of Kamtchatka. There was not much hardship to be endured, and there was an immense deal of compensating beauty to be seen in the journey so far as Tigil, which settlement, second in importance in the peninsula to Petropaulovski, they reached, on a raft, rather dangerously late in the season, considering the nature of the moss steppes which must be traversed, and which, by no means easy to cross in winter, when reindeer sledges are employed for the purpose, are practically impassable in summer. For three or four hundred square miles, the eternally frozen ground is covered to a depth of two feet with a dense luxurious growth of soft springy arctic moss, saturated with water, and sprinkled here and there with little hillocks of stunted blueberry bushes and clusters of Labrador tea. It never dries up, never becomes hard enough to afford stable footing. From June to September, it is a great, soft, quaking cushion of wet moss. Walking over it is precisely like walking over an enormous wet sponge. This impracticable state of things is accounted for thus: "Light, heat, and moisture, in a northern climate, are so combined and intensified during the summer months, as to stimulate some kinds of vegetation into almost tropical luxuriance. The earth thaws in spring to an average depth of perhaps

two feet, and below that point there is a thick impenetrable layer of solid frost. The water produced by the melting of the winter's snows is prevented by this stratum of frozen ground from sinking any farther into the earth, and no escape except by slow evaporation. It therefore saturates the cushion of moss on the surface, and, aided by the almost perpetual sunlight of June and July, excites it to a rapid and wonderfully luxuriant growth."

The little party left Tigil in September, for Lesnoi, the last Kamtchadal settlement in the peninsula, and left Lesnoi to explore the two hundred miles of terrible uninhabited wilderness which lie between it and Gee-zhe-gà, the point for which they were making. From this time, their journey presented tremendous hardships, and furnished pictures which Dante might borrow for an enlarged edition of his *Inferno*. They tried to cross the Samanka Mountains, though the natives of Lesnoi assured them it could not be done until the frost had set in, and dog-sledges could be used; and their obstinacy nearly cost them their lives. The supposed road over the mountains was presumed to lie near the sea-coast, and in the middle of the range there was said to be a small river called the Samanka. The party divided itself; half was to go round the mountains by water with the whale-boat; the other half round them with twenty unloaded horses; and the mouth of the river was to be their rendezvous. It was supposed that they would always be within signalling distance of each other. The Major went with Dodd in the whale-boat; Mr. Kennan, Vusheni the interpreter, and their best Cossack, with six Kamtchadals, formed the land party. The first and second day went off pretty well: it was dull work travelling through a tortuous valley, over spongy swamps, and across deep narrow creeks, surrounded by snow-capped mountains and extinct volcanic peaks, until it became dangerous, which it did when the valley narrowed to a wild rocky cañon, one hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which ran a swollen mountain torrent foaming around sharp black rocks, and falling over ledges of lava in magnificent cascades. To journey along this cañon, on a narrow ledge of rock, just possibly safe for exceedingly sure-footed animals, was exciting, but a mere trifle in comparison with

what was to come; when, after emerging into a terrible barren place, where even the reindeer moss could hardly grow, and camping there in a tremendous rain, the morning revealed that a driving snow-storm was sweeping down the valley, and nature had put on the garb of winter. With inconceivable difficulty and suffering, they gained, after some hours, what seemed to be the crest of the mountain, perhaps two thousand feet above the sea, where the fury of the wind was almost irresistible, and then this happened:

"Dense clouds of driving snow hid everything from sight at a distance of a few steps, and we seemed to be standing on a fragment of a wrecked world, enveloped in a whirling tempest of stinging snow-flakes. Now and then, a black volcanic crag, inaccessible as the peak of the Matterhorn, would loom out in the white mist far above our heads, as if suspended in mid air, giving a startling momentary wildness to the scene; then it would again disappear in flying snow, and leave us staring blindly into vacancy. . . . We crept along the crest of the mountain to the eastward, and then up ridges and down ravines, until the guide acknowledged that we were lost in a perfect wilderness of mountains. Our limbs were chilled and stiffened by their icy covering, and a hurricane of wind blew in our faces. About the middle of the afternoon, we came suddenly out upon the very brink of a storm swept precipice, one hundred and fifty feet in depth, against whose base the sea was hurling tremendous green breakers with a roar that drowned the rushing noise of the wind. Behind and around us lay a wilderness of white, desolate peaks, crowded together under a gray, pitiless sky, with here and there a patch of trailing pine, or a black pinnacle of trap rock, to intensify by contrast the ghastly whiteness and desolation of the weird snowy mountains. In front, but far below, was the troubled sea, rolling miserably out of a gray mist of snow-flakes, breaking in thick sheets of clotted froth against the black cliff, and making long reverberations and hollow gurgling noises in the subterranean caverns which it had hollowed out. Snow, water, and mountains, and in the foreground a little group of ice-covered men and shaggy horses staring at the sea from the summit of a mighty cliff."

Long after dark they rode into a deep, lonely valley, which came out upon the beach near the rendezvous; and there they camped, the storm still raging. The morning showed them no traces of the whale-boat party, for whose arrival Mr. Kennan had orders to wait two days. But that night Vusheni came to him with the news that the party were then eating the last of their provisions. The Kamtchadals, making sure of meeting the whale-boat party, had supplied themselves for three days only, which had elapsed. They were, therefore, three days' journey (and such a journey!) from Lesnoi, and how were they to get back? The mountains were doubtless impassable, on account of the snow; and in such weather the whale-boat could never come. The mountain range *must* be passed somehow, for dear life's sake; orders must be disobeyed. Mr. Kennan wrote a note to the Major, enclosed it in a tin can, to be left on the site of their camp, and crawled into his fur bag to sleep and get strength for another struggle with the mountains. In the morning, the guide came to him with an extraordinary proposal, which he accepted. It was, that they should abandon the plan of crossing the mountains, and try instead to make their way along the narrow strip of beach which the ebbing tide would bare at the foot of the cliffs, to a ravine on the south side, within one day's hard ride of Lesnoi. Divested of its verbal plausibilities, his plan was a thirty-mile race with a high tide along a narrow beach, from which all escape was cut off by precipitous cliffs, one and two hundred feet in height. If they reached the ravine in time, all would be well; but if not, the beach would be covered ten feet deep with water, and their horses, if not themselves, swept away like corks. The tide was beginning to ebb, and it would be three or four hours before it would be low enough for them to start. The Kamtchadals improved the interval by killing one of the dogs, and offering him up to the Evil Spirit, in whose jurisdiction these mountains were supposed to be. Mr. Kennan regretted the ruthless murder of the poor animal, but was glad of the improvement it worked in the spirits and courage of his superstitious companions.

At length, the guide examined the beach, and gave the word to start for their four hours' race. They set off in a gallop

along the beach, with the tremendous black cliffs on one side, and the breakers on the other. Great masses of green slimy sea-weed, shells, water-soaked drift-wood, and thousands of medusæ, which had been thrown up by the storm, lay strewn in piles along the beach; but they dashed through and over them, never drawing rein except to pick their way between enormous masses of barnacle-encrusted, fallen rock, which blocked up the beach. When eighteen miles of this tremendous ride had been accomplished, two figures came along the beach, which were at first mistaken for bears, but proved to be natives, charged with a message from Major Abasa, which they delivered with all the ceremonious and irrepressible politeness habitual with the Kamtchadals, undeterred by the circumstances. "*Seashore*," wrote the Major, on a very dirty piece of paper; "*fifteen versts from Lesnoi, October 4th. Driven ashore here by the storm. Hurry back as fast as possible.*" There was no time for explanations; the tide was running in rapidly; twelve miles must be made in little over an hour, or the horses lost. The tired messengers were mounted on two of the spare animals, and the race began again, to end thus: "The situation grew more and more exciting as we approached the ravine. At the end of every projecting bluff the water was higher and higher, and in several places it had already touched with foam and spray the foot of the cliffs. In twenty minutes more the beach would be impassable. Our horses held out nobly, and the ravine was only a short distance ahead; only one more projecting bluff intervened. Against this the sea was already beginning to break, but we galloped past through several feet of water, and in five minutes drew rein at the mouth of the ravine."

Then came the cutting of a trail with their axes through the dense thickets which choked up the ravine—terrible toil after the hard ride and the long fast—and then enforced rest, from absolute inability to get on, in spite of hunger. A second day's ride, without food, nearly brought Mr. Kennan to the limit of his extraordinary powers of endurance. Two hours after dark, on that second day, they heard the howling of the dogs from Lesnoi, and in twenty minutes they rode into the settlement, dashed up to the little log-house

of the Starosta, and found the Major and Dodd at their supper. All the horses in the village were disabled; the mountain guide was blind from inflammatory erysipelas, brought on by exposure to five days of storm; one-half of Mr. Kennan's party were unfit for duty; and the Major had rheumatic fever. Under these circumstances, it was decided that they must wait at Lesnoi until winter, when, with the aid of dog-sledges, they would endeavor to cross the mountains, and explore the country of the Wandering Koraks.

The Siberian dog—an animal which plays almost as important a part in the lives of the inhabitants of the Kamtchadal peninsula as the wonderful reindeer—is nothing more than a half-domesticated Arctic wolf, and retains all his wolfish instincts and peculiarities. He will sleep out of doors in a temperature of seventy degrees below zero; draw heavy loads until his feet crack open, and print the snow with blood; and starve until he eats up his harness—but his strength and his spirit seem alike unconquerable. In general, these invaluable creatures are fed during their journeys, once a day; their allowance being one dried fish, weighing perhaps two pounds. This is given to them at night, so that they begin another day's work with empty stomachs. Two hundred of these dogs, eighteen men, sixteen sledges, and forty days' provisions, formed the material of the expedition to the land of the Wandering Koraks, commenced by Mr. Kennan and Major Abasa, on a day in November, and whose first danger was the descent from the summit of the Samanka Mountains to the dreary expanse of snow, two thousand feet below. The long northern twilight faded into the steely blue of an Arctic night; the moon rose, and threw the shaggy outlines of the great peaks into strong relief. In the ravines below, the dense thickets were full of the gloomy indistinctness of night. Into that gloom and indistinctness the travellers must plunge; so they rouse up their dogs, and are off into the mouth of a ravine which leads to a steppe.

Could the wild legend of the Phantom Huntsman produce a wilder picture than this one: "The deceptive shadows of night, and the masses of rock which choked up the narrow defile, made the descent extremely dangerous; and it required all

the skill of our practised drivers to avoid accident. Clouds of snow flew from the spiked poles with which they vainly tried to arrest our downward rush; cries and warning shouts from those in advance, multiplied by the mountain echoes, excited our dogs to still greater speed, until we seemed, as the rocks and trees flew past, to be in the jaws of a falling avalanche, which was hurrying us with breathless rapidity down the dark cañon to certain ruin. Gradually, however, our speed slackened, and we came out into the moonlight on the hard wind-packed snow of the open steppe. The disturbed, torn-up condition of the snow usually apprises the traveller of his approach to the haunts of the Koraks, as the reindeer belonging to the band range all over the country within a radius of several miles, and paw up the snow in search of the moss which constitutes their food. Failing to find any such indications, we were discussing the probability of our having been misdirected, when suddenly our leading dogs pricked up their sharp ears, snuffed eagerly at the wind, and with short, excited yelps, made off at a dashing gallop towards a low hill, which lay almost at right angles with our previous course. The drivers endeavored in vain to check the speed of the dogs; their wolfish instincts were aroused, and all discipline was forgotten as the fresh scent came down upon the wind from the herd of reindeer beyond. A moment brought us to the brow of the hill, and before us, in the clear moonlight, stood the conical tents of the Koraks, surrounded by at least four thousand reindeer, whose branching antlers looked like a perfect forest of dry limbs. The dogs all gave voice simultaneously, like a pack of fox-hounds in view of the game, and dashed tumultuously down the hill, regardless of the shouts of their masters, and the menacing cries of three or four dark forms, which rose suddenly up from the snow between them and the frightened deer. The vast body of deer wavered for a moment, and then broke into a wild stampede, with drivers, Korak sentinels, and two hundred dogs in full pursuit." What a sight that must have been, when the dark silent tents suddenly swarmed with life, and tall dark forms joined in the chase, shouting, and hurling lassoes of walrus-hide at the dogs; when thousands of antlers dashed together in

the confusion of flight; when countless hurried hoofs beat the hard snow, and the hoarse deep barks of the deer added themselves to the frantic baying of the dogs! When the deer and the dogs had been reduced to submission—"when the tumult dwindled to a calm"—the American travellers turned to the contemplation of the men before them, specimens of one of the strangest tribes numbered among the wild peoples of the earth—dwellers in the awful Siberian wastes, but yet a kindly, honest race—the Wandering Koraks.

The conditions of their existence are terribly hard, but they are not stunted or puny, like the Esquimaux, but athletic, able-bodied men, of the average height of Europeans, with coal-black hair, bold, alert eyes, and high cheek-bones. Their costumes and equipments must have looked very picturesque, in the moonlight, in that far-off corner of the world. "Heavy hunting-shirts of spotted deerskin, confined about the waist with a belt, and fringed round the bottom with the long black hair of the wolverine, covered their bodies from the neck to the knee, ornamented here and there with strings of small colored beads, tassels of scarlet leather, and bits of polished metal. Fur pantaloons; long boots of seal-skin, coming up to the thigh; and wolfskin hoods, with the ears of the animal standing erect on each side of the head, completed the costume. Each man was armed with a long bright spear." The conical tents which form the camps of the Koraks are very ingeniously constructed. They are formed of a framework of poles, covered with loose reindeer skins, confined in their places by long thongs of seal or walrus hide, stretched tightly over them from the apex of the cone to the ground; the severest gales cannot tear these coverings from their fastenings. The first camp seen by the travellers consisted of four of these tents, around which neatly constructed sledges were scattered here and there upon the snow; two or three hundred pack-saddles for the reindeer were piled up in a symmetrical wall near the largest tent.

The strangers were received with great civility; and having explained their motives, through an interpreter, they were approached by a tall native with a shaven head who lifted the curtain of skin belonging to the largest tent, and revealing a

dark hole about two feet and a half in diameter, motioned to them to enter. When, having crawled on their hands and knees a distance of about fifteen feet, they entered the large open circle in the centre of the tent, this was the spectacle disclosed: "A crackling fire of resinous pine-boughs burned brightly upon the ground in the centre, illuminating redly the framework of black, glossy poles, and flickering fitfully over the dingy skins of the roof, and the swarthy tattooed faces of the women who squatted around. A large copper kettle, filled with some mixture of questionable odor and appearance, hung over the blaze, and furnished occupation to a couple of skinny, bare-armed women, who, with sauce-sticks, were alternately stirring its contents, poking up the fire, and knocking over the head two or three ill-conditioned dogs. The smoke, which rose lazily from the fire, hung in a blue, clearly defined cloud, about five feet from the ground, dividing the atmosphere of the tent into a lower stratum of comparatively clear air, and an upper region where smoke, vapor, and ill odors contended for supremacy." Around the inner circumference of the tent are constructed small, nearly air-tight apartments called "pologs," about four feet in height, and six or eight feet in width and length. They are made of the heaviest furs sewn carefully together to exclude the air, and are warmed and lighted by a burning fragment of moss floating in a wooden bowl of seal-oil. In this dreadfully vitiated air the Korak women spend nearly the whole of their time, and yet they live to an advanced age, and are no uglier or more unhealthy than the old women of other countries.

The strangers were observed with great curiosity; and when they retired to one of the pologs, the natives lay flat down on the ground, and watched them, with gleaming eyes, under the edges of the fur curtains, as they laid out, as best they could, in the total absence of furniture, their provisions of hard bread, raw bacon, and steaming tea. The food proffered by their wild entertainers was contained in a long wooden trough containing reindeer venison, and in a bowl, whose contents, when they summoned up courage to taste them, they found remarkable only for their "grassiness." The mess known as "manyalla" is compounded of clotted

blood, tallow, and half-digested moss, taken from the stomach of the reindeer, where it is supposed to have undergone some essential change. These materials are boiled up together with a few handfuls of dried grass, and the dark mass is then moulded into loaves, and frozen for future use. At supper, the men of the band gather round the trough of reindeer meat and the kettle of manyalla, and, between mouthfuls of meat or moss, discuss the simple subjects of thought which their isolated life affords. These bands are held together only by mutual consent, and recognize no governing head. They have no particular reverence for anything or anybody except the evil spirits who bring calamities upon them, and the "shámans," or priests, who act as mediators between these devils and their victims. Mr. Kennan gives an amusing instance of the contempt with which they treat the notion of difference of rank and inequality of condition. Major Abasa, the chief of their expedition, had, he says, conceived an idea that, in order to get what he wanted, he must impress them with a notion of his power, wealth, and importance in the world. "He accordingly called one of the oldest and most influential members of the band to him one day, and proceeded to tell him, through an interpreter, how rich he was, what immense resources in the way of rewards and punishments he possessed, what high rank he held, how important a place he filled in Russia, and how becoming it was that an individual of such exalted attributes should be treated by poor wandering heathen with filial reverence and veneration. The old Korak, squatting upon his heels on the ground, listened quietly to the enumeration of all our leader's admirable qualities and perfections without moving a muscle of his face; but finally, when the interpreter had finished, he rose slowly, walked up to the Major with imperturbable gravity, and, with the most benignant and patronizing condescension, patted him softly on the head! The Major never tried to overawe a Korak again."

The expedition found no difficulty in arranging for their transportation to the next Korak encampment, a distance of forty miles. It must have been a strange realization of the things one reads and dreams about in childhood, that wild journey over the moss steppes, on reindeer sledges, under the ever-varying awful

grandeurs and wonders of the Arctic sky. Orders were given for the capture of twenty reindeer; and the strangers went out to see how twenty trained deer were to be separated from a herd of four thousand wild ones. "Surrounding the tent in every direction were the deer belonging to the band, some turning up the snow with their sharp noses in search of moss; others clashing their antlers together, and barking hoarsely in fight, or chasing one another in a mad gallop over the steppe. Near the tent, a dozen men with lassoes arranged themselves in two parallel lines, while twenty more, with a thong of seal-skin three hundred yards in length, encircled a portion of the great herd, and, with shouts and waving lassoes, began driving it through the narrow gauntlet. The deer strove with frightened bounds to escape from the gradually contracting circle, but the sealskin cord, held at short distances by shouting natives, invariably turned them back, and they streamed in a struggling, leaping throng through the narrow opening between the lines of lassoes. Ever and anon, a long cord uncoiled itself in air, and a sliding noose fell over the antlers of some unlucky deer, whose slit ears marked him as trained, but whose tremendous leaps and frantic efforts to escape suggested very grave doubts as to the extent of the training. To prevent the interference and knocking together of the deer's antlers when they should be harnessed in couples, one horn was relentlessly chopped off closed to the head by a native armed with a heavy sword-like knife, leaving a red ghastly stump, from which the blood trickled in little streams over the animal's ears. They were then harnessed to sledges in couples, by a collar and trace passing between the fore-legs; lines were affixed to small sharp studs in the head-stall, which pricked the right or left side of the head when the corresponding rein was jerked, and the equipage was ready." What a weird sight that must have been, as the deer-drawn sledges swept out upon the limitless expanse of the snowy steppe, heading northward into the terrible region of eternal winter, on towards almost maddening suffering and hardship—such as did indeed, later, and by repetition, drive one man to madness and suicide!

The reindeer did not come up to Mr. Kennan's expectations, chiefly founded upon the galloping Lapland deer of the old geographies. These were not the

spirited and fleet-footed animals of his visions; these were awkward, ungainly beasts. Their trot was heavy, they carried their heads low, and their panting breath and gaping mouths were suggestive of exhaustion. The ideal reindeer would never have demeaned himself by running with his mouth wide open. But, though his fondest fancies were thus dispelled, Mr. Kennan was much impressed with the inestimable value of the reindeer. No other animal fills so important a place in the life of any body of men as this one does in the life and domestic economy of the Siberian Koraks. Besides carrying them from place to place, he furnishes them with clothes, food, and covering for their tents; his antlers are made into rude implements of all sorts; his sinews are dried and pounded into thread; his bones are soaked in seal-oil, and burned for fuel; his entrails are cleaned, filled with tallow, and eaten; his blood, mixed with the contents of his stomach, is made into manyala; his marrow and tongue are considered the greatest of all delicacies; the stiff, bristly skin of his legs is used to cover snow-shoes; and, finally, his whole body, sacrificed to the Korak gods, brings down upon his owners all the spiritual and temporal blessings which they need. It is a singular and inexplicable fact, that the Siberian natives do not use the animal's milk in any way; in this respect differing from the Lapps, the only other people who have domesticated the reindeer.

Among the many superstitions of the Wandering Koraks is their reluctance to part with a living reindeer. You may purchase as many dead deer as you choose, up to five hundred, for less than a dollar apiece, but a living one you cannot get for love or money. You may offer them what they consider a fortune in tobacco, copper kettles, beads, and scarlet cloth for a single living reindeer, in vain; yet, if you will allow them to kill the very same animal, you can have his carcass for one small string of common glass beads. And you can get at no explanation, except that "to sell a live reindeer would be at-kin—bad." "During the two years and a half which we spent in Siberia," says Mr. Kennan, "no one of our parties, so far as I know, ever succeeded in obtaining from the Koraks or Chookchees a single living reindeer. All the deer we eventually owned—some eight hundred—were obtained from the Tungoos."

What a terrible life it seems to us, the life of these harmless and intelligent people—hospitable, gentle, honest, and so uncivilized that they do not think it possible to ill-treat a woman or a child. They have no notion of a beneficent Creator; their only supernatural belief is in demons, their only worship the propitiation of fear. They kill the old people, partly because they cannot carry them about, and partly because, to the feeble and infirm, the cold brings terrible suffering. They have one revolting form of enjoyment. It is rapid and mad intoxication, produced by eating a species of fungus resembling that which we call toadstool. Taken in large quantities, it is a violent narcotic poison; in small doses it acts like alcoholic liquor. Its habitual use completely shatters the nervous system, and its sale by Russian traders to the natives has been made a penal offence by Russian law. Nevertheless, the trade is carried on, and Mr. Kennan has seen twenty dollars' worth of furs bought with a single fungus. "The Koraks," he says, "would gather it for themselves, but it requires the shelter of timber for its growth, and is not to be found on the barren steppes over which they wander, so that they are obliged for the most part to buy it at enormous prices from the Russian traders. A convivial Korak does not say to a passing friend: 'Come in and have a drink;' but: 'Won't you take a toadstool?' Removed to an infinite distance, both physically and intellectually, from all the interests, ambitions, and excitements which occupy the world beyond his moss steppes, the Korak lives only for the care of his herds, travelling to procure them food, watching day and night to protect them from the wolves. The worse the weather is, the greater the need of vigilance. There is literally nothing else in the lives of these strange people: a wonderful race of animals supplying every need of the uncivilized men who own them, but, in their turn, demanding the whole life of the men for their maintenance and protection.

With all its tremendous hardships, there must have been something dream-like and romantic in the wonderful journey of the American gentlemen, to plant among this wildest, most isolated, most ignorant of peoples the greatest marvel of science, the most expressive symbol, and powerful instrument of civilization—the electric telegraph.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STATE PAPERS OF FRANCE.

AMONG the irreparable injuries inflicted on France and on the world by the rabid and malicious fury of the "*Commune*," is one which will be more keenly felt by the historian and the antiquarian than even the demolition of the noble and storied edifices of Paris, swept ruthlessly away, with their intensely interesting associations and traditions.

At the moment when the demon of destruction let loose in Paris was sparing neither life nor property, and popular fury, venting itself with special satisfaction upon every object connected either with authority or tradition, went so far as to set fire, among other time-honored monuments, to the Palais de Justice, it was natural we should ask ourselves with consternation, What—in this universal cataclysm—can have been the fate of the Archives of Paris? What also can have become of the venerable Archivist, the faithful guardian and zealous protector of these unique and priceless historical treasures—the living glossary of these authentic and suggestive documents, the intelligent interpreter of their often mysterious significance?

What a treat it was to spend a morning at the Préfecture—to talk history, the stirring and romantic history of France, with this zealous and learned consignee, in every way worthy of his trust! What a feast he could provide out of his vast storehouse, filled as it was with the very concentrated essence of historic lore!

There is something more than mere sentimentality in the enthusiasm which fires us when we see beneath our eyes, and hold in our hands, the genuine, original documents from which all history has been taken—the raw material out of which the web of fiction and fact, poetry and prose, romance and history, have alike been woven—the terse, simple, honest statements which have been so distorted by the interests, the party spirit, or the prejudices of those through whose hands they have been transmitted to us, that when we see them in their virginal purity we find it difficult to believe they can have any connection with the inflamed and exaggerated, the coarse and passionate, forms under which we have been taught to know them.

There were, however, among these same

State Papers of France some records so hideous in their naked truth that no historian *could* render them more ghastly; so fiery in their native coloring that even a modern dramatist would have found it difficult to make them more sensational; and, strange to say, in these days of boasted progress and civilization, the very fiercest of them are vividly recalled to us by the not less sanguinary and diabolical acts we read of as occurring at the present hour.

Little, indeed, did we dream when studying those fearful details, that a second Reign of Terror was in the future of our own experience, and that scenes as revolting were about once more to disgrace the same nation.

Since the date of the petroleum-incendiary fires in Paris, grave have been the conjectures and various the reports as to the destiny of this invaluable portion of what we may term the "properties" of the State; it is therefore with no small satisfaction that we learn from an authentic source the safety of the greater part of the "*Archives Historiques*," rescued, strange to say, by the merest accident, the details of which are as follows:—

In the month of January last, during the siege of Paris by the Prussian troops, a fire suddenly broke out one day at the Préfecture de Police, at that time under the direction of M. Cresson, whose coadjutors were M. Choppin, now Préfet de l'Aisne, and M. Léon Renault, now Préfet du Loiret. The conflagration was promptly arrested and proved to have been the result of an accident; it, however, aroused the fears of M. Cresson, and suggested to him the possible occurrence of many disasters, which he prudently resolved to forestall. He immediately caused the most valuable of these MSS. to be removed to a place of safety, selecting for that purpose a vault, in which he had them bricked up, enclosing with them the celebrated Venus of Milo, one of the choicest of the antiquities from the Louvre; to this precaution alone do we owe their preservation from the destruction in which they must have been involved when, on the 24th of May last, the wing of the edifice whence they had been abstracted was maliciously fired.

From the schedule* of all that now remains, appended below, it appears that several extremely interesting documents

* Authentic list of the portion of the Historical Archives saved from the Préfecture de Police :—

The prison books containing the *écrous* (entries) of prisoners confined respectively at the—

Conciergerie from the year 1500 to 1794
Châtelet " " 1651 " 1792
At the Prisons—

Of St. Martin, from the year 1649 to 1791
" St. Eloy, " " 1663 " 1743
" La Tournelle, " " 1667 " 1775
" La Tour St. Bernard, " " 1716 " 1792
" Bicêtre, " " 1780 " 1796
" La Force, " " 1790 " 1800
" Port-Libre (Port Royal), for the years II. and III. of the Republic.
" St. Lazare, for year II. of the Republic.
" L'Egalité (Collège du Plessis), for the years II. to IV. of the Republic.
" Ste. Pelagie, from 1793 to year VII. of the Republic.
" the Abbaye, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.
" the Luxembourg, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.
" the Carmes, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.
Of the Maison de Santé de la Folie-Regnault, for year II. of the Republic.
" " Maison de Santé Belhomme.
" " " du Temple, from year IV. to 1808.
" Vincennes from 1808 to 1814.

The Registers of the interrogatories of individuals arrested for emigration and opposition to the Revolution, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of divers police researches, from 1790 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of prisoners by order of the King, from 1728 to 1772. (Provincial Prisons.)

The Registers of criminal proceedings, from the year 1725 to 1789.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King within the jurisdiction of Paris.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King. (Provincial Jurisdiction.)

Decisions of Provincial Councils.

Sentences and decisions of the Parliament of Paris from 1767 to 1791.

MS. collection of laws and police regulations, known as the "Collection Lamoignon," 1812 to 1762.

The Registers of the banners and colors of the Châtelet.

The laws, regulations, and edicts enacted from the time of St. Louis to that of Henri II. inclusive.

Notes on the prisoners of the Bastille from 1661 to 1756.

All *Lettres de Cachet* between 1721 and 1789.

The Procès-verbaux, or official statements of Police functionaries, from 1790 to 1814.

Judgments, orders of arrestation, of transferment of liberation of prisoners, from 1789 to year V. of the Republic.

are absent : among those missing, is one of which we should be sorry there could be a duplicate, and yet the world can hardly afford to lose so striking and characteristic a relic. We are all familiar with the figurative diction which speaks of books "written in blood," but few of us have realized to themselves the horror with which they would peruse such pages ; yet, among the vast collection of State curiosities preserved in the extensive chambers of the Préfecture, existed a volume which might be literally and not rhetorically so described. I have held it in my hand, *horresco referens*, and turned its discolored leaves, and read upon them the dreadful tale of human passions—for every line is the confession of a crime.

The history of this ledger is that of the "Hundred Hours." It stood propped up desk-fashion upon a small shelf facing the door of the Abbaye which opened into the court, and at the extremity of a short passage, up and down which paced Mailard, while the miserable prisoners, after undergoing a mock trial of a few minutes' duration, were led out, unconscious whether they were condemned or acquitted, and handed over to the "travailleurs," better known as "Septembriseurs"—those hired and extemporized executioners only too readily to be found in times of popular tumult—to be savagely butchered. The whole process of arrest, judgment, and execution appears to have occupied less than a quarter of an hour, and the voice of humanity must have been utterly stifled. The registry is made with consummate terseness : "Jugé par le peuple et mis à mort sur-le-champ," without the assignation of any cause, stands opposite every name with rare exceptions, though "Jugé par le peuple et mis en liberté" does occur once or twice. Opposite one, is this singular and suggestive entry : "Jugé par le peuple et mis en libre," with a stroke through the last

Notes by Topinot Lebrun relative to the individuals cited before the Revolutionary tribunal.

Funeral services, programmes, and other particulars relating to the inhumation of Princes.

All the papers relating to the attempt by the infernal machine of the Rue St. Nicaise.

Papers relating to the trials of Georges Cadoudal ; Général Mallet ; Fauche ; Borel and Perlet ; Lavalette ; the confederates of Paris ; of Maubreuil ; the Twenty-two Patriots ; Ceracchi ; the Ex-conventionalists ; the Conspiracy of 1820 ; Louvel ; Mathurin Bruno ; La Rochelle, &c., &c.

two words and the correction "à mort!" We ask ourselves, with a shudder, was this an act of clemency repented of during the penning of the entry? or—who knows?—was it that, after being acquitted, the wretched victim was massacred by mistake? Alas! none will ever know, till this world has ceased to be.

As the wretched prisoners, helpless and unresisting, were cut down and thrown quivering and mangled on a ghastly heap, their blood, like that of Abel, was crying vengeance from the ground, and was even then, as we shall see, rising up in silent but eloquent testimony against their relentless and inhuman murderers. Every page of this curious and, let us hope, unique volume, is stained with the blood of these hapless creatures, as it was dashed out of their frames with the clubs and knives with which they were slaughtered; while on some of the leaves remain the marks, sometimes of fingers, sometimes of the entire hand, of the brutal murderer who came in, reeking with gore from his scarcely-finished work, to inscribe his own name and that of his victim, and to obtain the price of blood.

The mode in which the payments were made, we learn from what may be called the Supplement to this bloody record: a file of "*Bons pour 25 francs*" preserved along with it, each being signed on the back by the "travailleur" who received it, and, after his name, added his trade or occupation and address. Little deemed he when complying with this formality that he was writing his own conviction; for we are glad to find that a day of retribution came at last, and on the strength of this very evidence, these "travailleurs," consisting of tradesmen and artisans, were traced, prosecuted, and convicted under the Restoration; being then punished either with the *Bagnes* or perpetual imprisonment.

Another hideous episode of this fearful epoch recorded here, was the massacre of the Collège de St. Firmin, scarcely less barbarous than that of the Carmes. The following singular I O U, which I copied, bears upon it its evidence of the principles on which such work was done: thus, it survives to be read by succeeding generations:—

COMMUNE DE PARIS.

"The citizen treasurer of the Commune will please to pay to Gilbert Petit the sum of

48 livres, in consideration of the time devoted by him and three of his comrades to the despatching (*expédition*) of the priests of St. Firmin, during two days, according to the requisitions made to us by the section of *Sans Culottes* who employed them.

"Dated, à la Maison Commune, This 4th day of Ventose, 1vth year of Liberté and 1st of Egalité.

(Signed) NICOU & JÉRÔME LAMARCK,
Commissaires de la Commune."

It is endorsed—

"Received the sum of 48 livres.

GILBERT PETIT + his mark."

The Collège of St. Firmin had existed since 1220, and stood in the Rue St Victor. It had been abandoned for some time when the house was opened as a seminary for preachers, and St. Vincent de Paul was appointed its chaplain. This religious institution, suppressed in 1790, became the property of the nation, and served as a prison during the Reign of Terror.

It was at the time of this suppression that the wholesale assassination of the inmates occurred, and it is thus described by Nougaret:—

"At the Séminaire de St. Firmin," says he, "the ruffians, tired of executing their victims one by one, burst open the house, and rushed frantically within; in a few minutes it presented the appearance of a vast shambles, human blood began to flow on the beds and floors of the dormitory, and to pour in a stream down the stairs. Men still living were thrown from the windows to fall upon the pikes, bayonets, and scythes of those who stood below to receive them and finish the barbarous work.

"Those who had taken sanctuary at the altar were assassinated at its foot; while falling on their knees and striking their breasts they were receiving the benediction of the most venerable among them, and were imploring Heaven to pardon their murderers. Among the ninety-one priests thus sacrificed, was one Joseph-Marie-Gros, vicar of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, who had always entertained the most paternal affection for his flock. While bewildered by the frantic figures of the cowardly villains who surrounded him, his eye fell on a face in the midst of them, which he immediately recognized as one of his parishioners, to whom he had always shown special kindness. A ray of hope illumined his horizon as the familiar features approached. 'Mon ami,' said he, 'surely I know you?'

"'Maybe you once did, but I no longer know any one but the Commune that pays me.'

"Have you, then, forgotten all our former relations?"

"Entirely."

"The venerable old man gave himself up, and a tear trembled in his eye as he thought of the sinful ingratitude and perversity of his former catechumen. Meantime the fellow, surlily turning away his head that he might not meet the meek and silent reproach, beckoned to his comrades, who at once seized the grey-haired octogenarian, and remorselessly threw him from the window. His head was broken on the pavement below, which was strewn with his brains. His aged limbs quivered for a moment, but he moved no more, and his body was thrown on the ghastly heap beside him. When his will was opened, it was found he had left all his little property to the poor of his parish, with a special legacy to the miscreant whose hand had been the instrument of his death."

Among these State Papers are enumerated the *écrous* of all the prisoners who passed through the cells of the Abbaye during the Reign of Terror. Among them what can be more moving than that of the unfortunate Queen—the beautiful Marie Antoinette—once the idol, and a few short years later the butt, of the populace? Well indeed might Alfred Nettement pen those elegant and touching sketches of her as "*Heureuse comme une Reine*," and "*Malheureuse comme une Reine*!"

By these insolent cowards we find her name entered as "Marie Antoinette, veuve de Louis Capet le *raccourci*!" while that of the Princess Elizabeth, the King's sister, stands—"Marie Elizabeth Capet, accusé d'avoir excité le peuple à la haine et à la revolte contre l'autorité!" A singular charge to be made by fellows themselves rebels against all law and order.

Madame de Lamballe's and other distinguished names appear in the hideous list, where also we read that of Charlotte Corday.

Of all, however, perhaps the most curious, the most valuable to the historian, was a bundle of papers contained in a worm-eaten wooden casket. Monsieur Labat, seeing how deeply occupied I was with the fortunes of the beautiful and hapless Queen, whose cruel fate I do not think I had ever so vividly realized to myself till this moment, produced this ancient box from some hidden recess, and placed it on the green baize cloth before me, with something like veneration; then, pointing to it, he said solemnly:—

"That box contains the solution to one of the enigmas of history. In that correspondence lies the complete and ample justification of Marie Antoinette, and the true story of the *COLLIER DE LA REINE*."

The papers seized at the house of Robespierre, after his assassination, are numerous, and, as may be supposed, among them are some terribly compromising. One bundle consisted entirely of anonymous threats and warnings addressed to this democrat, who must have lived for some months in hourly expectation of the fate he finally met. One of these is accompanied by a singular pen-and-ink caricature, in which he is represented sitting on a tomb occupying the centre of the paper: on it is inscribed the comprehensive epitaph—

"Gi-gît toute la France!"

Beneath his feet are two volumes, labelled "*Constitution de 1792*," and "*Constitution de 1793*." On either side is a semicircle of guillotines, each specifically inscribed to signify that it has served to exterminate a separate class of society—nobles, landowners, ministers, officials, politicians, *savans*, priests, religious orders, tradesmen, &c., &c. At the base is one more guillotine, on which lies "Monsieur de Paris," the only individual now left alive, and whom Robespierre himself is therefore in the act of guillotining. We are given to understand by a note at foot, that Robespierre having caused the whole French nation to be executed, and no longer needing the service of the headsmen, is giving himself the trouble of executing *him*, and then means to reign in peace over the whole of France.

The *procès verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination of Mirabeau is another curious *pièce*, proving that his death was not the result of poison, but of his own intemperate habits.

Absent likewise from the existing list is a characteristic autograph letter addressed by Louis-Philippe Joseph Egalité to his daughter, regulating her expenditure at the time when, having compounded with his creditors, he was himself living on an allowance of 200,000 livres a year. The Princess was then hiding in Brussels, and the letter was entrusted to a female domestic, who, bribed by the self-constituted Government of France, betrayed her employers to them and gave up their where-

abouts, placing the letter in the hands of the President.

In it the Duke desires her to limit her expenses to 4,000 livres a month, and directs that her establishment shall consist of a "gouvernante," a "femme de chambre," and a "valet de chambre," and that she shall keep only one "carrosse à deux chevaux, pour sa promener trois ou quatre fois par semaine."

The report of the execution of Cartouche, also preserved here, affords some very dramatic particulars not generally known. This brigand was not only an immensely powerful man, but he had an iron will, and, when undergoing the fulfilment of his sentence, suffered the application of the "question" in very severe forms, without for a moment flinching or wavering in his determination not to betray his accomplices, persuaded, as he was, that, before the final issue, he certainly should be rescued by the armed force of his desperate band. With wonderful constancy and confiding patience did the brigand chief await the arrival of his followers; and even when his limbs were so dislocated and mangled that he was about to be carried off to the scaffold to which he was no longer able to walk, he yet held firmly to his conviction of their intrepidity and fidelity. Alas! however, for this heroic faith, which might have been better placed, no signs of relief appeared; and when, arrived under the shadow of the guillotine, he saw himself hopelessly forsaken, his heart was filled with disappointment and rage.

"Stay," said he to the *Valets du bourreau*, who supported his shattered frame, "I have revelations to make."

On this, Cartouche was carried back—Heaven knows in what condition—to his cell, the condemned cell, an awful place to behold; pens and paper were brought, and the wretched convict made a last supreme effort to write down the names of his false friends and faint-hearted adherents. It was in vain; his arm dropped lifeless by his side, and he was fain to content his vengeance by dictating the fatal declaration.

Thirty names he gave, including those of two of his mistresses, which head the list, as it there stands appended to his "acte de condamnation."

This evidence, however, though fatal to his gang, served him but little, and the sentence which condemned him to die on

the wheel was not even commuted; for we read in the margin of the record the fearful words "*rompu vif*," testifying to the mode of his death, and another note states that he lived twelve hours on the rack!

The Genovevan library possesses his skull, bequeathed by him to the Fathers of that monastery, within which he desired to be buried; it is asserted that just before he expired, the miserable man sent for one of these religious, and made a full and penitent confession.

Cartouche received his education in the same college as Voltaire, and among the *écrou*s of the Bastille preserved here, his name is, by a singular coincidence, inscribed on the same page as that of "Arouet," when incarcerated there for libel—"pour crime de poésie," as the accusation is styled.

The "lettres de cachet" of all the prisoners who were ever arrested according to that formality, form another important collection among these papers: these "lettres de cachet," of the mysterious nature of which so many romancists have availed themselves, were all signed by the King, and countersigned by the Minister; and by the mode in which the two signatures were bracketed together, it was impossible any other name could be inserted between. A knowledge of this fact may contribute to spoil some few pages of some few French novels, and upset the probabilities of their plots.

The *écrou* of Ravallac I was curious to see, and it was instantly brought me. It stood in the middle of a double-columned page of an old book, so ancient that it almost crumbled beneath the touch. It shows this miscreant to have been not "a Jesuit," as history generally states, but a "*praticien*,"—a mechanic or industrial—possibly, a medical—practitioner.

That of Jacques Clement has been lost.

Many similar notes does my Diary of the year 1859 contain of visits to the Prefecture, but the above will suffice to show how deplorable would have been the loss had such unique and priceless memoranda been sacrificed to the insane fury of an association of coarse and unappreciative roughs.

It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the revolutions that have laid bare all the most hidden corners of Paris, notwithstanding the sacking and pillaging of public buildings, and the great interest

many must have had in searching, appropriating, or destroying such documents as these, never, but with one solitary exception, has a single item been abstracted from the collection. Every successive archivist has remained sternly, as well as diplomatically, faithful to the traditions of his predecessors.

The occasion to which I refer occurred during the Empire, when it appears that all the documents having any reference to the *affaire de Strasbourg* and the *affaire de Boulogne* were removed by supreme authority, on the plea that they belonged to another department, were not restored, and have never since been found!

The following anecdote appeared to me curious and characteristic, and as such I offer it to my readers: it is, at all events, authentic.

In 1848, when Caussidière was at the head of the Prefecture de Police, an individual, destined subsequently to occupy an important position, presented himself one day at the Dépôt des Archives, and, exhibiting an authorization signed by certain members of the Government, requested that a register he required to consult should be given up to him. M. Labat received him, and, having listened to his request and examined his paper, returned it to him, at the same time politely but firmly regretting that it was quite impossible to comply therewith, on the plea that it was contrary to all precedent in the history of the nation for the archivist to allow the minutest item constituting his trust to leave the premises; he

added, however, that he should be happy to allow any paper to be examined in his presence. This arrangement did not appear to suit the applicant, who withdrew extremely dissatisfied with the reply.

M. Labat repaired at once to Caussidière's room, and informed him of the visit he had received and the demand which was its object.

"And you acquiesced?" replied he.

"By no means," said M. Labat.

"How! When he produced an authority!" exclaimed the astonished Caussidière.

"The refusal was absolutely imperative," answered M. Labat. "Only see whither such a precedent would lead us! My trust was handed to me intact, and I must transmit it in the same condition. Ours is an office in which we must, perforce, establish an inviolable solidarity; and the moment I am compelled by superior authority to infringe upon that principle, I shall resign my position."

Caussidière, well aware of the value of so zealous a defender of property so important to the nation, was delighted with the intelligence and courage of his subordinate.

"My dear M. Labat," said he, "would that France possessed a few more such public servants as you. Continue, I pray you, to act with as much prudence and firmness as you have exhibited to-day: I authorize you to keep a loaded pistol on your desk, and if need be to fire it at the first person who attempts to meddle with your papers, even if it should be myself."

St. Paul's.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

II.

To take up, as promised, the subject of preparation for literature as a profession, I begin by saying that probably the greater number of those who try to find their way into literature never think of preparing for it at all, and that some of those who read this will no doubt wonder what kind of preparation can be possible or desirable. Let me be excused for being autobiographical: it will prove the shortest way of getting into the heart of the subject.

The Scripture-loving people among whom my lot was first cast used to say of me that I had "the pen of a ready writer,"

from the time when I could use the pen. But long before I had learnt writing I had a style of what shall I say?—slate-pencil-manship of my own, and, on the slate, "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." By the time I was ten years old I had produced plenty of verse, which, merely as such, was good, and which probably contained some faint elements of poetry. But my shyness and self-distrust were extreme, and this continued up to long after the time when it had been proved that other people were willing to hear me, or read me. These lines may

possibly, nay probably, be read by an editor who will remember something of a poetical contributor whose rhymes he used to print, but who utterly disappeared and shot suddenly down the horizon upon being politely requested in the correspondents' column to furnish his name and address. This, which I suppose would have set the hair of many contributors on end with rapturous visions of checks and conversaciones, was quite sufficient to shut me up, though I was a grown man with children. The good-natured editor had heard his first and last of me, unless he recognizes me under this fresh disguise. I will help his memory, if he yet lives, in the following manner:—Supposing I wanted to get hold of him by advertisement, I should insert in the agony column of the *Times* or *Telegraph* a notice beginning—"The Ascent of the Peter Botte. If the Editor who once, &c., &c.," Further than this I decline to go,—we have all our feelings. The upshot of this is that I had always a certain amount of "encouragement" given to me—especially in matters of verse. My rhymes were almost always inserted, and promptly; and a distinguished man of letters (never mind how I happened to get into communication with him—it cost me agonies) told me that verse was my "spere." While I write this I am thinking of Dickens's old stager, who failed to make a journey by rail, getting miserably lost at stations, and whose wife was told by the housemaid that "railways wasn't master's spears."

It is not an impossible thing to make money by writing verses, but in order to do so you must either have an independent standpoint to begin from, or you must be in such a position that you can afford to go through a long probation, *before* you arrive at the period when you can make poetry pay. Even then the chances are a million to one against success. My own position and feelings at the time when I began to think about writing for money are expressed in certain paragraphs from my own pen, which I will quote directly. And I should never have begun to think of writing for money at all if it had not been that I was, in a manner, driven to it by finding certain occupations, which I need not describe, telling on my health.

The passage I was about to quote is as follows:—

"Any one who wishes to make a serious

mark upon the literature of his country had better, if he possibly can, find some other means of getting his bread than writing. To write for immortality, and for the journals too, is about the most harassing work a man could engage in. There are, of course, cases to the contrary—cases of men who have a fine physique to back the large brain, and whose genius is consequently of the productive and popular order. Such men can kill the two birds with one stone, but woe betide the weakling who tries the same thing!

"In all cases where the brain, whether intrinsically or by association with a capricious physique, is delicate and incapable of incessant production, the problem—difficult of solution, but not always insoluble—is to find some not too uncongenial employment, which shall yield the nucleus of an income, and leave a good deal of leisure too. Not a clerk's place, if the man be of the Campbell order, but something less continuous, if even more arduous. Men of imaginative mould should choose, if they can, pursuits which leave large *gaps* of leisure, even if they pay for that advantage by being overworked at occasional times."

I must here say, harsh as the judgment will seem to a good many people, that it is all but impossible for a person to use any form of teaching (except the most mechanical, and scarcely then) as a means of earning a livelihood, and yet maintain perfect independence and purity of conscience. Journalists, who are bent to the yoke, will scoff at this, but the fox without a tail laughs all the world over at the fox who insists on keeping his; and I maintain that what I say is true. At all events I thought so, and determined that I would, at whatever cost, find out some way of earning, at least, bread and water, so that I might leave myself without excuse if, at the end of every writing day, I could not say, "This hand has never written what this brain did not think, or this heart did not feel."

Besides this difficulty, there were others in my way which forced themselves upon my attention. My natural inclination was always either to look at things "in the abstract" and run off into metaphysics, or else to be what people called transcendental, or florid, or, still more frequently, mystical. And I uniformly observed that

writing to which the people I knew—my fool-ometers in fact—would apply these terms, was certain to be rejected by editors. I also observed, and past experience has amusingly confirmed this, that editors who will look very jealously after what you say while your articles are new to them, will let you write almost what you please after a little time. Putting one thing with another, I began a determined course of preparatory study—that is to say, I minutely analyzed the sort of writing for which I found there was a market. In this way I pulled to pieces every novel and every leading article that I came across. Thus, I took so many pages of a story and chopped it all up into incident, conversation, and comment. Leading articles gave me a great trouble. I found that I could write articles that were printed when the subject excited me, or when the appeal in the discussion was to first principles. Hence, an article of mine on a revolution, or on the law of husband and wife would, I found, be welcomed; but for politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, I had not a whiff of instinct. Although I always could, and can, adapt means to ends by dint of hard thinking, yet I found myself destitute of all sagacity in dealing with the by-play of minor motives, and utterly lost—though scornfully as well as consciously lost—in handling what people call politics. I shall never forget, and my friend now beyond the grave will perhaps remember in heaven, the outcome of his asking me to attend vestry meetings—and edit a local newspaper. This was not from any contempt of common things, but from a sense that everybody would get a rise out of me which would make my attempt to fulfil editorial duties a farce. My instinct was a true instinct; and, after accepting the engagement, I gave it up, because I was satisfied that, by attempting to keep it, I should put him to more inconvenience than I could possibly do by breaking it. He perfectly understood, laughed, and remained my friend to the last.

The things, then, that gave me the most trouble, considered as studies, were leading articles and essays on current politics. With regard to the latter, or indeed both, I never could get a firm footing to begin with. It was Austria wants to do this, and Prussia wants to do

the other; the Bourbons aimed at so-and-so, and Spain had her reasons for standing aloof. But I was, for one thing, unable to see that there was any ground for all this sort of thing, outside the fancy of the *redacteur*; and then, again, I could never personify Austria, or Spain, or Prussia, or France. My mind, or, as Lord Westbury puts it, what I was pleased to call my mind, said—“Austria? But what is Austria? It is so many roods of ground.” It was intelligible to me that a man should want to marry a particular woman or to secure a particular estate, for its beauty or use; but that Schwarzenburg and Thiers and Palmerston, and A. and B., and who-not, should be playing a political “game” with earnestness enough to deserve or justify a serious leading article, was to me utterly unintelligible. This was not for want of strong English feeling and even passionate pride in “speaking the tongue that Shakespeare spake,” but from my general incapacity to understand why people should be always meddling with each other. When I was a little boy I remember hearing a schock-headed, wart-nosed tradesman, brandishing a ham knife, holding forth thus:—“What does a man go and be a politician for? His own aggrandisement. What makes a man go and be a clergyman? His own aggrandisement. What makes me go and keep a ‘am-and-beef shop? My own aggrandisement.” Well, I had been brought up in some loneliness, and chiefly in the society of those who had a consuming desire to make certain opinions prevail; the opinions being rooted in first principles, and the only means dreamt of being fair persuasion. And up to this time of my life, late as it was, I had only a very faint appreciation of the activity of the “aggrandisement” motive in the affairs of the world. Besides this obstacle to my appreciating current political, or even much of current social criticism, there was another difficulty. Leading articles seemed to me to begin from nothing and to lead to nowhere, and it was not till after most persevering study that I succeeded in cutting open the bellows and finding where the wind came from. Then, again, I carefully examined the magazines, and very carefully indeed the Notices to Correspondents. But at thirty years of age I was still so green as to

write one day to the *Times*, pointing out an error of fact and a clear fallacy of deduction in one of its leaders, doing this in the full, undoubting expectation that they would make the necessary correction. About this time I had an introduction to Mr. Mowbray Morris, and saw him in his room at the *Times*' office. Nothing came of it, and I expect he thought I was a real Arcadian. I was.

My letters of introduction were rather numerous, and addressed to people who could probably have helped me, if they had taken pains; nay, some of whom would probably have done so if I had "pushed" a little. But this was impossible to me; and I was much surprised that clever men—as I had reason to suppose many of these persons to whom I had letters really were—did not seem able at a glance to feel sure that this real Arcadian had a share of honesty, application, and versatility which might make it politic, merely as a matter of business, to treat him civilly. The only person, however, who was really insolent, was a man who had written chiefly on "love" and "brotherhood." I am not writing down a cynical fib, but the simple truth. He certainly annoyed me, and I thought to myself, "One of these days I will serve you out." I have, of course, never served him out; the only effect of his rudeness has been that I have been able to speak of him with cheerful frankness. There was some fun in situations of this kind; and I used to enjoy the feeling that while, perhaps, some one to whom I had a letter was snubbing me, or at least treating me *de haut en bas*, he was behaving thus to a stranger who would be able to his dying day to describe every look of the superior being's eyes, every line of his face, every word he said, the buttons on his coat, how high the gas was, and what tune the organ-grinder was playing in the next street, while the little scene came off.

After a time I was told by an old friend of a gentleman who, he thought, might help me. Him I hunted up, by a circuitous route, though I knew neither his name, his qualifications, nor his address. He is a man of genius and of good nature, and through him I got really useful introductions. From this time there were no external difficulties in my way. But conscientious scruples, and personal habits of my own, remained to constitute real and

very serious obstacles. I was not what Mr. Carlyle, describing the literary amanuensis who helped him in his Cromwell labors, termed "hardy." The manner in which the ordinary journalist knocks about was always a wonder to me. I could neither stand gas, nor tobacco, nor pottering about, nor hunting people up in the intervals of literary labor, nor what those who know me have (too) often heard me call "jaw." I mean the kind of debate which goes on at discussion societies, and among even intelligent men when public topics arise after dinner. It is half sincere; it is wanting in the nicety of distinction which love of truth demands; it is full of push, and loudness, personal vanity, and the zest of combat: so it seems to me that no one could have much of it without loss, not only of self-respect, but also of fineness of perception and clearness of conscience. As unpleasant in another way was what we may perhaps call the clever "club" talk of literary men. Here you find men trying apparently which can say the smartest thing—to quote a *mot* of a living writer of admirable *vers de société*, "they call their jokes 'quips,' but the work is so hard that they might just as well be called 'cranks.'" On the whole, my tastes and habits were about as unfavorable for making way in journalism as could possibly be supposed. The necessity of keeping a conscience—and obstinately keeping it under a glass case, too—was a far more serious matter.

It so happened, however, that immediately on starting with my pen in a professional way, I got a character for writing good critical papers. The very first critical essay I ever wrote was quoted, and noticed in high quarters; and it passed round that I had a quick scent in literary matters. But the way in which this worked was very amusing. Everybody went about to flood me with reviewing work. It was quite natural; but rather wide of the mark. When a man who possesses a pretty good critical scent takes up a book that is either by goodness or badness suggestive, there are "three courses" open to him. He may *characterize* it in a few sentences; but half-a-dozen lines, even if they are bright and exhaustive in their way, are not a review—are not, in fact, what is wanted of a journalist. Or he may make it a topic, and produce an article as long as a small book. This, again,

however good, is not what is wanted of a journalist. The third course, to write a column or two about a book that has no particular life in it, is the arduous one. And arduous indeed it is.

There was another difficulty which stood in my way as a journalist. There is a class of article for which there is always a demand. I mean the kind of article which teaches one half of the world how the other half lives. I hope literary beginners who may read these lines will take note of that. For this kind of writing I have some qualifications—quickness of eye, a tenacious memory of detail, and a lively sense of fun; but then I could not knock about and come up to time. A day at Spitalfields would make me ill. There was a case in which, under unusually favorable conditions, I had to refuse a task of this kind. The kind and discerning friend who proposed it I met by exposing my own unfitness in the matter of knocking about, and I said, "Mr. So-and-so is your man; he will do it better than I shall in many respects." My friend answered, "No, not in every respect; he will not put into it the feeling that you will." In spite of this encouragement, I declined the work, and for the soundest reasons. But any beginner who can do writing of this description, with plenty of detail—and without interspaces of meditation, such as would come down by main force upon my pen—may make sure of earning money by literature.

The practical upshot of most of the foregoing memoranda is this:—It so happened that I usually got into print when I desired it; that my very first article "professionally" written was printed in good company; and that I had few difficulties outside of my own personal peculiarities. But how was this? Just thus (shade of Artemus Ward!): I had for years made the working literature of the day a study; knew the things that tended to exclude a man's writing from magazines and newspapers, and the special points that I had to guard against. Is there anything wrong in suggesting that not one in a thousand of the class called "literary aspirants" has ever made the working literature of the hour a systematic study?

The articles, like the books, of the class called literary aspirants are usually rejected, even when they have merit, upon what may be termed points of literary form.

This paragraph is good, and *that* is good, and this other is really fine; but the whole thing wants licking into shape. Thus, an editor or reviewer of experience and vision can almost certainly tell amateur work at a glance. See some interesting remarks by Mr. Herman Merivale in a recent "Junius" paper in the *Cornhill* upon the ease with which literary work is recognized as that of a practised pen. We are sometimes told,—and thousands of "aspirants" think with bitterness,—that the distinction between the amateur and the practised writer is idle, because everybody is an amateur to begin with. But I have shown that this is not true. In spite of long practice in the use of the pen, I made working literature a deliberate study, and others have done the same; that is, they have not relied on mere aptitude. "Look," says the writer of a formless novel, "look at 'Jane Eyre!'" Well, by all means look at "Jane Eyre,"—you can hardly look at a more instructive case. Currer Bell did not succeed as an amateur; she had been a hard student of the conditions of success, and she attended to them so far as her knowledge went, and so far as she desired to use them. Of literary ambition proper she had none, nor—if I may speak of myself in the same sentence—have I. But whatever one's motive, or impulse, may be in writing, he must pay some attention to matters of literary form, and he must comply with such of them as have a just and natural foundation. He is, in fact, as much bound to comply with these as he is bound *not* to comply with those which demand some sacrifice of truthfulness, self-respect, and clearness of conscience.

Paradoxical as some may think it, the chief hindrance to honest literary success is literary vainglory to begin with. This involves splash, false fire, chaotic "out-lay" (to use a surveyor's phrase) of the work, and foolish and exaggerated ideas of the "success" within reach. There was a one-volume novel, published a year or two ago, in which a young journalist, whose suit had been rejected by a young lady's "aughty" mother, and who is under a cloud for a time, makes money at a rate which must have set every journalist in England laughing, and then suddenly blazes out in the society of dukes and Cabinet ministers because he has written a crushing exposure in a daily paper of the

probable working of "clause 5" of a certain bill. This particular book was a very innocent one, and no more vainglorious than Currer Bell's notions of the Duke of Wellington. In that specimen sheet of her handwriting given by Mrs. Gaskell in the memoir, she shows us the Duke at the War Office, putting on his hat at five minutes to four, telling the clerks that they might go, and scattering "largess" among the clerks with a liberal hand as he takes his leave for the day. *Sancta simplicitas!* we cry; and there is an end. But every writing man knows that "aspirants," as a class, are eaten up with vainglory. They want distinction and the run of pleasures of a "literary" life as they apprehend them. They have visions of the tenth thousand, and flaming reviews, and gorgeous society. I see with infinite amusement the ideas some people have of the sort of life I lead. They think—they almost tell me so in words—that I have always got my pocket full of orders for the theatre, that I can button-hole anybody I please, that I go to the Queen's garden-parties, that I sit, with a halo round my head, in gilded saloons, saying, or hearing said, brilliant *mots*; that I drink champagne with actresses behind the scenes, and that, if they offend me, I shall at once put them in *Punch* or the *Times*. I have also been told—almost point-blank in some cases—that it was only my jealousy and desire to "keep others down," that prevented my procuring immediate admission into periodicals for articles submitted to me by A. or B., which were perhaps of the silliest and most despicable quality. I have had this said or hinted to my face, or behind my back, about articles that were utterly unprintable, at times when my own papers had been waiting months—three, six, or eight months—for insertion in places where I had what is

called "interest." People who have—who are *capable* of having—notions of this kind, I would certainly do my best to keep out of literature; not, however, from "jealousy," but because they are morally unfit for it.

This opens the way for a word or two which I promised upon "cliqueism." That literary men, like other people, form knots and groups, is a matter of course; and "what for no?" That there must be partiality and some degree of exclusiveness in these, is certain. That there are quarrels I am sure, for I hear of them, and discern their consequences. But so there are everywhere. In some hole-and-corner connections there may be jealousy and exclusiveness founded on money reasons. But, personally, I have never once come into collision with anything of the kind. As a hindrance to "aspirants," I do not believe such a thing exists. The chief deterring or exclusive influence I have ever suffered from has been that of a kindness so much in excess of my capacity to make fair returns, that I have flinched from accepting it. Literary men, as I know them, come nearer to Wieland's Cosmopolites ("Die Abderiten") than any other class.

If anybody thinks there is too much of what is called "egotism" in these notes, I disagree with him. It is a pity I have not had the moral courage to be more "egotistic" still, and I wish other people would set me the example. This is a world in which you cannot wear your heart upon your sleeve; but it is for a base and disgusting reason, namely, that there are so many daws and other unclean birds about. It was not my intention to append my signature, but the Editor did it, and his judgment in such a matter is better than mine.

MATTHEW BROWN.

Macmillan's Magazine.

MARIE OF VILLEFRANCHE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, snowy day when I went to see Marie: the villagers had their heads tied up in brilliant-colored handkerchiefs, contrasting pleasantly with the white snow, and they shuffled quickly over their errands in their clanking sabots. There

was a good deal of talk and laughter among them, but all the faces looked pinched and cold.

"Where did Marie la Veuve live?" I asked. All knew, and all were willing to show me the way, for "Marie was the village favorite," as one of the gossips explained to me: "she kept a silent tongue

in her head; had been a good daughter, sister, and wife; was helpful to those in trouble, and joyful with those who rejoiced; but things were going badly with Marie, since the birth of her fatherless child, and there was no hope of peace, and these *coquins de Prussiens* were eating up the land."

When I entered Marie's room, she was lying on her bed, white and still, with a little swaddled bundle beside her. "This is my baby," she whispered, setting upright the little stiff image. The baby opened its dark eyes, and looked at me with that entire want of speculation in its gaze common to its kind. Marie said no more, but her face was as speaking in interest as her child's was vacant; she took my hand, and held it in both of hers. There was not silence in the room, however, for beside the bed stood the voluble little mother-in-law, telling me all the symptoms; how there was no milk for the little one, how feverish the mother was, what sleepless nights, what exhausting days. "The doctor says it is because there is trouble on the mind. Of course there is trouble, with the husband dead, shot down before the eyes of his brother, on the heights above Sedan, on that fatal day of August 31st; of course there is trouble, with nothing to eat, and all the little savings going; is it not all true, *ma mère*?" And the little old woman turned for corroboration to a bent figure sitting at the farther corner of the room, stretching out lean long fingers towards the glow from the little stove. "Yes, yes," murmured this other, "it is the war, famine, and fever that have done it all. I have just this and that," taking up the hem of her dress and petticoat, "just this and that, all gone; and then the smell of powder and blood!"

"Never mind her," said the other to me apologetically; "her mind is gone, but she is Marie's mother, and in her day was the belle of the village: she married well, and had a farm of her own, plenty of linen, and three great *lits montés*. Marie was not the only child; there was another, a boy, humpbacked, and of weak intellect, who showed no love for any one but Marie, and her whole life was devoted to him until he died. My son never laughed at him as the other village lads did, but would spend long hours in amusing him, and the boy was never stubborn or wilful with Jacques. And then Marie married

my son, and all the village said she might have done better, but a man who is gentle with children is sure to be gentle with women, and a son who is thoughtful for his mother is likely to make a good husband; and so I told Marie: and to Jacques I said, 'Never leave off asking her until you get her;' and in the end he did win her. And now he has died fighting for his country, and I am proud and satisfied, though I am not happy." The brave little woman paused here to lift the corner of her apron to the dim old eyes.

All this time Marie lay back upon her pillow, tearless and still. She was not a strikingly pretty woman, but there was a supplicating sadness in her large, dark eyes, softly veiled by black lashes, and there was a wealth of sweetness and tenderness about the full, slightly compressed lips, that lent to her whole face a strange fascinating interest.

Had this sweet, silent woman, I wonder, drifted unknowingly into matrimony—was it "juxtaposition in fine?" or was it that deep, sensitive gratitude that grows so near akin to love in a woman's heart?

Jacques had not ridiculed the idiot boy, and she, so loving to her brother, and too young to sound the depths of such a sacrifice, had given herself to Jacques for recompense. And now trouble had come, and she had been near to death, and, as the woman said, all the little savings had gone. The case was bad, but Marie was not so downcast as I had expected; perhaps she had at this moment forgotten much that she had suffered; perhaps, also, she was experiencing a great and undefined relief. What if there should dawn a new life for her, with health, and her child?—a life without dreads, or suppressed wearinesses, or smothered incompatibilities. "If only I could live!" said the speaking eyes. So, at least, I read her story. Otherwise it might almost seem strange that she should wish for life, with nothing to look forward to but widowed loneliness. She and I had hardly uttered a word together, but, as she held my hand in hers, I felt arising between us a sudden sympathy that springs up between two people, recognizing a spontaneous trust that needs no outward expression.

The door was now opened softly to admit a German soldier, one of those *coquins de Prussiens*, carrying an armful of small cut logs of wood. I had noticed him, as I

came in, chopping them up in front of the door. He gave me a military salute as he passed on tiptoe to the little stove, where he began to replenish the dying flame, moving about silently and softly. There stood a little saucepan of milk on the hearth, which the women were neglecting; he moved it to a little distance from the fire, and, stirring it, saved it from being burnt. He then opened a cupboard, and drew out a little packet of corn-flour which I had sent to Marie the previous day. "Ah! I had forgotten," cried *la belle mère*, quickly drying her eyes; "she ought to have had that an hour ago. Go and get some water from the well, Heinrich, while I mix some in a cup." Heinrich reached her a cup and spoon from a shelf, and passed out as quickly as he had come in. He was a powerfully built man, with a great head, set rather clumsily on square upright shoulders; there was a gentle dignity in his manners, and a good resolute expression in his deep, grey eyes. One felt he was the reposeful element in that little household; the women had taken the part of requisitioning the enemy, and making full use of his kindly helpfulness, while he, the strong one, was being bullied, because of his strength, by the weak ones.

"Do you think there is danger," whispered *la belle mère*, as she accompanied me to the door, "having that great Prussian in the house, with Marie so young?"

"What do you mean?" I asked astonished.

"I don't say that he is not all that is *convenable*, and Marie is entirely engrossed with her baby; *mais après?* How long is it to last? I ask myself. When are these Germans to be sent away? Marie is a good woman, and he a good man, notwithstanding that he is our enemy. He has, too, such a way of doing things for me before I ask him, seeming to divine all we want. My Jacques was always willing, but not forethoughtful as this one is. I have nothing to complain of in Marie's conduct; she scolds him, and he never answers her back, and she sends him about and he always goes. *Mais après?* In my day it was an impossible thing for a young man and woman to live together without falling in love, but the young are more reasonable now—at least, Marie, I know, is reasonable; she and Jacques were very different from me and my man.

Whoever would have thought that I should grow to be an old woman, living on all alone?"

"I don't think you need anticipate anything," I said; "Marie's baby is her great interest."

"If only he were like the rest of them, cruel and exacting, I should feel easier, and could complain," she muttered to herself, as she re-entered the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

ON the following day I journeyed to a neighboring town, to pay a visit to an ambulance in which I had nursed during the troubled times that followed the capitulation of Sedan, and I almost forgot Marie's little household, in the interest of renewing old acquaintances. As I arrived at the door of the well-known sombre-looking house, a young man hobbled up to me, and, seizing my hand, shook it heartily.

"Don't you know me?" he asked; "I am the one out of the five amputated that survived in that crowded little room. Look here; what a splendid support I have got." He went on displaying a clean wooden stump, strapped on to his shattered limb. "And this, too," pointing to a decoration on his breast—"yes, I can hold up my head proudly among all these Prussian dogs, for I fought wildly for France, but to what use is it? What has come of it? We are betrayed first by our Emperor, then by our generals; and even our women cringe and snigger to these loafing barbarians. Few Frenchmen can, like me, hold up their heads, and feel satisfied they have done their utmost for their country." And off stumped my quondam patient, followed by a little troop of *gamin* admirers.

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," thought I, as I watched the poor maimed lad limping about so gaily.

I found things in a progressive state inside the walls; the French came up to me, voluble and hearty, recognizing in me a friend whose pocket might possibly be filled with tobacco and cigars, if not the bearer of important news from the outer world. The Germans were silently dignified, and gloomily hopeless about their own recovery. "Could I write a brief poem to a distant lady love?" "No." "Well, would I ask the doctor to prevail upon the cook to make some stronger soup?" "Yes, I would do that." "Had I

by chance a cold sausage in my pocket?" "No; could I do anything else?" I inquired. "Yes, Madame might make some."

Some weeks after my return home from my visit, I went again to see Marie; I had heard she had been getting on well, and I found her up, and much better, with a new and brighter expression on her face. Her mother had just been discussing the advisability of retiring to bed; she had tired of her coffee roasting, and knitting, and the afternoon was gloomy and cold. I helped the tottering old woman into an inner room, where, in a sort of berth hollowed into the wall, she lay down and soon fell asleep. While I was with her, the German Heinrich came in, and went straight up to Marie. "Why don't you tell her? You can trust her, and she might help us." I knew he meant me. "Speak, Marie," he went on, bending over her his great head, with the strong, short-cropped hair. He was all-powerful; Marie would have done anything for him, and he knew it, and she knew that he knew it; and yet he was pleading and tender, and gentler than she was. Her eyes had fallen under his gaze, and her lips pressed themselves together; she had struck pettishly the great big hand that enclosed hers. It is only the strong and the great who are gentle; it is the weak who strike out cruelly and recklessly to save themselves from falling. I came out from the inner room, and sat down in the old mother's chair, on the other side of the fire. Heinrich came and stood before me, erect and resolute. "Madame," he began, "I love this Frenchwoman, Marie, of Villefranche, and I wish to marry her; but if we made our intentions known in the village, either she or I would be torn in pieces by the people, for at this hour there is no love lost between the despoiled and the despoilers. In loving Marie I do not forget my country, nor does she renounce hers. I only find that love, when it comes, triumphs over all other feelings and considerations. Could you not speak to the *curé* for us, and get him to marry us privately?" "But," I interrupted, "surely it is too short a time since the death of Marie's husband." "I have been in the house for months, and have to-day received marching orders," he put in. "And he has been everything to me, and done everything for me, and I cannot bear it

any longer," added Marie, in her low, passionate voice. Then the big man knelt down, and kissed and stroked the pale hands that held with effort her baby's weight.

On my way home that evening, I called at the *curé's* house. I gave my name, and he came shuffling along the little garden walk, with sabots pulled over his shoes, so as to open the gate to me himself. We bowed and scraped to one another, and remarked on the depth of the snow as we made our way to his sanctum. In the centre of the room stood a writing-table, covered with greasy-looking volumes, thin letter-paper, ink, and sand; there was an open fire-place, filled with ashes, and two logs placed ready for lighting. The *curé* immediately stooped down and lit a match (though I protested), and the room was soon lighted with the sparkling flames. On the mantel-shelf stood small dusty images of the Madonna and the Crucifixion, balanced by a pipe and tobacco pouch; a cup-board happened to be half open, and on its shelves were ranged flasks of various sauces and spices, and mouldy old bottles of sealed wines. He motioned me to a chair, and drew a little mat in front of it for my feet; and with his snuff-box in his hand, and his head meekly bowed down, he listened to my tale. It was a difficult story to tell, and I stuttered and stammered over it, but the priest was all attention. "That is all very right," he said, in a reassuring way; "there are much more complicated cases than that in the village. And so you think they should marry," he went on, lifting his sleepy eyes to mine.

"Yes, indeed I do, and any little expense Marie may incur I shall most gladly——"

"Of course, I understand," he interrupted, waving his hand in a deprecating way. "Poor Jacques, he could neither read nor write, but as he said, that did not prevent him from serving his country. Well, we will try and arrange matters in a quiet way some time soon, and in the meanwhile Marie and this German must keep quiet and bide their time."

And then I rose, and he, bowing low, put on his sabots again, and accompanied me to the garden-gate.

On the following day I called again at Marie's cottage; she expected me, and had put the little coffee-pot on the stove,

and had sent Heinrich out to get some new bread for me, talking of everything but the one subject nearest to her heart. She was looking charming, and was making a great effort to be energetic. I was being warmed by her hot coffee, and we were waiting for Heinrich and the bread, when the outer door opened, and a great gust of cold wind swept through the narrow passage. Marie was holding a saucepan over the fire; the pan shook and trembled, and I feared for the fate of the milk as Marie turned her eyes, so full of lustrous light, to the door. I was feeling a little shut out, and aggrieved about the probable loss of the milk destined for my cup, as I noticed Marie's distraction, when—thud thud, came along the passage, and—thud thud, echoed through the room. As I looked at her, I saw that suddenly the love-lit eyes waned and paled, and from her clenched white lips came an agonized shriek. She staggered forward, and fell into her husband's arms.

"Marie, mignonne, c'est moi, regardes ton Jacques," and he tried to lift up the blanched face to his. "Ah! it was you who saved me," he went on, turning and recognizing me. "How much I owe to you! Figure to yourself, my Marie, a party of five were brought from the field; all had to undergo amputation, and I alone survived the surgeon's knife. I thought it was all up with me, when I fell pierced by two balls, and with those riderless horses careering over me, and knew nothing more until I woke to find myself in an ambulance without my leg; and now I walk with my head as high as any of those *scélérats de Prussiens*."

I looked round bewildered, and saw Heinrich in the doorway; he stood like one petrified, holding the loaf of bread listlessly in his hand; his face and form seemed to shrink, and all strength appeared to have left him; he gave one despairing look at the bent head crowned with its glistening braids of black hair, and silently quitted the room.

I laid Marie upon her bed, and watched beside it for many miserable hours, while she passed out of one fainting fit into another. It was a totally different home-coming to what poor Jacques had anticipated; he had meant it to be a triumphal entry—an unexpected, unalloyed pleasure—instead of which it had only been a scene of consternation and dis-

treass. He found, however, a hearty welcome from all his neighbors, who, when Marie got better, came flocking in to express their congratulations.

I returned home that evening with a very heavy heart: on the road I met Heinrich. "I am going to try and get other quarters inside the town," he said to me as I came up to him. We walked together side by side, sadly and silently. A party of Prussian officers came riding joyously along the road; they were returning from scouring the country, on the pretence of an alarm from *Francs-Tireurs*. All were noisy, ruddy, and full of life: they looked curiously at my companion as he returned their military salute. Why should a conquering German look so downcast? they seemed to say. A little further on came rattling at full speed the *Feld-post*, bristling with soldiers and bayonets, each cart driven by a sullen, scared-looking French peasant. As we passed them, the men called out friendly greetings to Heinrich, but he did not raise his bent head, as with long absent strides he waded through the snow. As we passed through the gates leading into the town, with all the bustle and confusion round us, he began abruptly to talk aloud his inmost thoughts.

"And how my mother will grieve for me!" he said. "I have written to her from time to time, telling her about my love for Marie, and she has so well understood—she has all a man's chivalry for women. At first she wrote, 'Do not give your heart to a Frenchwoman, my son,' but in her last letter she said, 'When the war is over, and if your life is spared, bring Marie with her babe and the two old women to our valley of the *Wisperthal*; the house is roomy, and with us there will be peace and plenty, and we shall together forget all that has been,'—and now," he went on, flinging up his arms, "It is all like some wild dream that is passed. You are tired," he said, looking down at me with his kindly penetrating eyes, "but you will sleep to-night and get rest, while I—I—my life now will be one long restless night, when waking I find her not."

"You are a soldier; you can fight," I said, feeling more pity for Marie.

"Yes, I can do that," he said, laughing hoarsely.

Some days afterwards I was in the door-

way of a house opposite to that of Jacques, when my attention was attracted to a little crowd collected round his open door.

Two Uhlans had come riding down the street, and stopped to join Heinrich, who was mounting his horse and bidding farewell to his hosts. Jacques held out his hand and gave Heinrich a kindly shake, for the wounded Frenchman could afford to be polite to his enemy; the old mother had come tottering into the light, and, while shading her eyes with her hand, was giving a long earnest look at the departing guest. The bustling little mother-in-law was calling out her last farewell to Heinrich, who, though he was one of the detested invaders, had proved himself a helpful and kindly inmate. Marie was standing with her baby in her arms at an upper window; she was full in the light, not partly hidden, as a girl might be, looking her last on the man she loves. She was gazing down with her Madonna face, full of a high purpose and a calm serenity: the war within her had been sharp and fierce, but the struggle was over, and she had accepted her fate as God had willed it. She had come forward into the window to bring peace and encouragement to Heinrich.

There was a divine tranquillity about her whole bearing that struck him as he glanced up with a sad disturbed face into the calm above him; he looked again, long and earnestly, and the shadow of a great grief seemed to pass away, and the drawn, hollow lines about his face softened into repose. She, out of the depths of her despair, had taught him that hard life lesson, "*que la liberté est l'obéissance volontaire.*" We are not sent into the world to rest in the haven of a great love, to seek and win our individual happiness; love comes, as spring comes, to renew all life, to cover the hard, cold earth with softness and sweetness, to bring the tender buds to blossoming perfection, to fill the clear air with fragrance and light. What if the spring passes? is there not the long summer of twilight and peace? Marie had loved, and her love had made her stronger and better: she had suffered, and the suffering had raised and purified her whole nature; she was going to "live the life," not as she had planned it for herself, but as fate had decreed it. The beauty of renunciation shone out of her clear eyes, and in the majesty of her figure

there breathed the restful calm that follows upon the tumult of a storm subdued.

"They are not men, they are machines!" exclaimed a young girl scornfully, as she moved away from the little group at the door. She had threaded a red ribbon through her ebon hair, and had lifted up her bright eyes laughingly to look into Heinrich's face; he was adjusting his long, glittering lance in the stirrup at the time, and had either not noticed her glance, or had gazed at her vacantly with his dim, griefful eyes.

I stood and looked after the three figures, sitting square and upright on their powerful horses. As they passed out from the village street on to the straight highway, bordered with stately trees, whose frozen branches, entwining with one another, formed a trellised arch in long perspective, one heard the clank of the horses' hoofs far up the road. The scene as I saw it, with the shadows of evening softening all harsh outlines, seemed like some dream-picture, bathed in the rose and amber light of a waning sun; there was no joyous rippling sound of running water, all the fountains were frozen dumb, thin clouds of vapory mist wreathed slowly up into the air from above the rough-hewn crosses that bordered the roadside, marking the resting-place of those killed fighting for their fatherland. Heinrich turned to give one last look, and then the three horsemen passed out of sight.

Jacques crossed the street, and caught sight of Marie at the window. She smiled, and held up the laughing baby. Jacques' face became radiant, as he stood leaning on his crutches, watching the mother and child, and then limped quickly back again into the house. Then Marie leant out for a moment, her whole face involuntarily changing as she looked for the last time into the misty distance, beginning perhaps to realize with something like despair the level dulness of her future daily life—it was a passionate farewell look—a helpless, wistful gaze; she was young and eager, with throbbing pulses and an aching heart, that revolted against the woman's relentless will. The child looked up into the altered face, its gleeful crowing changed to a little weak scared cry; Marie started back, and, bending her head low over her baby, hushed its wailing sobs. And in the fading light I saw the indistinct outlines of Jacques good-humored, meaning-

less face: he put his hand lightly on Marie's shoulder, and drew her into the room: he shut the window, and began to trim the evening lamp with his deft hands. And from behind the lamp I saw Marie's grand figure passing to and fro, as she hushed her child to sleep: there was silence in the room, and in the blessed stillness I knew that she would gain strength and calm—that peaceful calm that steals its way into a woman's soul, when she holds in her firm arms the sacred burden of a sleeping child.

CONCLUSION.

WHEN the snow had melted, and the tender blades of grass had sprung out from the brown mould in the fields and hedges, and small buds had dotted the slender shoots of the trees, I went to bid farewell to the villagers of Villefranche. It may be in the coming years I shall see them again in times of peace and plenty, when war is no longer devastating the rich gardens of the Ardennes, and fever and famine are passed away as a tale that is told. But never can I forget France as she appeared to me then, "beautiful amid her woes," her proud spirit unbroken, her faith in her old prestige unshaken, her children silently suffering in her cause: how bright, how patient, how proudly uncomplaining they were; how soft, how winning, how warm-hearted; what quick sensibilities, what flashes of keen humor, what dignity and grace. Are the French indeed so callous and frivolous?—these earnest, devoted husbands, these tender, helpful wives, supporting with their united, unwearied efforts large families of bright-eyed children? What a rich study were the faces of the old men and women! Life had not slipped idly past them; their old age was stored with rich memories. We wept for their sufferings, but no tears came from their eyes; they suffered in silence waiting and hoping it was but a black cloud passing over the blue breadth of their sky,—it would break and disperse, and France would appear from behind it brighter, greater, more glorious than be-

fore. So thought the simple peasants as they faced starvation in their ruined homes.

I found Marie's old mother sitting spinning outside the door, in the checkered sunlight. "And so you too are going, and Heinrich has gone: nothing is left,—*c'est la guerre, c'est la guerre.*"

Within, Jacques was seated at a table, having a writing lesson; Marie stood at his elbow, guiding his pen.

"It is never too late to mend," said Jacques, as he rose to give me his chair. "I ought to know how to write: I ought to have written to Marie when I was away. She has told me all. I do not blame her; the fault was mine."

I put into his hand a letter that I had just received from an unknown correspondent, announcing the death of Heinrich, who had been shot at Orleans. When he was dying he asked his doctor to write me a few lines: "he wishes you to know that he is at rest, Marie, and that his last prayer was for happiness for you and Jacques."

Marie wept as she read the letter. Jacques drew her close to him, and sheltered the tear-stained face. "Marie," he said gently, "I suffer such pain, such constant gnawing pain, that I sometimes wish I too had been killed outright."

Marie quickly raised her head; the hot tears ceased to flow.

"No, dear Jacques; no, it is much better as it is."

She supported him to a couch, and, sitting down beside him, held his thin suffering hand in hers.

"When you touch me, Marie, the pain seems to pass away from me."

"I am so glad," she whispered, bending over him her wistful smiling face.

I went out softly, I bade them no farewell; but as I left, I, too, like Heinrich, prayed that Marie and Jacques might be happy, with such happiness as God gives to those who do not question, nor struggle against destiny, but work and wait, earning that long rest which is the end of life.

The Spectator.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS.*

OF the four *Pike County Ballads* which commence this volume, and are certainly much the best things in it, two, namely, *Little Breeches* and *Jim Bludso*, which have now attained to the honors of an illustrated edition, have already appeared in these columns; indeed, we were so struck by their great humor, that we copied them out of the *New York Tribune*, where they first saw the light. Still, though our readers are probably familiar with Mr. John Hay's two most successful efforts, and neither of the other two *Pike County Ballads* can be said to reach quite the same high level, yet there is sufficient excuse in their formal acknowledgment by their author, as well as in the publication of other illustrations of his power, for a few criticisms on these fresh and vigorous ballads. If we take no notice of the more sentimental poems by which they are followed, it is not because they are in any way unworthy of their author, but because we have too many poems of the sort in England, and they pass too little beyond the line of average ability attained by clever men who write verse at all, to make them specially interesting to us. We learn from them that Mr. Hay shares strongly the liberal sympathies of all republicans in relation to European affairs, that he has no slight tincture of the romantic in his nature, and that what he feels he can say with more than the average amount of freshness and force. But it would not be true to speak of the bulk of the poems which follow the *Pike County Ballads* as in any way remarkable. It is by the class of ballads of which "*Little Breeches*," "*Jim Bludso*," "*Banty Tim*," and "*The Mystery of Gilgal*" are as yet the only specimens, that Mr. Hay seems at present most likely to win his place in American literature.

It is not the specially distinguishing characteristic of these *Pike County Ballads*, but rather of all humorous American verse, from the Bigelow Ballads to Bret Harte's, Hans Breitmann's, and Mr. Hay's,

that they treat with a certain grim familiarity and audacity the most serious and even awful scenes and topics, not necessarily irreverently, for some of their authors (notably Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hay) seem generally to find their humor bubbling up most in the very effort to engrave a certain unconventional and intense moral faith on the cut-and-dried conscience of an insincere world,—but if not irreverently, at least with a startling self-possession and absence of self-abasement and self-humiliation which a like spiritual faith generally implies in the old world. An admirable example of this kind of off-handed, easy going faith is the ballad of "*Little Breeches*" itself, with its throw-off repudiating the notion of "going much on religion," and its condescending explanation of why, though the supposed writer "don't pan out on the prophets, and free-will, and that sort o' thing," yet he has "b'lieved in God and the angels ever sence one night last spring." The ballad relates how the narrator's four-year-old little boy was carried off from an inn-door by the alarmed team of his wagon, which dashed into the deep snow of the prairie during the driver's momentary absence in the inn,—how the wagon was found upset and the horses buried in snow, and the child was discovered in a neighboring lambfold sitting quite snug among the lambs, and chirping "as peart as ever you see,"—

"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

Thereupon the ballad concludes:—

"How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne."

There is clearly nothing irreverent in angels "scooping down and toting" a little boy to where it is safe and warm, though the phraseology is undoubtedly of a free-and-easy kind, and implies no awe of those supernatural beings; indeed,—far from awe,—there is a disposition to dispute with the angels their proper func-

* 1. *Pike County Ballads, and other Poems.* By John Hay. Boston (Massachusetts): Osgood.

2. *Jim Bludso and Little Breeches.* By John Hay. Illustrated. London: Trubner. Boston: Osgood.

tion in life, and to warn them off the contemplative joys usually allotted to them in the spiritual world, which seems to bespeak a mind extremely satisfied with itself, and by no means disposed even to repent of the style of education deliberately bestowed on "Little Breeches," who, we are told, was

"Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white."

"Peart and chipper and sassy" is the exact description, not only of Little Breeches, but of the whole Pike-County race described, and even of their religion. When "Jim Bludso" was called to his account, "the night of the Prairie Belle,"—note that his individual judgment, the scrutiny of his soul, is characteristically described as a "passing-in of his checks,"—his biographer, though he makes a strong claim for him on the ground of his unflinching discharge of duty at the cost of his own life at the last, is not only at no pains to make him appear otherwise than "peart and chipper and sassy," but is rather disposed to found his admiration for Jim on these qualities:—

"He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike;
A keercless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

"And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore."

The sub-feeling clearly is that men who live a life of something like license, if there be a law within that license for which they will, when required, sacrifice all, are all the better for the complete absence of that temptation to hypocrisy and ostentation to which men of more regular lives are liable.

But this is by no means the whole account of the charm which the "peart and chipper and sassy" tribe have for these American humorists. Unquestionably, the easy and perfectly self-possess-

ed treatment of subjects which inspire a natural awe has in it a strong humorous fascination of its own, though we are by no means sure that it is a healthy fascination. Can anything be more strikingly "peart and chipper and sassy" than the following account of a furious and deadly fray about nothing, called the "Mystery of Gilgal" (pronounce it Gilgaul),—in which there is no trace of a moral motive, nothing but the curiously grim humor involved in the treatment of a quite purposeless yet wholesale tragedy, as if it were a matter-of-course affair, of no more importance than a school boy snow-balling:—

"THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL."

"The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall,—
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

"I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's;
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

"Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was far,
The neighbors around the counter drawed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

"At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, 'A whiskey-skin.'

"Tom mixed the beverage full and far,
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
Some says three fingers, some says two,—
I'll leave the choice to you.

"Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland,
'I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whiskey-skin.'

"No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round,
Says he, 'Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whiskey-skins!'

"He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife:—
'I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you.'

"They carved in a way that all admired,
Tell Blood drawed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

"Then coats went off, and all went in;
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

"They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin' school.

"I've sarched in vain, from Dan to Beer-
Sheba, to make this mystery clear ;
But I end with *hit* as I did begin,—
WHO GOT THE WHISKEY-SKIN ?"

Notice the still-life background of the story :—

"The neighbors round the counter drewed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed."

The two combatants quietly "meandering in" and "remarking" "a whiskey-skin,"—mind, they do not *order* it, but drop their wish casually, so indifferent do they appear to be to the subject of this deadly strife,—and the criticism on Judge Phinn that no man could be found high-toneder than he, as he remarks majestically that "the tribe of Phinns knows their own whiskey-skins," are full of the special cynicism of American humor. And then when the duel commences, what a wealth of contempt for life is contained in that favorite Americanism for sword-dueling,—"*They carved* in a way that all admired," and in the verse which describes the pile of dead and the solitude of the young women during the ensuing winter. The whole humor of this ballad,—and it seems to us great,—is in the wonderful grimness of its familiarity with violence and death. The Pike County Ballads are "peart and chipper and sassy" not only with Angels and Judgment, but with Death itself. They afford an example of the type of humor which was strong in Charles II. (though this naturally is of a freer and coarser kind), of which the favorite illustration has always been his grim apology to his courtiers for being so inconveniently long in dying. The soldier who is supposed to tell the story of "Banty Tim" is humorous in precisely the same fashion when he tells of his disablement on the glacies of Vicksburg :—

"When the rest retreated, I stayed behind
For reasons sufficient to me,—
With a rib caved in and a leg on a strike
I sprawled on that damned glatee."

But the striking feature of these ballads is not only in the grim familiarity of their treatment of guilt, danger, judgment, death, and the supernatural world; they are full of brief, graphic touches, marvelously vivid and picturesque. What can be more effective than the account of the cause of the fire on the Prairie Belle ?—

"All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine."

There is twice as much vividness in that verse, as in the by no means bad picture of "the nigger squat on her safety-valve" which appears in the illustrated edition, for in the picture you only see the nigger enjoying his danger, but here you see the race and the darkness, and the blazing furnace beneath the boiler; and then when the fire bursts out, what a strongly painted picture there is in the second of these lines,—

"The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night ;"

and again in the lines,—

"Through the hot black breath of the burnin'
boat.

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word."

It was a great stroke of modern realism to make it Jim Bludso's "cussedness,"—or, as we should say in our much less expressive phraseology, his "devil,"—and not his sense of duty, in which they had trust. Again, in "Banty Tim," what can be more graphic in its delineation of a farmer's scorn than the final statement to the Democratic meeting :—

"You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy."

To "rezoloot till the cows come home" is a most happy and vivid delineation of a perfectly fruitless Democratic amusement, indulged in solely for its own sake, and not from any regard to consequences.

The *Pike County Ballads* are not only, then, "peart chipper and sassy,"—i. e., grimly humorous, both in relation to natural and supernatural perils,—but they are full of sharp, graphic touches, which bring the vividdest scenery, physical and moral, before your eyes. All we need for the perfect delineation of the fast devil-may-care life of the borders of civilization and its snatches of rude faith, is more in quantity, and this is, we trust, a deficiency which Mr. John Hay will neither be unable nor unwilling to supply.

Chambers's Journal.

MEDIÆVAL GOLDSMITHS.

Of all arts, that of working in gold is perhaps the most ancient. The brilliancy of the metal when it was washed down by mountain streams, or found on the surface of the earth, attracted the eye of the savage, and charmed his taste, in preference to other metals, which must be sought for underground, and though perhaps more useful, had no splendor to recommend them. For ages, the workers in gold have occupied a distinguished position; and through all the changes of empires, they have improved and carried on their art, depending on the patronage of kings, the munificence of nobles, the authority of the church, and the general prosperity. The genius of civilization ever lent it vigor, so that it has been justly named "the favorite art of princes, the brilliant symbol of great reigns." Besides which, there can be no doubt that it led to the birth of engraving, and in some degree to the discovery of printing by means of movable types of metal. It was the adjunct of all the arts; for if the goldsmith were not capable of designing his own models, he called in the assistance of sculptors, painters, and engravers; but much more frequently, in the middle ages, he himself handled the painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel, the architect's compass, the graver's burin, the philosopher's crucible: he was essentially an artist.

Nor were the merits of such artists unrecognized. Among the guilds of handicraftsmen, kings granted them the precedence. To their care was committed the keeping of the crown-jewels and regalia; and on those joyous occasions when royalty made their solemn entrance into their capitals after their accession to the throne, or their coronation, the goldsmiths had the care of the buffet of plate. Philip de Valois granted them arms, as the insignia of nobility: a cross inlaid with gold, two cups and two crowns of gold, bearing the device, "In sacra inque coronas," semé with fleurs-de-lis—a mark that the escutcheon was a royal concession, duly registered by parliament. These arms were sculptured or painted, not only on their banner, but on the walls of their guildhall, there chapel, and their workshops. In an age when the feudal nobility showed themselves so

jealous of their rights, this concession proves that working in gold was looked upon as a noble art, which, far from degrading the gentleman, raised the commoner. There was a proverb well known in the middle ages, "Orfèvre ne déroge pas;" and we find many goldsmiths who exercised public functions either at court or in the king's councils, some adopting the professional surname, still common among us, of Goldschmidt or Goldsmith.

It is evident that their work was distinctly divided into two sections, the religious and profane: those who assisted the ornamentation of edifices and articles dedicated to religious worship; and those who were engaged by kings and nobles in the decoration of their palaces and persons. The first, who have always been the faithful servants of the Roman Catholic religion, received the greatest impulse from the spread of Christianity. As soon as it was permitted the free exercise of its rites, it distinguished itself by the pomp of its ceremonial; and resting on the enthusiasm and veneration of its new converts, it made immense efforts to dazzle the eye and strike the imagination of its adepts. If the first altars were but the tombstones of saints and martyrs, and the first chalices made of glass or wood, it was owing to the fact that the persecuted Christians were compelled to hide themselves in forests or catacombs to celebrate their holy worship. But when a general belief had overthrown the idols and their temples, extinguished pagan sacrifices, and dispersed the priests of false gods, churches and monasteries rose on all sides, and henceforth displayed a magnificence unknown to idolatry. The gospel preached humility and poverty to men, but it commanded them to devote all to the glory of God. The clergy encouraged the most costly offerings to Christ and the Virgin, by attaching to them indulgences and blessings both for this life and the next.

Constantine the Great, as being the first Christian emperor, led the way, which was quickly followed by the people of Italy and Gaul. It is evident that the weight of metal used was more thought of than the artistic workmanship, as a very

exact account is given of the former. We read of a canopy supported by eight figures, each five feet in height, the Saviour seated in the centre with the twelve apostles—weighing above three thousand pounds of massive silver, ordered by the emperor. He also presented to the Church of St John de Lateran a large lamp of gold, weighing, with its chain, twenty-five pounds; besides innumerable golden plates, chalices, vases, cups, candelabra, altars, and bowls; so we may well suppose that the goldsmiths of that period formed the richest community of all trades. They followed the emperor to Byzantium, when he removed the seat of his government thither, leaving the pope without a rival to establish the Holy See; and from Byzantium came many marvels of art and beauty as presents to the western churches. Nor were the guild wanting in gratitude to so liberal a patron, for at his death they made a golden coffin, in which his body was displayed to the people, raised on a balustrade, and surrounded by a multitude of golden candelabra. Well might Chrysostom cry out bitterly: "All our admiration is now reserved for the goldsmiths!"

Turning to the other section, they also were subdivided into different branches. Those who made bracelets and rings never interfered with the makers of helmets and bucklers; others confined themselves to the hanaps or cups used at table; others to chains and crowns of gold. The jewellers attached as much value to the lightness of their work as others did to the weight; and there is an elegance and delicacy in the women's ornaments of those early times, which show as much taste on the part of the designer as on that of the sex which has always been so skilful in the arrangement of the toilet. In every nation, and in all ages, the perfection of jewelry proves that women have had the same end in view, that of pleasing; and made use of the same means to secure it, that which ornament affords to beauty.

There were certain cities which gradually became the centres of these varieties of handicraft. Limoges, which could boast of skilful artists in the time of Julius Cæsar, sent her workmen into every country, and, adopting the models which came from Rome and Byzantium, improved upon them. Here was the great focus for the

manufacture of church plate; and the art of enamelling was almost circumscribed to that immediate neighborhood. By the twelfth century it was so flourishing as to have absorbed the old renown of Constantinople. Yet, though these works enriched almost all the churches in Europe with the art that is so closely allied to painting, and reliquaries, shrines, crosses, chalices, and statues poured from the *ateliers*, scarcely the name of a single enameller has been preserved. To St. Eloi or Eligius they paid the highest veneration; and the school of art founded by him in his native city about the year 600 was religiously perpetuated. His name is inseparably connected with that of his friend and patron, Dagobert I., for whom he executed many splendid works, and whose Prime-Minister and Master of the Mint he eventually became. Profiting by the great riches he thus acquired, he founded many monasteries, and induced the monks to spend there time in the art he loved so well. He also took advantage of the arrival of a holy virgin, Aurata, who came from Judea, preaching the Gospel to the Jews, to establish a convent; where she taught her nuns the eastern art of embroidering in gold upon silk and stuffs, which was much used for ecclesiastical robes. Eloi himself, when at court, loved to wear the splendid dresses he designed; they were covered with precious stones; his girdle set with the most costly jewels, and the border of his robe embroidered with gold; under all which he mortified his vanity by wearing a haircloth shirt. In his old age these costly habits were laid aside; he became a monk, and, with the liberality that had always distinguished his character, gave all his wealth to the poor. He died at Soissons, after having had the happiness of seeing his great art established in prosperity. From this time he was the patron saint of the goldsmiths; and the gorgeous gifts that were made to his tomb where only equalled by the miracles which were said to be performed there.

But if Limoges excelled in its enamelling, we must turn to the German artist for superior talent in modelling large groups of chiselled figures and engraved ornamentation. Nuremberg and Augsburg were the principal centres of this work; and as specimens still existing it is only necessary to point to the well-known shrine of the three Kings at Cologne; to that of

Notre-Dame, given by Frederick Barbarossa to the same cathedral; to the large chalice in the abbey of Weingarten, in Suabia, executed by Conrad de Huss; to the beautiful portable altar of gold in the King's Chapel at Munich; and the famous incensor in the form of a circular chapel at the Vatican. How numerous such works must have been may be gathered from the fact, that every jubilee gave work to all the goldsmiths in Christendom for ten years previously.

As for filigree-work, which oriental nations and especially the Moors knew how to execute with such rare delicacy of taste and handling, it was chiefly made at Granada, Seville, Florence, and Venice. The latter two cities added to it the arts of niello and engraved work; whilst Parisian workmen, then as now, were famous for setting precious stones in the most elegant form. The English, as a rule, went abroad to learn these arts, or foreign artists were sent for. The tomb of Merton, Bishop of Rochester, was made in 1276 by a Limoges workman, who came expressly to execute it in enamelled metal.

Last, but not least, the cities of Belgium held the first place in the manufacture of those large pieces of plate used for the decoration of the table, which were cast, embossed, and then finished by the chisel—as well as for the sumptuous ornaments used in the dress of the nobles. Under the patronage of the Dukes of Burgundy, they received the greatest encouragement; from the days of Philip the Hardi to Charles the Bold, a kind of worship was offered to art seconded by their immense riches and power. Ghent was the brilliant centre around which sprung up the guilds at Bruges, Brussels, Antwerp, and Tournay. They borrowed their coat of arms from the French, but changed the motto to "Omnibus Omnia"—meaning that every kind of work for the use of all passed from their hands. A most absolute government was established by the corporations; any goldsmith convicted of using false metal was taken bareheaded to the market-place, and his ear nailed to a pillar, where he remained till he tore himself loose. Nor were they only dependent on the nobles for patronage. Of all the arts, this was the most popular among the industrious Flemings; the intelligent vanity of the worthy citizens supported their artists munificently; and whilst, during

the fifteenth century, the more precious works were ordered for the Burgundian treasury, the gold and silver plate engraved and worked in niello adorned the buffets and coffers of the proud burghesses.

Nor was this extraordinary; for in general the rank and fortune of a family were estimated by the amount of its silver plate and jewels, which were scrupulously transmitted as heirlooms. After the death of a king, the successor redeemed his gold and silver, which, according to ancient law, belonged to his servants. When a bishop or ecclesiastic died, the church or convent to which he belonged inherited his treasure. A noble family would never part with this kind of property, but held it a point of honor to save it through periods of the deepest distress. When the Marchioness of Grignan had recourse to heavy loans, in order that her husband, the Lieutenant-General of Provence, might hide the decay of his fortune, she refused to part with some worthless old plate, which she could not use, but which formed a part of the patrimonial property, and bore the arms of Adhémar or Ornaço. Its great value was to swell the inventory made after death; and the more it was worn and darkened by age, the more it testified to the ancient descent of the family. It was the custom also to mark every occasion by a present of plate or jewelry. A marriage, a baptism, a departure, a return, served as a pretext for noblemen to send an order to the goldsmiths: not a bishop was consecrated, but he must have his gift; nor the pope an embassy, but it carried presents in its hand.

Nor did those who thus provided ornaments for the wealthy forget to vie with each other in the richness of their own apparel, or the magnificence of their banners at the fêtes of the guilds. The annual gift of the "May" to Notre-Dame of Paris had gradually become a most imposing ceremony, and may serve as a specimen of other festivals. Originally, the "Confrérie du Mai" had for its principal object the planting of a green tree at midnight on May-day, in the *parvis* before the grand entrance of the cathedral. The chief, who was elected each year, and called the Prince du Mai, brought the tree, decorated with streamers, devices, and emblems in honor of the Virgin, and solemnly put in its place, to the sound of instruments and bells. Later in the day,

additional offerings were made, and the tree with its ornaments remained standing for the year. But in course of time, the whole of the goldsmiths, with their apprentices, joined in the procession, dressed in their livery of crimson velvet, bearing their embroidered banners, and wax-lights surrounded by escutcheons. They no longer carried a whole tree, but a large green branch fastened to a pillar, in the form of a shrine, in which were niches filled with silver groups of figures; below which hung small pictures, with inscriptions in French verse. It was carried into the cathedral, and hung before an image of the Virgin for a year; after which period, it was removed to the chapel of St. Anne. These votive offerings increased to such an inconvenient extent that it was thought better to offer a picture every year, by some good painter, which would form a durable decoration. It was thus the cathedral was enriched for above seventy years by large pictures, which unfortunately perished at the Revolution. The best artists in the city strove for the honor of being chosen, and at that time there was no public place of exhibition but Notre-Dame.

It was generally acknowledged that of all the guilds in Paris, that of the goldsmiths was the most generous. It gave liberal help to the distressed members of its own community, founded a hospital, celebrated the festivals of the church by alms and visits to prisoners, gave an annual repast to the poor of the Hôtel-Dieu every Easter, besides food and linen to the mendicant orders. They founded the celebrated chapel of Notre-Dame de Blancmesnil, about two leagues from Paris, which attracted the people for a hundred miles round. Solemn masses were said there, to which the Parisians were invited by the sound of a silver bell, which was rung through the streets. This valued possession was carried away by the English or Burgundians in 1448. Another was provided, but in those troublous time it shared no better fate, for Henry II. laid sacrilegious hands upon it. Again replaced, it was broken about the end of the sixteenth century: the last having the good fortune to survive until the guild itself was dissolved. The shrines of St. Marcel and Ste. Geneviève, which were carried through the streets at the festival of the Ascension, and in the general processions which took

place on the occasion of any great public calamity, such as famine, pestilence, inundations, or drought, were only intrusted to the goldsmiths. That of St. Marcel was treated with particular honor by the Parisians; it was believed to be the work of St. Eloi after he took orders, and was in old gold-work of the seventh century, raised in mid-air behind the high altar, and supported by four columns fifteen feet high, on a base of copper.

As the costly articles which were made in those days differed much from what are in present use, it may not be uninteresting to describe some of the ornaments which decked the tables of our forefathers. There was one which was considered indispensable on the king's table, the *nef*, a kind of coffer in the form of a ship, containing the knife, fork, spoon, and goblet for royal use. Beside these lay the horn of a rhinoceros, then called a unicorn, to which they attributed the virtue of neutralizing poison in the food. Then came the indispensable salt-cellar, the position of which marked the division between the gentleman and the menial. Sometimes we read of its being in the form of a man seated on an engraved gold plateau, holding in the right hand a crystal ornamented with silver, and in the other the branch of a cherry-tree, with leaves and fruit, the birds flying in the branches. A device of this sort was made for Charles VI.: a flying serpent, with enamelled wings, bearing on its back a little tree with green leaves; before it stood a chandelier, supported by two apes, painted their natural color, an enamelled salt-cellar forming the apex. With these gardens and animals, a fountain was considered proper for a centre dish. Here a whole history was given in gold and silver; armed men were attacking a castle standing on a high green hill; trumpeters and ladies defended the bastions; and above all was the turreted bowl from whence the wine or water flowed.

On certain grand occasions the whole of the family plate would be remodelled; as at a collation offered by the Duke of Savoy to the eldest daughter of the king of France, when every article was made in the form of a guitar, because the lady played well on that instrument. When Henry III. of France was so unpopular that he had to flee from his capital, there was found in the castle of Vincennes a

piece of plate which induced the superstitious people to denounce him as a wizard. It consisted of two silver-gilt satyrs resting on a club, each carrying in the right hand a bright crystal cup. It was doubtless used for the burning of perfumes—a *cassolette*, as it was called; but prejudice refused to believe that the figures were anything but demon idols, to whom the king gave heathenish worship. A very fashionable taste, early in the fifteenth century, was for golden pictures, embossed and finished with the chisel. The Crucifixion, the Annunciation, and similar subjects were chosen for representation. Gold statuettes were much valued, set with pearls and precious stones; or "pourtraicts" of gold, which men wore in their hats, and women in their hair. In these there appear to have been many figures, the bodies of silver, the robes of gold or agate, the ground of lapis lazuli, and they probably bore some resemblance to a large brooch; but not a single specimen has been spared through the revolutions of fashion to the present day.

At a later period, the idea arose of incrusting ebony, sandal, cedar-wood, and ivory with gold, silver, and precious stones; and cabinets, which are said to have been invented at Augsburg, were the rage. As for personal ornaments, the gold girdle was a passion with both sexes; it was forbidden to the citizens; but the nobility lavished the utmost skill and taste on the gorgeous buckel which fastened it. Nor did the Dukes of Burgundy forget to ornament their hawks with vervels, their jesters and dwarfs with golden bells, their grooms' robes with golden hop leaves, their horses' saddles with the same precious metal and enamel, or their trumpets with carvings. It is impossible to describe the elegant caprices of those days, or the grandeur of the fêtes where they were displayed. It is equally sad to reverse the picture, and see how the peasants were ground down to provide for such extravagance.

It may easily be imagined that, in the midst of such prodigality, the trade in precious stones, especially diamonds, increased a hundred-fold, and produced enormous profits. Almost all travellers to the East directed their special attention to this point. Gems were classed and described by the jewellers themselves, as in the work of Berquen, and other treatises

by Andrea Bacci, in Italian; Morales, in Spanish; and Boetius de Boot, in Latin. Bernier, Tavernier, and Thevenot contributed by their travels to give exact notions on the quality and quantity of pearls and precious stones which the East produced, and which the West purchased at such an immense cost.

It is impossible to close this paper without regretting how few of these splendid works have survived the many causes of destruction by which they have successively disappeared. Descriptive inventories are the only witnesses to the marvellous works of art which we scarcely know in the present day. Every time that war broke out, the valuables of the king and nobles were pledged or sold to meet expenses. The wars between France and England were especially to be deplored. The princes and lords who were taken prisoners at Agincourt had no resources for paying the ransom but to melt down their plate. Charles, Duke of Orleans, sold his in 1417 to free his brother, a prisoner, like himself, in England; and in 1436 he was again parting with a gold cross and ruby at Bruges, "*pour le bien de ses affaires*." The English and Burgundians had pillaged the country; famine and plague desolated the cities; Charles VII. had not a gold piece left in his coffers, and the goldsmiths saw their most cherished works of art sent to the melting-pot. Then followed the Wars of the Roses, and the still more terrible ones in Italy, when, as a climax, Rome was sacked by the Duke de Bourbon, and so many treasures fell into the hands of the ignorant soldiery. The wars of religion and the zeal of the iconoclastic Protestants were not more favorable to religious art. Crosses, cups, crosiers, were detestable in the eyes of the Calvinists, who regarded them as so many symbols of popery; and it is impossible to calculate how many ancient works of art disappeared, more from fanaticism than love of booty. It is to this period especially that we may refer the loss of the most precious chefs-d'œuvre of the time of St. Eloi, Charlemagne, and Suger. Not only were the Protestants making war against the shrines, but robbers soon stepped in; and an immense clandestine commerce sprung up among the refiners, gold-beaters, gold-lace makers, and second-hand clothes-dealers, for the coveted articles. Nor were the times

improved in the days of Louis XIV., who reduced himself to such straits, in the latter years of his reign, that he was obliged, in 1688, to send more than a hundred thousand marks of plate to the mint, from which he did not but draw more than three million francs, though it had cost him ten. At this period, too, the fashion changed; there arose a disdain for all Gothic workmanship, and many articles were melted down simply because they were deemed in bad taste. The French Revolution and the great European war that followed did but endorse the lessons of previous generations.

There are, however, a few choice specimens left. Such is King Alfred's jewel, now preserved at Oxford. Lost by him in the Isle of Athelney, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, it was found about the end of the seventeenth century. It is an oval of gold, with the form of a man holding a sceptre, in what may have been enamel, and covered with a crystal. A border of filigree-work surrounds it. A ring of Athelwulf, the father of Alfred, is in the British Museum, and probably the most ancient example of an early enamel. The crown of Charlemagne is also preserved, and there is a beautiful pastoral staff at Versailles which is well worth attention. The head is cut out of a solid block of rock crystal; the staff is blue, semé with fleurs-de-lis. The whole length

is covered with a tube of crystal, divided into eight compartments by knots of red jasper; at the head is a lamb bearing a cross, and at the other end a gold castle and crown. A clasp that was made for Charles V. will illustrate what has been said about the gorgeous style of personal ornaments. It is about six inches square, in the form of an Austrian eagle; the breast and wing are covered with rubies; pearls hang from the tail, beak, and legs; the head has a large pearl set in a crown. It is placed on a gold and ornamented ground, lozenge shaped, surrounded by sapphires, pearls, amethysts and emeralds; with a festooned border of red and green enamel. In the latter are eight small boxes, to contain relics of the saints whose names are written inside. The spoon in the Regalia at the Tower is probably the most ancient article there, and belongs to the twelfth century; and among our city companies, there still remain some fine specimens of old cups and plates.

One thing must strike the mind in examining these remains of ancient luxury: it is the amount of pains and genius which were expended on the smallest detail, and often upon very simple things. With an artistic taste and a love for the beautiful, we may return again and again to enjoy an old binding, a cup, or a jewel, allowing our imagination to revert to the gay and gorgeous times of the mediæval goldsmiths.

Athenæum.

CONTINUATION OF THE DEEP-SEA EXPLORATION.

MEN of science, and indeed all who desire to see an extension of our knowledge of the great forces at work ever forming and changing the face of the globe, will be glad to hear of the proposal to continue the explorations into the physical and biological phenomena of the deep-ocean beds, on a larger scale. Dr. Carpenter and Prof. Wyville Thomson, during the last three years, have, as our readers are aware, investigated, with the dredge, with the thermometer, and by chemical analysis, the conditions presented by a portion of the deep North Atlantic bed, not far distant from our own coasts. By the wise liberality of the Government, they have been in these successive expeditions aided by the use of a vessel and crew belonging to the Navy; and, in consequence of this

assistance, they have been able to achieve results which would otherwise have been well nigh impossible. These results are of so great an importance and interest that they have excited profound attention in all parts of the world; and at the present time the United States, Sweden, and Germany are preparing to carry on similar investigations. Already the hydrographer's department of the United States Government has obtained confirmatory evidence on the western side of the Atlantic; and under the intelligent superintendence of the same department, which appears to recognize in these researches a sphere of work which it is its duty to occupy, there will, no doubt, be much further of value done in the same line. The first proposition, four years since, from Prof. Wy-

ville Thomson to our Government to assist by the loan of a ship in a careful exploration of the deeper portions of the North Atlantic arose from the interest excited by the researches of a Swedish dredging expedition. England has, however, as indeed is only right, always been foremost in the investigation of the nature of the sea, its currents, depths, life, &c. English naturalists have been the most prominent in the use of the dredge for ascertaining the forms of life occurring on sea-bottoms; the most valuable soundings have been made by English navigators from the time of Ross onwards, and the art of manipulating submarine cables has been worked out by Englishmen. We are more interested in a thorough understanding of the sea than any other nation, and it is only reasonable, therefore, that our Government should take very decided steps in carrying on, and even originating, researches tending to such knowledge; and, being thus practically interested in the matter, the scientific problems connected with the sea,—so fundamental in geological speculation, so fertile in relation to the origin and nature of life,—naturally fall to our share for investigation; and we, with our immense naval apparatus,—as a people with a Royal Society and a claim to a place in the scientific community,—are bound for our honor to take up these questions.

Let us recall briefly what are the results which the expeditions of the last three years have furnished. It had been a current belief among physical geographers that the temperature of the deepest portions of the sea was everywhere about 39° Fahr., sinking to that point as the thermometer descends from the warmer surface in equatorial regions, and ascending to that point as the thermometer is lowered from the colder surface of polar regions. But in his first exploration in the deep channel which lies between the north of Scotland and the Faroe Isles, Dr. Carpenter found, over a considerable area, at depths of 600 fathoms, a temperature of only 32° to 33° Fahr., the surface temperature being only about 52°; in closely contiguous regions, at the same depths and with the same surface-temperature, the remarkable fact was observed that the temperature was not less than 47°. Coupled with this difference of temperature, there was found a difference of fauna,

the living things in the cold area being of a different type from, and less abundant than, those of the warm area, which resembled the forms occurring in the warmer temperate seas. This and subsequent confirmatory observations have been explained by Dr. Carpenter, by a theory of oceanic currents, which is of exceeding importance. Much influence has been attributed to surface currents, such as the Gulf Stream, in relation to climates and the equalization of the temperature of the globe. Dr. Carpenter suggests that the deep areas of cold water which he observed are currents of cooled water passing from the regions of polar ice to the equator,—the water warmed at the surface in the equatorial regions spreads to the polar regions, and being there rapidly cooled by the accumulated ice sinks, in virtue of its greater density, below the warm water continually arriving from the tropics, the constant displacement of cooled water by warm producing a constant current. In this way a continual circulation is effected of a far more general nature, and proportionately more important than the limited surface currents with which we were previously acquainted. The analogy of the atmospheric circulation is entirely in favor of this theory, and simple experiments which we are every day making in heating apparatuses of various kinds, such as the hot-water pipes of our greenhouses, give us ample proof that the agents at work, viz., equatorial heat and polar cold, are causes capable of producing the results ascribed to them. Sir John Herschel, a short time before his death, expressed an opinion favorable to Dr. Carpenter's theory. If true, it will considerably modify the received doctrine of the dependence of our own climate, and of the amelioration of the temperature of the polar basin on an extension of the Gulf Stream; it will also considerably modify the glacial doctrine of geologists, limiting its range in one direction, whilst vastly extending it in others; and it will have an important bearing on the *rationale* of those surface currents which are so important in navigation, and of which the explanation has hitherto been so difficult. The Baltic current, the Gibraltar current, and the Bosphorus current, have been rendered intelligible by the light of this theory, which Dr. Carpenter hopes further to confirm during the present summer. To

extend the researches which led to these results into the great ocean beds of other parts of the world is clearly very desirable.

The existence of such diverse submarine climates side by side, as were observed in the North Atlantic, has also a great importance for the geologist, for were the sea-bottom in this part now to become dry land, we should find two very different looking deposits, containing two series of remains—really contemporaneous, but indicating such difference of conditions, that our present geological theories would lead us to class them as belonging to distinct *successive* periods, sufficiently separated to allow of climatic changes. It would be most interesting to ascertain if such diversity, and to what extent, is to be met with in other ocean beds. We are accustomed to see the kinds of living productions of various regions of the earth's surface limited by high mountain ranges, by breaks in the land surface, and by the course of rivers. Rivers often carry with them, along the whole course of their beds, a peculiar fauna, and it seems that we may regard the deep-ocean currents as rivers limited by watery barriers, spreading their special fauna over considerable ranges of latitude, and separated by differences of temperature as impassable as, and far sharper in their restricting action than, mountainous elevations. To ascertain to what extent this distributing action of the deep-sea currents holds good, by extended researches in other and more distant ocean beds, is exceedingly important.

Apart from the question of ocean currents, the deep-sea explorations of the last three years have led to the discovery of abundant life at enormous depths in the ocean. Three hundred fathoms were supposed to be about the limit to which life extended, and in spite of a few observations, by means of soundings, which tended to falsify this opinion, naturalists believed that, in consequence of the diminution of light, and the great pressure of the superjacent water, animals and plants could not exist in what was called the abyssal zone of the ocean. Now we know from actual dredging of the bottom, that animals in considerable variety exist in the sea at a depth of at least *three miles*, under a pressure of *three tons* on every square inch, and probably at the greatest existing depths.

These great depths having been previously unexplored—as might be expected—new and most interesting forms of life have been met with, even in the small area already examined. Many very beautiful sponges and certain star-fishes, of kinds most nearly allied to those of which we have remains in the chalk formation, have been obtained; and it would appear probable that in these great depths we have the descendants of a series of forms which in past periods occupied the shallower parts of the sea, but have been gradually supplanted and forced into these regions (certainly less favorable on the whole for a flourishing existence) by the action of changed conditions and the immigration of other groups or faunæ. From this point of view the inhabitants of these deep regions may be compared to the arctic plants found on mountain heights, or to the representatives of the great extinct group of ganoid fishes which linger on in the retirement of some of the large African and American rivers. So remarkably does the life of the deep warmer areas of the North Atlantic correspond to that contained in the chalk deposit, that Prof. Wyville Thomson has observed that we may be said, even now, to be living in the cretaceous period. The ooze accumulating in these areas has the same character as chalk, being principally formed of the remains of small calcareous shells,—those of globigerina; whilst the sponges, echinoderms, and molluscs present the closest affinities to cretaceous forms. The conditions, under which the cretaceous beds were deposited have never entirely ceased, and though changing their area of operation, and probably much modified in ways to be yet clearly worked out,—in doing which the proper understanding of ocean currents and their causes must be fundamental,—they continue in operation over a wide area of the present sea-bed. A condition of the land or sea-bottom which once existed may be, it is conceivable, entirely destroyed, and with it its characteristic inhabitants, which either themselves become modified, or are completely supplanted by the incursions of the inhabitants of neighboring areas more fitted to the new conditions. The diversion or mingling of currents might bring about such a change by degrees in a sea-bed. On the other hand, instead of being entirely lost, the conditions of life operating

over a given area might merely change their ground, wandering by degrees perhaps very far from their earlier site, with slight modification, and then, instead of remaining to be extinguished by competition with newly arriving inhabitants, the old fauna would move with its moving conditions (suppose in the case of the chalk fauna a moving warm current or currents), and would thus follow them, changing with their changes, developing with their renewed favor, or shrinking with their increasing unsuitability, until finally laid open by encroachment on a particular area to the inroads of a fauna more fitted to flourish under those conditions, now much modified by long and gradual changes, than they themselves: then they would become extinct.

Such speculations as these are suggested by the remarkable forms of life dredged up in a small portion of the deeper parts of the ocean. Were these researches extended to the depths of the Indian, Pacific, and Southern oceans, we cannot doubt that results of inconceivable interest would be obtained. What strange organisms might not be brought to light!—what precious remnants of a lost world! The zoologist and the geologist would alike receive immense additions to their knowledge; and whilst theories of the formation of the earth's crust and the past condition of the globe would obtain firmer basis, the connection of living forms of life with those which are extinct, and whose nature is

but partially known through their fossil remains, would be largely elucidated.

No private individual could possibly carry on the work which is so desirable. But a four years' circumnavigation voyage could, with slight expense to the country, be arranged by the Admiralty, and the accomplished investigator, whose researches made during the past three years we have briefly mentioned, is, we believe, ready to devote his services to such an undertaking.

The interest which is felt in the country by educated people in Dr. Carpenter's and his colleague's work is proved by the requests which they have received to recount their experiences in public lectures in various towns. That such employment as this has a good moral influence upon the Navy,—upon its credit with the country, and of our country with foreign nations,—cannot be doubted; whilst the increasing importance attached to the study of natural science as a part of education throughout the country demands an increased recognition and encouragement of its advanced objects by the State. An expedition such as it is proposed to organize,—certain to be fraught with such valuable results,—would not entail a greater expenditure, spread over three or four years, than that incurred in one year for the Blacas collection. Of course, the material obtained in such an expedition would be national property, and placed in the national collection.

Cornhill Magazine.

MARIAN MAY.

MARIAN MAY was our hamlet's pride,
Worthy a queen to be,
For of all the maids in the country side
Was none so fair as she.

Her hair was like silk and her eyes like wine,
Liquid and dark and deep;
They sparkled and danced in the broad sunshine,
Or melted in rosy sleep.

Lovers by scores for her white hand sighed,
Of high and of low degree,
And many came riding from far and wide,
Her sweethearts fain to be.

The squire had plenty of golden store,
Such as for him was meet ;
And he wished no better, and asked no more,
Than to lay it all at her feet.

But she put his gifts and his vows aside,
Laughing, and out spake she :
" I never was born for a rich man's bride,
So I cannot mate with thee."

The parson he came, with his face so grave,
Gentle and sleek and prim,
And said the best way her soul to save
Was to take and marry him.

But she only opened her eyes full wide,
Wondering, and quoth she,
" Were there never a man in the world beside,
You'd be far too good for me ! "

The colonel he swore a right round oath—
" Little one, be my wife !
I've scars and a pension enough for both,
If you'll share a soldier's life."

He vowed that he would not be denied,
Low on his bended knee ;
But she tossed her head with a pretty pride,
Said, " I never will wed with thee ! "

Robin came back from the sea one day,
Out of the distant west,
And the child with whom he used to play,
A woman he clasped to his breast.

She sobbed and kissed, and she laughed and cried—
" Welcome, my love," said she ;
" For woe or for weal, and whate'er betide,
I will fare the world through with thee ! "

H. C. MERIVALE.

—♦♦♦—
Saturday Review.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

It is a good sign for England that the death of a scientific man like Sir John Herschel, although he had lived for many years in close retirement, had rarely been seen except by members of his own family and personal friends, and had long given over scientific work of the more serious kind, is felt as a great and national loss. High and low, rich and poor, lament the absence of one who has been to most of them little more than a name ; first, because the dignity of a life spent in the study of nature is beginning to assert it-

self ; and, secondly, because in Sir John Herschel the power of scientific observation was pre-eminently associated not only with the power of appealing to tens of thousands by his writings, but with all those qualities which, when we find them in a great man, make him universally beloved.

In attempting to give a sketch of a man who was so emphatically the son of his father, both in thought and work, it is impossible to speak of one without referring to the other. Not only were they laborers

in the same vast field, but for many years of his life Sir John Herschel was engaged in researches which may be looked upon as an extension of those commenced by his father. Born at Slough in 1792, he passed his childhood under the shadow of that giant telescope which his father's skill and indomitable perseverance had erected, and to which the liberality of the King, who endowed the father with a sum of 400*l.* a year, enabled him to devote all his energies. Here we may stop to remark upon the large amount of immortal work which has been done under analogous conditions. The names of Ptolemy, Galileo, and Tycho at once occur to us as having been similarly aided in the very science which the Herschels have so brilliantly cultivated. How much work is still remaining undone in the presence of exactly the opposite conditions now, when the *même inutile* of Louis Quatorze is clean forgotten, abstract science is all but an outcast, and "Her Majesty's Government"—the modern King—while indeed it performs its duty in buying pictures, does nothing for the furtherance of natural knowledge, and all too little for its distribution!

John Herschel, indirectly profiting without doubt by this magnificent endowment, and reared in an atmosphere of wonderful discoveries, went to Eton and subsequently to St. John's College, Cambridge, filled with an intense love of his father's pursuits; and, as a result of his early training and his own mental powers, he came out senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman in 1813, with Peacock as second wrangler, and Babbage—backing out of the battle of giants—captain of the poll. In the same year he sent his first paper to the Royal Society.

In 1816 we find him engaged in astronomical work in one of those prolific fields of observation which his father had opened up to an astonished world. The fixed stars, on which the prestige of immutability had rested after Galileo had snatched it from the sun, had been found to include some which appeared double or treble, not because they were in the same line from the eye, but because they were physically connected, revolving round each other, or rather round a common centre of motion, as our earth does round the sun. This, and an examination of the nebulae and clusters discovered by his

father, engaged much of Herschel's attention for some years, and in conjunction with Sir James South he presented a paper to the Royal Society, embodying upwards of 10,000 observations on the double stars, which was printed in 1824; and in 1832 a catalogue of 2,000 nebulae and clusters was also printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

But this by no means represents the sum total of his activity during this period. The mathematical papers communicated in 1813 and the following years to the *Philosophical Transactions* were soon supplemented by papers on chemistry, many of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* about 1819. In 1828 physical science was added to chemical science, and Herschel broke ground in his many researches on optical questions by a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the action of crystallized bodies in homogeneous light; while, with astonishing versatility, in 1824 he had sufficiently mastered the subject of electricity to deliver the Bakerian Lecture before the Royal Society on the motion produced in fluid conductors when transmitting the electric current. We note these incidents merely to show Herschel's many-sidedness in his scientific work, not by any means to exhaust its list; for this many pages in the Royal Society's *Index of Scientific Papers* would have to be quoted. There is one item of what may be termed his miscellaneous work to which we must specially refer. In 1822 we find him investigating the spectra of colored flames, and these researches were carried on, at intervals at all events, till 1827, when he wrote, "The colors thus contributed by different objects to flame afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them." Here we find spectrum analysis almost stated in terms, and yet, although Herschel, Brewster, and Fox Talbot were on the track of the most brilliant discovery of our age, the clue was lost and little came of their labors. It is one thing to make observations, and another to plan and conduct researches in a perfectly untrodden field; and it is no disparagement of Herschel to make this remark in connection with his experiments on spectrum analysis, for although he would certainly, as a result of these experiments, have anticipated Kirchhoff and

Bunsen, if he had been gifted with that kind of genius which dominates the mind of the discoverer, his mind was intent upon a great project which he did not delay to put into execution. This was nothing less than an endeavor to do for the Southern heavens that which his father and himself had done for the Northern ones. This project he carried into execution in the year 1834, by taking his celebrated 18½-inch reflector, of 20 feet focal length, made by himself, and a smaller refractor, to the Cape of Good Hope, and erecting his observatory at Feldausen, near Table Bay. Here for four years of self-imposed exile his industry was simply unparalleled. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the working of large reflecting telescopes of the construction adopted by Sir John Herschel to appreciate the tremendous labor and patience involved in the work he had set himself to do. Those who have only seen astronomical observations carried on in an observatory where for the most part equatorially mounted refractors, with observing chairs allowing the utmost ease to the observers, are employed, can form no idea of the extreme discomfort of him who is perched high up, on a small stage, standing for the most part in the open air; yet this was Herschel's self-imposed duty not only in his Cape observations, but in the earlier work to which we have before referred. Such was his industry that he by no means confined himself to his "sweepings," double star observations, and "night-work" generally. Some of the most beautiful drawings of sun spots that we possess are to be found in the volume in which his work is recorded, entitled "Results of Astronomical Observations made during 1834-38 at the Cape of Good Hope, being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1823"; a volume, let us add, which was published partly at the expense of the Duke of Northumberland. In addition to all the new knowledge of old nebulae, and descriptions of those he had discovered in the Southern hemisphere, Sir John Herschel took advantage of the position at the Cape to delineate the magnificent nebulae of Orion, as well as that surrounding Argus, and to determine the places of all the included stars visible in his large instrument. The fidelity of these drawings is something wonderful.

We may fitly complete our notice of Sir John Herschel's work by referring to the two catalogues which within the last few years he has presented to the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies—one of all known nebulae, in which are brought together all the observation of Messier, his father, himself, Lord Rosse, Lassell, Bond, and others; the other, a *seventh* catalogue of double stars, completing the former lists presented to the Royal Astronomical Society during the years 1827-37.

So much in brief for Herschel's observations and experimental work. As a scientific writer he was equally diligent. Immediately after taking his degree, in 1813, he commenced writing on mathematical subjects, and afterwards these were changed for physical studies. In the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and in various encyclopædias articles of unsurpassed excellence and clearness are to be found from his fertile pen, for instance, his articles on Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, which have been reprinted in a separate form. Some of this work appeared before he went to the Cape, as also his Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy and his Treatise on Astronomy. In all these there is evidence of Herschel's great power as a writer, and of his appreciation of the importance of natural knowledge in itself.

There are many kinds of popular scientific writing. In one we find a full knowledge and complete grasp of the subject associated with a power of manipulating language and a vein of poetry, the greatest charm of all being the perfect suppression of the writer. The field of nature explored alone meets the eye, and one reads on as if under a spell; there is nothing to cloud the scene. In another kind we have large knowledge and almost equal fluency, but the poetry runs riot into sensationalism, and nature is studied under difficulties—the author, the showman, is everywhere. In yet another kind we find power of writing and some knowledge; but here the harvest is not for the reader, but for the writer, who therefore hesitates not to spice his articles highly, in order that his inaccuracies may escape detection by the majority of his readers.

We cannot pursue this analysis farther; suffice it to say that Herschel's more popular writings were supreme in the highest class. And, with all his consciousness of

intellectual powers, he was never tempted into the weak vanity of scepticism. Very lately he observed of a well-known work upon the origin of species, that, if its author had only recognized a Creator, he would have made one of the greatest discoveries of science.

Herschel's latest scientific publication was his *Outlines of Astronomy*, first published in 1849, a work which would have almost if not quite sufficed to make the reputation of any ordinary man; it has already run through several editions, and has been translated into several languages, Chinese among the number. The last publication which bears his name was the fruit of that vigorous old age which sought recreation in change of occupation; and it is characteristic alike of the versatility of Herschel's genius and of the immortal interest of the Homeric poems that his final volume should have been a translation of the *Iliad* into English hexameters. Sir John Herschel had long been accustomed to charm his friends by sparkling *vers de société*, and in his leisure hours he would divert himself with indulging in the composition of Latin verse.

It is some consolation to know that the great man at whose labors we have rapidly glanced died full of honors in a ripe old age. Too often the merits of an English man of science are for the first time recognized when he has gone from among us. This was by no means Herschel's case. His scientific labors received the highest honors which the Royal Society, the Paris Academy of Sciences, and the Royal Astronomical Society can bestow. A baronetcy was conferred upon him on his return from the Cape, where let us add, all his observations were made at his own expense. St. John's College conferred upon him the first of its Honorary Fellowships; Oxford granted him her D.C.L.; and Marischal College, Aberdeen, claimed him as its Rector. But he was never

President of the Royal Society or of the British Association.

The distinguishing feature of his character was the quality which we can best describe by a very trite but expressive appellation, simplicity. The price of intellect and the vanity of cleverness—qualities different in themselves, though often confounded—where equally absent from his nature, while that self-reliance which is their better counterpart never failed to assert itself. The womanly jealousies and partisanship which too often discredit the career of philosophers were abhorrent to his nature, while in the scramble for titular distinctions his form could never be desecrated. His spirits were those of a boy, happy not only in the enjoyment of life, but in the consciousness of being able to give the highest pleasure to others, while his sympathy was ever ready and ever judicious.

It is a welcome indication of the growing feeling of the value and dignity of scientific work that the remains of Sir John Herschel should rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of Newton. Of his private life in his beautiful home of Collingwood, at Hawkhurst in the rich Weald of Kent, we should have much to say if we could bring ourselves to expose to the public gaze the interior of a household singular for the unbroken affection which united all its members, the earnestness and purity of its aims, the talent, the taste, and the gracefulness of all its pursuits. The lady whom Sir John Herschel made the partner of his life was in every way worthy of him, with an intellect to apprehend his deepest studies, a self-forgetting devotion to ease every labor, a beauty and gentleness which lightened the philosopher's study with all the charms of graceful happiness. The children who grew up under such auspices reflected the virtues and abilities of their parents, while in Alexander Herschel we find the third generation of a family of science.*

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

[We are compelled to omit the usual *Literary Notices* this month, in order to make room for the large amount of *Foreign Literary Notes* which has accumulated on our hands.—EDITOR.]

Mr. Murray, the London Publisher, will issue in November Mr. Grote's "Aristotle," on which the author was engaged for many years before his death. It will be published as Mr. Grote left it.

Mr. Browning's new poem *Balanstion's Adventure* is dedicated to the Countess Cowper.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has been compelled by sickness to abandon his public readings, and it is said they can never under any circumstances be renewed.

* Sir John died on May 11th, 1871.

The Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester, is engaged on "An Autobiography of Satan," which will be published in the autumn.

M. Guizot has a new work ready on the moral condition of France under the Orleans monarchy and the second Empire.

A History of the Siege of Paris, by M. Louis Blanc, and a *Diary of the Siege*, by M. Léon Gautier, are announced.

Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany", a Collection of Choice Songs, Scotch and English, has been reprinted from the fourteenth edition, in two handsome little volumes on toned paper, for a Glasgow publisher, Mr. John Crum.

Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary will shortly be published in Dresden, in a German version, from the pen of Herr K. Eitner, under the title of "Recollections of Germany from 1804 to 1864."

A new library edition of Fielding's works in ten volumes is announced in England; it is to be edited by Dr. J. P. Browne. The edition is limited to 750 copies, of which 250 are already bespoken for America.

A French officer, who was taken prisoner in the late war, has profited by his imprisonment, and in a volume entitled "L'Allemagne," published in Rouen, gives his countrymen a very able account of the German nation and character.

The printing of the great fragment of the Metrical Chronicle of Jacob van Maerlant (33,000 verses), which was discovered at Vienna two years ago, has been commenced at Leyden. The work will be finished by the summer of 1872.

Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, was obliged, it is said, to publish most of his works at his own expense, but is quite well off now. He receives a comfortable salary as a preacher of a village church near Drontheim, and his copyrights yield him about five thousand dollars a year.

It is estimated that the Strasbourg library will contain nearly two hundred thousand volumes by the 1st of October. The law-library of the late lamented Vangerow, the great Heidelberg jurist, said to be one of the most complete on the European continent, has recently been added to it.

Dr. Cornish in his "Waverley Manual", a volume compiled to facilitate reference to Scott's prose works of fiction, answers the mistaken assertion that Sir Walter's works are out of fashion, by remarking that the Edinburgh publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, have seven separate editions of the novels always on sale, besides the Centenary Edition now publishing.

We learn from La Turquie that the Ottoman Government has put the Imperial Museum at Constantinople under the direction of Mr. Goold, and that the establishment is being placed on a respectable footing. It is rich in local antiquities, and has a remarkable collection of historical arms. Mr. Goold, having classified his Museum, has published a catalogue, with illustrations by local photographers, chiefly the Messrs. Abdullah, Armenians.

The Journal des Débats calls attention to the fact that, from the destruction of the Archives of Paris by the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, new interest attaches to M. Jal's "Dictionnaire Historique Critique," which is the fruit of laborious researches pursued during fifteen years, the most important of which were made in the Archives of the Hôtel de Ville.

Mr. Walter Besant and *Mr. E. H. Palmer* are engaged upon a joint work on the History of Jerusalem, from the days of Herod to modern times. It will contain, among other things, the story of the short-lived Christian Kingdom, and—which will be new to most readers—the life of Saladin, as told by the Arab chroniclers. The book will appear in October.

A hieratic papyrus, part of a treatise on Medicine, has been presented to the British Museum by the Royal Institution. Some of the recipes date from a very early period, and one is said to have been discovered at a later period, which was formerly in use in the days of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid. Other recipes are stated to have been in use in the reign of Amenophis III., of the eighteenth dynasty.

More than four-score years have elapsed since the *Daily Universal Register* (established in 1785) changed its name to the *Times*, "which" (it was said of the name) "being a monosyllable, bids defiance to corruptors and mutilators of the language." The change was made on New Year's Day, 1788. Five years later the circulation of the paper did not exceed 1,000 copies! A history of the above-named journal, from its foundation to the passing of the Reform Bill, is now in progress, and is likely to appear in the autumn.

The School of Typography, established in Leipzig a few years since, is to be considerably extended as regards its course of teaching. It already educates a large number of young artisans, who are not only instructed in the technical knowledge relating to their profession, but also in foreign languages and other subjects of which an accurate knowledge is desirable for a typographer. For the sake of authors as well as printers, it is to be wished that some corresponding institution existed in America.

The Fortnightly Review for July contains an eloquent although guarded criticism on the genius of the dramatist Ford, by A. C. Swinburne. The writer declines to assent fully to the enthusiastic estimate of Charles Lamb; and after balancing Ford's special merit of sweetness and intensity of human sentiment against his special shortcomings in occasional dull license, and a certain sluggishness both of humor and imagination, proceeds to place him in the second rather than the first rank of the illustrious Elizabethans.

A valuable service is about to be rendered to German literature, and the students of it in foreign countries, by the publication, under the editorial auspices of MM. Paul Heyse and Hermann Kurz, of a selection of the best German novelettes, hitherto scattered amid the voluminous works of a variety of authors. The three volumes already published comprise such masterpieces of fiction as Kleist's "Verlobung in St. Domingo," Tieck's

"Gemälde," Keller's "Romeo und Julia aus dem Dorfe," with others of equal merit. The publisher is R. Oldenburg, of Munich.

Miss Christina Rossetti has in the press a volume, named "Sing-song: a Nursery-Rhyme Book," being a set of brief snatches of song fitted for a nursery audience,—now tender, now quaint, but not (as our readers may guess) following in those paths of exquisite and illimitable absurdity which Mr. Edward Lear has made his own in the pages of the "Book of Nonsense." The volume will be published by Messrs. Routledge, in England, and also in America. It will be profusely illustrated with woodcuts designed by Mr. Arthur Hughes, and engraved by Messrs. Dalziel.

The Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. (author of "Mythology of the Aryan Nations") and Mr. E. Hinton Jones are preparing a work to be entitled "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," in which they will endeavor to give, in a popular prose form, some of the earlier Metrical Romances. It is to comprise the stories of "Arthur," "Roland," "Bevis of Hampton," "Guy of Warwick," "Sir Tristram," "Merlin," "Havelok," "Olger," and "Beowulf," together with notes and an introduction tracing the comparative mythology of these stories in their relation to elder myths.

It has been a long-disputed question whether the discovery of printing was made by the German Guttenberg, of Mayence, or the Dutchman Coster, of Haarlem. A valuable contribution to this controversy has lately appeared in the *Augsburg Gazette*, under the title "Die Haarlemer Costerlegende," by Dr. A. van der Linde, who, although himself a native of Haarlem, shows, on historical and typographical grounds, that the important invention of movable types, which is in fact printing itself, is undoubtedly due to Germany, while the priority ascribed to the Haarlem citizen rests on mere patriotic legends.

Mr. William Paterson, of Edinburgh, announces a new series of the Early Scottish Poets, in foolscap octavo, edited by Mr. David Laing, uniform with that gentleman's new edition of Sir David Lyndesay; a collection of very rare and curious Ballads, principally historical, edited by Mr. J. Maidment; Alex. Barclay's "Shyp of Fooles of the Worlde," reprinted from Pynson's edition of 1509, edited by Mr. T. H. Jamieson, and, with 112 woodcuts, fac-similed, by Mr. J. T. Reid, from the Basle edition; the "Commonplacebook of Robert Burns," printed from the original manuscript, and the works of Gavin Douglas, four volumes, edited by Mr. J. Small.

Passion Plays were in great favor in Kilkenny during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries. The *Kilkenny Moderator*, in a report of the recent meeting, in that city, of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland, in some extracts from the Red Book of the Corporation, produced at the meeting, states that at Midsummer, 1586, one Richard Cogan played Christ. The sum he received for it is omitted; but we learn that while Harry Moore, for acting the Devil, got 8*d.*, the Kilkenny baker, for impersonating the Archangel Michael, received

only 6*d.* Lace and gloves for setting forth the Maries, with items referring to the costumes of Christ and less important personages,—indeed, the properties generally,—lead to the impression that the Kilkenny Passion and Resurrection Plays were got up with artistic eye to effect.—*Athenæum*.

In the *Rev. W. Lucas Collins's* useful little volume, entitled "Cicero," he notices the personal invective which the orator flung, in the Senate, at Piso. Cicero called his opponent "beast!" and exposed his bodily deformities. Mr. Collins finds a modern parallel for this (in the Irish House of Commons), which he takes from Mr. O'Flanagan's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland." The "member for Galway, attacking an opponent when he knew his sister was present . . . denounced the whole family,—from the toothless old hag that is now grinning in the gallery, to the white-livered scoundrel that is now shivering on the floor!"

Mr. Halliwell has had the good fortune to discover evidence that Shakespeare acted on two occasions before Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1594, in company with Kemp and Burbage, all three being described as "Servants to the Lord Chamberlain." Critical students of the biography of Shakespeare will at once appreciate the significance of these interesting facts. The poet was then in his thirty-first year. No record of his performances as an actor at so early a period has yet been produced, but the circumstance of his then being a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company is of still greater interest. We now know, what hitherto has been merely a conjecture, that the great dramatist belonged to that body before the Globe Theatre was opened, and when the company were performing at Newington the old play of "Hamlet," the predecessor of Shakespeare's tragedy.

Bride of Lammermoor.—The marriage contract of the Bride of Lammermoor has quite lately been discovered at St. Mary's Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. It was evidently unknown to Sir Walter when he wrote the novel. Lord Selkirk is the representative of the family of Dunbar, of Baldoon, and has the family papers in his possession. It was in arranging these that accidentally he came upon this contract of marriage. The four signatures are, David Dunbar (the bridegroom), Janet Dalrymple (the bride), James Dalrymple (bride's father), Baldoon (bridegroom's father). One of the witnesses, James Dalrymple, may have been the bride's brother, who rode behind her to the church, and whose dagger was said to have been used in the murder. A fac-simile has been taken of the document. Judging from this, there is little tremor in the bride's signature. Messrs. Black, we are glad to hear, are going to publish the fac-simile in their Centenary Edition of the Waverley Novels.

Prof. Gilberto Govi has recently edited "Three Letters of Galileo Galilei," one of which had remained up to the present day unpublished, and which Prof. Govi discovered in the Archives of Mantua amongst the correspondence of the Dukes of the House of Gonzaga. The first of these letters is directed to Duke Vincenzo the First, and bears date the 22d of March, 1604; in it Galileo

gives the Duke information respecting a Milanese quack and alchemist, Aurelio Capra, to whom the Duke had had recourse in the hope of receiving precious drugs to restore his shattered health. The second, written on the 22d of January, 1611, is addressed to the poetess Margherita Sarrocchi, who had sent her poem entitled "Scanderbeide" to Galileo. The third letter is dated the 15th of June, 1612, and Prof. Govi has been able to ascertain that it was directed to Cardinal Ferdinando Gonzaga, who, towards the end of A.D. 1612, became, on the death of his brother, Duke of Mantua.

Baron Wolfgang von Goethe, the younger of Goethe's two grandsons, has commenced to print (for the present, we are sorry to learn, for private circulation only) the result of his many years' researches in the archives of Rome, Florence, and Venice, referring to the ecclesiastical history of Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The work is entitled "Studien und Forschungen über das Leben und die Zeit des Cardinals Bessarion, 1395—1472. Abhandlungen, Regesten und Collectaneen von Wolfgang von Goethe,"—and the first number of the first part has just been distributed, as an earnest of the whole. Friends who have been favored with copies praise the work highly. It is considered to be full of well-digested, new, and important matter, and hopes are expressed that it may soon become accessible to the lovers of history at large. Wolfgang von Goethe, the younger, was formerly attached to the Prussian embassy, Rome, and made his literary *début*, it will be remembered, some twenty years ago, with a little volume of poems and a philosophical drama.

Mrs. Stowe's Last Novel.—The *Saturday Review* says of "Pink and White Tyranny," Mrs. Stowe's last novel:—"On the whole, Mrs. Stowe appears to us to have committed the most fatal sin of a novelist, that of being distinctly dull. How far this is her fault in leaving the ground on which she is naturally strongest, and how far it is a necessary consequence of the monotonous exterior of American society, is a question which we shall not seek to investigate. Only we regret that a book which is meant to enforce an excellent moral should hardly possess the one qualification for enforcing any moral, good or bad—that, namely, of being generally readable. We hope that the next time we meet Mrs. Stowe it may be on the ground where she has been able to discover materials for composing good novels as well as second-rate tracts. There is just a trace or two of her old power in one or two places; but we are sorry that we are confined to a mere passing glimpse, for example, of the stern preacher who tells Miss Lillie that he shall pray that her beauty may be destroyed by the small-pox as the only chance for the salvation of her soul."

Honoring the Rossettis.—When the question of removing to Italy the remains of Ugo Foscolo was before the Italian Parliament, one of the Neapolitan deputies, General Mariano d'Azala, asked the Government to render a similar honor to the remains of Gabriele Rossetti. This very popular and admired Neapolitan poet (father of the Dante Gabriel Rossetti of our own days) was a fervent Liberal in the darkest period of the

Bourbon rule, and, being exiled after the treacherous suppression of the Constitution of the Kingdom of Naples in 1822, he went to England, obtained the Professorship of Italian Literature in King's College, London, engaged in Dantesque studies of uncommon range and significance, and, dying in 1854, now lies buried in Highgate Cemetery. The Minister Correnti favored the motion of General d'Azala, intimating, however, that the initiative in the matter should be taken by the city of Naples. The distinguished revolutionary liberal, Count Ricciardi, and other Neapolitans, have adopted the project warmly; and there is every likelihood that it would have taken effect, were it not that the living members of the Rossetti family, all permanently domiciled in England, are disposed to leave the repose of the grave undisturbed.

W. D. Howells.—For the rapidly-increasing popularity of its humorous productions, the literature of the United States is considerably indebted to Mr. W. D. Howells, whose present collection of descriptive papers (*Suburban Sketches*) will not diminish the favor with which he is regarded by many readers. In no degree consequent on fantastic spelling or extravagancies of caricature, the effects of his sketches result from fidelity to human nature, subtle pleasantry, and power to rouse the gentler sensibilities by pathetic hints and droll suggestions. Seldom attempting to create riotous merriment, he is an artist whose success is evidenced by the quiet smiles, rather than by the laughter, of his perusers. In places the composure and serene deliberateness of his style remind us of Miss Mitford's village-sketches; but he more often displays himself as the affectionate disciple and agreeable imitator of Charles Lamb. Had Elia been an American of the present, instead of an Englishman of the last, generation, he would have given us such a portraiture of feminine merit and eccentricity as the sketch of Mrs. Johnson, whose culinary power was the fruit of a felicitous commingling of Indian wildness and African indolence. On the other hand, to an author whose originality and distinctive merits are scarcely less obvious than his imitative skill, it is only just to admit that, had he been a Londoner and Lamb's precursor, he would have found his business and delight in studying and exhibiting the humors of Cockneydom as shrewdly and whimsically as he observes and delineates the vagabonds and holiday-makers of Boston.—*Athenaeum.*

Manuscripts of John Locke.—Among the "Shaftesbury Papers," the valuable contribution made by the present Lord Shaftesbury to the literary treasures of the Record Office, the discovery has been made of the framer's draft of the original, or "First Set," of the Fundamental Constitutions for the Government of Carolina, of which Lord Shaftesbury's ancestor, the Lord Ashley of the period, was one of the Lords Proprietors. A small vellum-bound volume, comprising seventy-five leaves of manuscript, in the writing of John Locke, contains these original "Constitutions." Their numerous corrections, also in Locke's penmanship, show the attentive reconsideration given by the framer to his scheme of government. Historical inquirers and sceptics have long sought for conclusive evidence that John Locke was the real

designer of the political plan. The evidence has now appeared in a volume which demonstrates that Locke's brain and hand produced not only the Constitutions as they were first drawn, but also the amendments of the original proposals. Besides the first sketch of the Fundamental Constitutions, the "Shaftesbury Papers" contain also some highly interesting memoranda and documents in Locke's handwriting, concerning the settlement of Carolina, of which enterprise the philosopher, whilst acting as the Earl of Shaftesbury's secretary, appears to have been the chief mover. Amongst the several pamphlets in Locke's writing are "Collections out of the History of England," and "Reflections upon the Roman Commonwealth," written probably for the educational advancement of the third Earl of Shaftesbury, and the manuscript of the "Essay on Toleration," in two parts, dated 1667—a very noteworthy date—as Locke has been hitherto believed to have written the "Essay on Toleration" at a time subsequent to his departure from England, in 1683, and during his residence in Holland. This interesting collection affords matter of especial interest to the medical faculty in certain records of medical opinions and notes respecting consultations on Lord Ashley's case, in the writing of Locke.

Ruskin.—In the preface to his last book Ruskin thus settles the reciprocal rights of author, publisher, and public:—"Now, it has cost me twenty years of thought and of hard reading to learn what I have to tell you in these pamphlets; and you will find, if you choose to find, it is true, and may prove, if you choose to prove, that it is useful: and I am not in the least minded to compete for your audience with the 'opinions' in your damp journals, morning and evening, the black of them coming off on your fingers, and, beyond all washing, into your brains. It is no affair of mine whether you attend to me or not, but yours wholly; my hand is weary of pen-holding—my heart is sick of thinking; for my own part, I would not write you these pamphlets though you would give me a barrel of beer, instead of two pints, for them; I write them wholly for your sake; I choose that you shall have them decently printed on cream-colored paper, and with a margin underneath, which you can write on, if you like. That is also for your sake; it is a proper form of book for any man to have who can keep his books clean; and if he cannot, he has no business with books at all; it costs me ten pounds to print a thousand copies, and five more to give you a picture; and a penny off my sevenpence to send you the book—a thousand sixpences are twenty-five pounds; when you have bought a thousand *Fors* of me, I shall therefore have five pounds for my trouble—and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, five pounds for his; we won't work for less, either of us; not that we would not, were it good for you; but it would be by no means good."

George Eliot's Last Poem.—The dramatic fragment by George Eliot, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, fills nearly thirty pages of the number, and has for subject a crisis in the career of a musical genius. The opening scene sets forth the *début* of the heroine Armgart; her lame cousin Walpurga and high-born lover Graf Dornberg discuss her gifts and future until she comes in,

elated from a triumphant operatic success in Gluck's *Orpheus*, with her singing-master Leo. The next day Dornberg presses his suit; and we have a dialogue on what is the true career for a woman: Armgart scorning her lover's ideal of mere womanly perfection in favor of the ideal of artistic greatness to which her own nature and instincts passionately urge her; he for love of Armgart ready to waive his theory and let her follow her profession as his wife. But she refuses, foreseeing that a husband's cold toleration of her pursuits will hinder them not less than his prohibition would; and they part. A year elapses, and we find that Armgart, just recovering by the help of severe remedies from a dangerous affection of the throat, has gone off without leave to a rehearsal—her first occasion of singing since her illness. She comes back, desperate at finding the beauty of voice gone forever, and at first determined upon suicide; until a sudden revulsion is wrought in her by the appeal of Walpurga, who touches the right chord in Armgart by charging her with selfishness in letting herself be overwhelmed by her personal calamity; as if she more than others amid the struggle of the world—more than Walpurga herself, her faithful and obscure companion—had had a born right to such fruition of art and glory as that to which she had aspired. Meanwhile Dornberg, warned by a true instinct that any advance of his would now be regarded as compassion, and rejected as insult, has written a letter at once of sympathy and farewell. And Armgart, in a humbled temper, and with a new sense of gratitude to Walpurga, determines to go with her old master and her cousin, and become a teacher of music in the town where Walpurga was born, and where it will make her happiest to live. The above are the bald outlines of a piece of which the excellence is rather psychological than poetical. It recalls previous work of the author's in several points, as especially in its selection of a character possessed, like Maggie Tulliver and Fedalma, with the overmastering passion and rapture of music, and in its ethical conception of an intense personal agony made bearable by the absorption of the sense of self under the wider sympathy with mankind. Its fragmentary form exempts it from too close criticism as a work of art; but one might, according to certain standards, demur to the incident on which the action hinges, and ask whether a bronchial affection should be dignified into a tragic predicament. There are many lines and passages admirable both by vehemence and concentration, as where Armgart declines to be

"The millionth woman of superfluous herds,"

and many strokes of that epigrammatic form—epigram charged with emotion—which belongs peculiarly to this writer, as where the heroine again talks of

"That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain."

The pregnant and close-packed character of the thought a little suggests Browning, and the piece will be found to require some re-reading before its dramatic sequence and evolution come out, or the full subtlety of motive is apprehended in passages so good as that where Armgart declines Dornberg's final offer, or that where she suddenly gives way before the reproaches of Walpurga.

SCIENCE.

New Process of Cutting Glass and Stone.—A process of grinding and cutting glass, and of piercing glass and other hard substances, has been brought into use by Mr. Tilghman, of Philadelphia. It consists in driving a jet of sand with great velocity by air or steam against the plate which is to be ground or figured. Dwellers by the sea-shore know that the glass of their windows, in some places, loses its polish through the constant action of drifting sands on the panes; and this same action, in a concentrated form, is now to serve the arts, and put money into inventors' pockets. The mode of operation, briefly described, appears to be as follows:—"A stream of sand is driven by a fan into a large tube; the mouth of this tube is one inch wide, and two feet long, and through this the stream of sand rushes against plates of glass, and, in from ten to fifteen seconds, completely grinds as much of the surface as corresponds with the dimensions of the mouth of the tube. The plates of glass are moved by machinery until the whole surface is deadened, or ground; and a pattern may be produced at pleasure by covering the plate with tough paper cut to any device, or with a coat of oil-paint; the covered portions will then remain transparent, while the other parts of the surface will be dead. Sometimes white glass, coated on one side with a thin film of red glass, is manufactured for ornamental purposes; any pattern can, in like manner, be cut through the red glass by the sand-jet. If a plate of glass is covered with lace, and then exposed to the jet, the pattern of the lace will appear; and by properly regulating the blast, delicate fern-leaves may be used as the covering, and the plate will present the effect of an engraving of ferns. More examples might be enumerated, but these will suffice to indicate that there are many ways in which, with tubes of different sizes, glass may be cut or ornamented by a jet of sand. There are also other applications in which it has been advantageously employed. The jet will cut granite or any other kind of stone with great facility, if driven by high-pressure steam. It is found in practice that the rate of cutting is, in granite, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cubic inches a minute, marble 3, and soft brown sandstone 10 cubic inches; hence, grooves, mouldings and geometrical patterns may be cut in stone at the pleasure of the artificer. It seems hardly credible, but a jet of quartz sand, impelled by a steam-jet of 300 pounds' pressure, pierced an inch-and-a-half hole through a slab of corundum $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick in 25 minutes. Between the hardness of corundum and of diamond there is but little difference. After this, there seems nothing remarkable in the fact, that a plate of glass covered with wire-gauze was pierced and converted into glass-gauze by the action of the jet. Moreover, it is found that the jet can be used for dressing the surface of stone. Some kinds of granite cannot be dressed by the chisel without presenting what masons call a 'stunned' appearance: this is entirely avoided by using the jet. The inside of cast-iron hollow ware can be better cleaned and prepared for tinning by the sand-jet than by any other way; and the suggestion has been made, that the Egyptians smoothed and carved their blocks of porphyry and sunk their hieroglyphics by means of the sand which lay around them in such abundance."

From later particulars which have come to hand concerning this ingenious process, we learn that it has been successfully applied to the reproduction of photographic images on the glass. In the delicate operation with ferns above mentioned, the sand makes its impression through the thin parts of the frond, but is stopped by the thickest parts and the stems; and thus a fern properly shaded is, so to speak, engraved on the glass. In the same way, a photographic portrait on a collodion film may be engraved on the glass by a shower of sand.

A Type-setting Machine.—Among the machinery in the International Exhibition may be seen a machine for doing the work which is done by compositors in printing-offices. A good compositor will pick up and arrange about fifteen hundred types in an hour; this machine will pick up and arrange twelve thousand in the same time. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is singularly ingenious; but to describe it intelligibly would require much more space than we can afford. The visitor sees a circular iron table with a number of small upright boxes fixed at regular intervals round the rim. These boxes are filled with groups of types, and are so constructed that any one or more than one of the types can be picked out and laid in order by a metallic flap which passes under it. There are as many flaps—or "pickpockets," as the inventor calls them—as there are pockets, and these, rotating with the table-top, bring their type one after the other to a channel, into which they are pushed by a "pusher," that moves to and fro as steadily as a pendulum. From this channel the types descend a curved incline, which delivers them in a continuous line, with all the words properly spelled, punctuated, and spaced. The picking of the pockets is effected by studs or pins, which rise at the right moment through holes in the flaps, and take out the letter or letters required. These pins are set in operation by a somewhat complex system of levers, and these are inspired, so to speak, by a strip of perforated paper, which is to the type-setting machine what "copy" is to the compositor. Each perforation in the strip of paper indicates a letter; and so the paragraph, or leading article, or chapter of a book must first be pierced in the paper at a separate machine. If for a book, the strips may be kept for subsequent editions, or may be sent abroad to enterprising publishers, who use the same machine in other countries.

Mr. Mackie, of Warrington, who has bestowed years of thought and labor in bringing his machine to its present remarkable state of efficiency, regards it as likely to supersede hand-labor in type-setting. But in the preparation of a book or newspaper something beyond mere fingers is required: there must be intellect to give emphasis, to denote shades of meaning, and to bring out the point by variety of type; and in the printing of chemical or mathematical works it is not easy to see how the setting of the multiplex formulæ could be done by the machine. Mackie's machine, fed with perforated strips, will deliver as rapidly as could be desired a continuous line of type; but this has to be broken up into lines, and must be "lead," and formed into columns or pages by hand; whereas the compositor sets his types in columns or pages as he picks them up. To "justify" or prepare a page or column of type neces-

sarily takes time; and this fact must be taken into account while estimating the advantage likely to accrue from a machine which, driven by steam at a moderate rate, will "compose" twelve thousand types in an hour. So far from detracting from the merits of the machine, we believe that these will be best appreciated where due consideration is given to the preliminary process of perforation, to the work of justification, and to the fact that the machine does not furnish the intellect which, indispensable in type-setting, is furnished by "a hand at case."—*Chambers's Journal*.

Machine for Testing Metals.—An extremely interesting machine for testing metals on a new method has been invented by Mr. G. Bischoff, of Bonn, and was described in a paper read before the British Association. It has since been exhibited at the Institute of Naval Architects, and illustrated in engineering. Mr. Bischoff first prepares small test strips of the metal whose quality is to be ascertained. These are 7 mm. and 65 mm. long, and are prepared specially by methods which need not here be described. The test strips are then placed in a machine called a metallometer, in which the test strips are bent backwards and forwards through a definite angle, by preference an angle of $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. These bendings are effected by a clock-work arrangement, and indicating dials are provided to register the number of oscillations to which each strip is subjected. Ten strips can, if necessary, be tested at one time. The number of bendings which each strip sustains is, on Mr. Bischoff's system, the measure of the quality of the metal, and, according to his experiments, would seem to be an exceedingly delicate test. In order to have some fixed standard to which to refer the tests of other specimens, Mr. Bischoff selects strips of chemically pure zinc. The resistance of such strips is remarkably uniform. Knowing the average test of say 50 strips of zinc, in any given machine at any given angle of bending, we have a standard with which to compare the results of tests on other materials in the same or other machines. So delicate does Mr. Bischoff believe his method of testing to be, that he asserts he can by its aid detect the deteriorating effect of .00,001 per cent. of tin when alloyed with pure zinc. The objection to Mr. Bischoff's system is that at all events, in certain cases, the preparation of the test strips involves processes which alter the mechanical properties of the material.

Attraction Caused by Vibrations of the Air.—In the "Philosophical Magazine" is a paper by Professor Challis, in which the author maintains that the condensation in waves propagated from a centre will vary inversely as the distance, and that the rate of diminution of the condensation or rarefaction with distance from the centre will be continually changed from the law of the inverse square of the distance to that of the simple inverse of the distance, provided there be alternate condensations and rarefactions, as seems to be inevitable; for it is contrary to known hydrodynamical laws to suppose the possibility of a solitary wave of condensation. The above-mentioned velocity gives rise to a continual flow from the rarefied into the condensed parts, and just in the proportion required for altering the law of diminution with the distance from the inverse square to the simple inverse.

Professor Challis believes that the attraction of magnetism is caused by vibration, to which he might have added the attraction of gravity—a doctrine long since propounded by Robert Hooke, and of which an account is given in his posthumous works. In the revolving grate erected by Boulton and Watt beneath a steam-boiler at the Bank of England, the coal was fed by a scoop moved by a cam, which advanced the scoop gradually over an orifice, carrying coal with it, and then suddenly drew back the scoop, when the coal, by its inertia, remaining behind it, fell into the fire. In this case we have a backward and forward motion causing bodies subjected to it to travel in a certain direction; and if we suppose a similar motion to exist in the particles of bodies, an attraction like that of gravity will be the result.—*Society of Arts Journal*.

Advantages of Infusorial Silica.—The *Scientific American* recently had an article on this subject. It says, that by mixing three to six parts of infusorial silica to one part of freshly burnt lime, and stamping the whole, after slightly moistening it, into a suitable mould, artificial stone of any desired form can be made. Such stones become extremely hard, are impervious to water, are finer grained than cements of *bon*, can be used for gas or water pipes, and will take any color. As there are large deposits of diatomaceous earth in various parts of America, this application for artificial stone and cement is well worthy of consideration. By combining infusorial earth with native magnesite and chloride of magnesium, a cement is produced which is known in Germany under the name of albolith cement. The chloride of magnesium, obtained as an incidental product in salt manufacture, is very cheap in some parts of Germany, and the occurrence of large deposits of magnesite renders this variety of cement available in Europe for many purposes. A fine glaze for earthenware is obtained by fusing infusorial earth with crude borate of lime, or boronatrocalcite. A variety of porcelain can be made by fusing infusorial silica with the borate of magnesia of the Stafford mines. This kind of porcelain can be cast, pressed, and, if sufficiently thin, can be blown as easily as glass. It is capable of extensive use in the arts.

The Cinchona in Jamaica and the United States.—In the monthly report of the United States Department of Agriculture for March and April is a valuable paper on the cultivation of the cinchona in Jamaica, by Dr. C. C. Parry. As the general result of his inquiries in regard to the cultivation of this plant, and the possibility of introducing it into any portion of the United States, he states—first, that the peculiar conditions of soil and climate suitable for the growth of the best varieties of cinchona plants cannot be found in the United States, where no suitable elevations possessing an equable, moist, cool climate, free from frost, can be met with; second, that the Island of San Domingo, located within the tropics, and traversed by extensive mountain ranges attaining an elevation of over 6,000 feet, presents a larger scope of country especially adapted to the growth of cinchonas than any other insular region in the western hemisphere; third, that the existence of successful cinchona plantations in Jamaica, within

two days' sail from San Domingo, would afford the material for stocking new plantations in the latter island at the least possible expense of time and labor.

The Men of the Stone Age.—Where are the bones of the men who made the unpolished flint implements? Mr. W. Pengelly, in an article in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for July, discusses this question. He points out that it is ordinarily assumed that the bones of man are as conservable as the bones of any other mammal, that no human remains have been found with the extinct cave animals, that until they have been so found the doctrine of man among the mammoths remains unproven. Mr. Pengelly first shows that the preservation of human remains mainly depends upon the conditions of their interment. He cites numerous authorities in proof of human remains having been found in caves both in England and France associated with many extinct animals. He concludes, however, that it would have been as illogical had Robinson Crusoe doubted that a human being had made the footprint on the sand because he had never seen the individual, as that any one should doubt the presence of man associated with the extinct mammalia, because his presence is only indicated by his implements and not by his osseous remains.

A Climbing Fern.—This plant (*Lygodium palmatum*) exists and flourishes in its wild state within the borders of "old Essex," U. S. The writer in the *American Naturalist* discovered this rare and attractive plant in 1869, while exploring "Lynn Woods," in the vicinity of the famous "Penny Bridge." The locality of its haunt is within the limits of Saugus, and not far from that romantic spot known as the Pirates' Glen. Specimens have been obtained having a stalk or "vine" nearly four feet in length. "As the climbing fern is one of the most rare, graceful, and attractive plants found in this country, it is a matter of satisfaction to know that we have it growing in our woodland valleys." This fern has been found, though rarely, in Florida, Kentucky, and Massachusetts. In Virginia it is often seen, and it has been found in several other localities.

Tunnelling.—It seems as if the world will in time become as familiar with tunnels through mountains as it now is with under-sea telegraph cables; and we may be sure that what is done in Europe will be outdone in America. A beginning is now in progress on a line of railway which is to connect Boston with Troy, on the Hudson River. Between these two places rises a range of hills, the Hoosacs, about 2,600 feet in height, through which a tunnel 25,000 feet in length is to be pierced. When finished, the width will be twenty-four feet, the height twenty feet. About 15,000 feet are already excavated, and the work is carried on at the rate of fifteen feet a day through quartzite rock and mica schist, the machinery employed being drills driven by compressed air.

Temperature of the Earth.—Professor Ansted has made a series of experiments on the temperature of the earth by boring into the rock in different parts of the tunnel through the Alps. Contrary to expectation, he finds that the temperature increases largely in descending below the surface

of a mountain, as it does in descending below the general average surface or below a plain. He is to repeat his experiments this summer, with a view to detect error. By the way, Professor Ansted says it is a mistake to call the tunnel the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and that its proper name would be Mont Fréjus Tunnel.

ART.

The Japanese and their Art.—We find the following from the pen of Mr. Jarves in the last number of *Art*:—"Industrial or social science is no impediment to Art in Japan. It gets at its results in its own way. As a people they contrive to live pleasantly without being in bondage to any system of superfluous wants. They have no furniture to speak of. But their most common articles in some fashion must be stamped with beauty. This is the feature which first strikes the senses. Convenience is secondary. They heap up tasteful treasure in which beauty is paramount to beguile the mind from dwelling on physical ills. Wonderful to relate, in their enjoyment of its objects, they actually forget our numberless necessities of life. No people can grow up with this disposition without having some of the suggestive loveliness, grace, delicacy, refinement, and atmosphere of natural truth permeate their minds and manners, even if it do no higher spiritual service to the intellect.

"As regards the Industrial Arts, the principle of making ornament subordinate to use is sound. The constructive form of the object should be carefully adapted to its final purpose. If grace of form and lovely color are superadded, these should be as accessories to commend it to the taste. But a mischievous confounding of the fundamental purpose of Industrial with the Fine Arts is common in Europe and universal in America. We have in consequence a vast number of things incongruous in constructive principle, vulgar in ornamentation, garish in colors, and at the same time of small value for any practical purpose, while those intended only to please the taste are tortured out of their legitimate forms by the vain desire to make them subserve a domestic need. Our homes are crowded with inappropriate objects. Money is worse than wasted on heaps of uncomfortable trash, frivolous in motive, inane in make, and annoying to the artistic sense. Paris sets this foolish fashion. The greater part of her productions are not only wrongly conceived structurally, but false as to the grammar of ornament, and very often extremely ugly. Each fresh departure from classical forms constructed on principles of harmonious curves, related to one another by subtlest gradations of lines, displays a pitiable poverty of aesthetic invention. There is no surer method of demonstrating the radical defects of the average European ornamentation than by placing it beside the common examples of Japan. Even since the Chinese followed the European track, its Art has lost those genuine qualities which, while distinguishing it from the ornament of their rivals, gave to it a peculiar value only second to theirs."

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.—Some interesting intelligence has reached us respecting the excavations of Ephesus, carried on under the direction of Mr. J. T. Wood, with the object of

illustrating the site of the Temple of Diana. Two years ago, Mr. Wood came on the peribolus wall built by Augustus. This had four inscriptions built into it near an angle, showing that it enclosed the Temple of Diana and the Augusteum. This wall was traced for many hundred feet, and numerous trial holes were sunk in the area defined by it, as being within the sacred precinct. By these means the pavement of the Temple was discovered, together with *frusta* of columns of white marble, and two capitals, all of colossal dimensions. More recently, the remains of one of the external columns, measuring 6 ft. 1 in. in diameter, have been found *in situ*. These remains consist of the entire base and a portion of the lowest drum. The base shows signs of having been colored red. The works are suspended during the hot season, but will be continued in the ensuing autumn; and Mr. Wood has but little doubt that the result will set at rest the long-mooted questions as to whether the Temple was octastyle or decastyle, &c. We understand that Mr. Wood is preparing for the press an account of his discoveries at Ephesus, which will be published as soon as the excavations are completed.—*Athenæum*.

Art Exhibition at Constantinople.—The *Levant Herald* contains a remarkable announcement of a projected Art Exhibition in Constantinople. In the last few years professional Art has been spread among the Osmanlees, and the present plan is supported by three artists: Aali Effendi, a Parisian student, is director of the Lithographic and Photographic Departments of the Minister of War; Ahmed Effendi, another Parisian student, and pupil of M.M. Boulanger and Gérôme, is noted as the first Ottoman artist whose works have been admitted to a Western exhibition: he practises water-color and landscape. Limonji Effendi, an Armenian, is draughtsman to the Museum. With the help of Armenian and Greek votaries, it is expected a good collection will be obtained; and it is hoped a restoration may be effected of the old schools of color in glass-painting, mosque-decoration, and art-manufactures.

The British Museum has just effected an important purchase of twelve vases found recently at Capua. These are all of them finely preserved examples of a rare and beautiful class, generally assigned to an epoch little lower than that of Alexander, and distinguished by large size and supreme and subtly varied elegance of form. They are principally amphoræ and crateres, without figure-designs, but with their bodies painted black, and fluted in the manner which indicates an intention of imitating the forms of metal vases. The neck is generally adorned with a wreath of leaf-sprays picked out in gold.

Dr. D. Eisenmann, at present engaged in cataloguing the contents of the thirteen galleries accessible to the public in Rome, avers that in an unnoticed picture of the Palazzo Spada he has discovered an original portrait of Albert Dürer by Titian.

A committee has been formed in Russia, under the patronage of the Emperor Alexander, for the purpose of erecting a national monument to the poet Pouschkine.

VARIETIES.

AN ODE.

LADY ! very fair are you !
And your eyes are very blue,
And your nose !

And your brow is like the snow ;
And the various things you know, —
Goodness knows !

And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your Algebra and Greek,
Perfect are,

And that loving lustrous eye
Recognizes in the sky
Ev'ry star !

You have pouting, piquant lips ;
You can doubtless an Eclipse
Calculate.

But for your cerulean hue,
I had certainly from you
Met my fate !

If, by an arrangement dual,
I were Adams, mixt with Whewell,
Then some day,

I a wooer perhaps might come,
To so sweet an *Artium*
Magistra !

Religious Change in Rome.—In the mean time the Bible Society has opened its store in the Corso, near the very spot where, a few years ago, the priests made a bonfire of "bad books," and destroyed as such every copy of the Scriptures they could lay their hands on. A colporteur may be seen freely selling in the streets the two Testaments, Old and New, or single copies of the Gospels, as tracts, for a soldo or two each. Your servant, if she can read, which is by no means generally the case, will be found reading the New Testament in her untidy kitchen, leaving the dinner-things unwashed, because, "Oh, signora, it is so interesting and beautiful in that book !" The driver of your carriage, too, whilst he waits for you at a shop, brings from his pocket the halfpenny copy of St. Matthew or St. Luke, and is so absorbed, perhaps by the new and divine doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount, or history of the birth of the Saviour—whom he pleasantly recognizes as the blessed Bambino of the Ara Cœli, the delight of his boyhood—that you have to rouse him as out of another world when you are ready to proceed. Everywhere, sometimes in almost ludicrous ways, you see how the imagery of the Bible is taking hold of the public mind ; thus, the other day, when one of those halfpenny newspapers, now so eagerly read by the lower class, was speaking of the gallant appearance which the mayor of the city made when riding along the Corso, it described him as mounted on a horse, splendid as one of those in the Apocalypse—no longer is the comparison drawn from the familiar steeds of Phidias and Praxiteles on Monte Cavallo, but from those seen by St. John in his vision on the Lord's day in the island of Patmos ; so, again, at the merry artists' festival, when Pharaoh was represented in all his Egyptian grandeur, one of the attendants was heard explaining to his fellows the subject of the comic show,

and his mind being full of the Mosaic narrative, he gave the whole history of the Children of Israel in Egyptian bondage, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, which, though it had nothing whatever to do with the comedy, yet fascinated that little knot of listeners for half an hour. It is very interesting and curious to watch the advance of light into this old papal darkness, and little incidents that are continually cropping up in its progress are worth detailing. Thus some are scandalized by hearing the Virgin Mary spoken of as the wife of a carpenter. They have ever thought of her as the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, with a crown on her head, her fingers covered with rings, and strings of pearls round her neck. Imagine then the apparent desecration when perhaps the pious, humble wife of a carpenter finds herself standing, as it were, on the same level with the Madonna, for a candle at whose shrine, at the corner of her own poor street, she has many a time given her last bajocco. The head and the heart need be sound, and the truth which is given in place of the old fable need come with a great leaven of love, if it is to fix itself in the heart and conscience of these people.—“*Rome in 1871*,” by Mary Howitt.

General Robert E. Lee.—In the course of a review of Mr. John Esten Cooke's *Life of General Lee*, the London *Saturday Review* pays the following tribute to General Lee's character:—“We find, from Mr. Cooke's narrative, that Lee was equally successful with the utterly different character of Stuart, the representative Cavalier, as Jackson, the typical Puritan. Even when Stuart's misconception of orders took the cavalry out of reach of the main army, and contributed in no small degree to the loss of Gettysburg, Lee appears to have spoken no word of complaint. To all under him he was ever ready to give credit; on himself he was ever ready to take responsibility and blame; and those under him requited him in kind. Mr. Cooke's account of the temper of the army as it fell back from the fatal heights of Gettysburg, thinned, baffled, exhausted, but still shouting aloud its unshaken confidence in ‘Uncle Robert,’ has its fitting pendant in Lee's own words—‘It is I who have lost this battle; you must help me out.’ It was perhaps as much this wonderful power over his men as his admirable genius for war that enabled him to face threefold numbers, and never, save at Gettysburg, to be beaten in the field. Mr. Cooke shows that, except on the Chickahominy and at Gettysburg, where he took the offensive, Lee was always outnumbered by nearly two to one; and at Chancellorsville, where he divided his army and attacked the enemy at once in front and flank, he had not more than one to three. Of course this inferiority of force exposed him to be worn out by sheer loss of men; and this Grant saw. ‘He could afford to lose ten men for one’—and he actually does seem to have lost three or four for one even in the campaign which ended in the surrender of Appomattox Court-House. After that event Lee's life was one of silence and retirement—it could not be a life of obscurity—and finally, while still far from old age and of robust frame, he died, really, if not literally, from a broken heart. But, painful as his latter years were, they were full of such honor as is rarely paid to a fallen leader; he was

still the idol, the guide, the counsellor of his people; still the object of reluctant reverence from the conquerors, of deep respect from those who had fought against him, of admiration from the world, of passionate affection from his countrymen; and, warm as was the sympathy felt for the Southern people, a large part of the respect paid to them in their misfortunes must be ascribed to the profound impression made on the world by the character of General Lee. We trust ere long to have some better and more authorized biography of him than this. In the mean time this is acceptable as the only one we have; and, despite some deficiency of literary aptitude on the writer's part, it is not a wholly unworthy monument to the memory of one of the greatest soldiers and noblest gentlemen that ever spoke the common mother-tongue of England and America.”

The Sacred Sex.—What constituted the old sacredness of woman? For one thing her very confession of weakness; but mainly her unobtrusive life of help and love, the holiness of her function as mother, the sweetness of her office as wife. No slanders could invade the home where she was at once queen and guarded; and save for the feminine follies which came to the surface and were fair game for satire, no one despised or scorned her. It has been reserved for our own day to see women of culture and class refinement publicly challenge the disdainful attention of their age by an unsexed ambition like to nothing so much as the prowess of the Amazons of Dahomey, or the patriotism of *les Dames de la Halle*. But though they have unsexed themselves, and trampled under foot most of the qualities which have hitherto been their glory and their crown, they have tried to keep hold of the sacredness which was the result of those qualities; wishing to make the best of two states, and, while usurping the distinctive places of men, retaining some of the pleasanter and safer conditions of their own. But, above all, they object to adverse criticism, and however monstrous the thing they do, they think they ought not to be plainly spoken to, nor honestly dealt with; for truth is an offence to their sacredness, which they cannot forgive. They set themselves down before the doors of a medical college, doggedly determined to force their way into the ranks of the reluctant students, thinking it no shame for young men and women to study anatomy and physiology together, to dissect dead bodies in concert, to listen to lectures on obstetrics and kindred subjects, sitting side by side on the same benches; but they think it horrible brutality when told that their determination is disgusting, and that, if they have lost their distinctive modesty, men have not. They take up a foul question, which, before their handling, even men discussed among themselves with a certain reserve, but which now, thanks to the unabashed manipulation of the Sacred Sex, has become a household topic, discoursed on with unblushing freedom by men and women together, lectured on by women to men, and by men to young women; but they are highly offended when rebuked for their free handling of moral filth, and maintain that, being women, they should be dealt with tenderly and spoken of respectfully. They are sacred by the grace of sex; and voluntarily to make themselves scavengers does not in their minds tell against their sanctity.

If they are unreasonable in their notion that they ought to be allowed to take up a position but not to accept its consequences, so are they in their notion as to what position they ought to be allowed to take up, and their own fitness for the work they demand to do. They ask to have a voice in the Imperial councils, but the great servant question, which is emphatically all their own, is confessedly in the most unsatisfactory condition; and the regulation of domestic life, the management of children, the reform of fashions, and the art of getting the greatest amount of pleasure in social intercourse, also questions exclusively their own, are in a hopeless muddle. The Sacred Sex, which cannot put its kitchen, its nursery, or its drawing-room in order, nor even clothe itself rationally, thinks it can help to decide on the gravest events of current history, and that its piping voice may be profitably raised in the settlement of the most delicate and important economic questions. The better regulation of the army, the provisions of the budget, the righteousness or unrighteousness of war and the poor-laws, the future results of commercial treaties—all these are within its scope, and great good is expected from the application of its fine intuitions and delicate perceptions in the arrangement of these matters; but Mary Jane drugging the baby with a dose of "quietness," that she may slip out more at her ease to her cousin, the Lifeguardsman, and cook poisoning the family with mistaken herbs and arsenical coloring-matters, are beyond the functions or the knowledge of the mother and the mistress to prevent. For we must remember that women cannot abolish their duties; they can only delegate them—turn them down from hand to hand till they reach the lowest, which perhaps will refuse them in its turn, and so throw them back to the starting-point, where they ought to be. Thus, all the cry raised now for a wider sphere means only, in the case of married women, that they do not like their natural duties, and that they want to shuffle off to other shoulders the assigned burdens which they do not choose to carry on their own. They do not propose that men should keep the house, or that machines should nurse the baby; they only ask that other women than themselves should do so; and they confess, with cynical frankness, that they prefer to engross parchment and make up pills for money wherewith to pay other women for their time, rather than themselves nurse or educate their own children, or put thought, energy, or knowledge into making the home happy and beautiful for husband and family. If they had no other work to do, there would not be so much to say against their undertaking such of men's work as they could perform creditably and satisfactorily; but we confess that we cannot see the value of the present movement, which consists only in shifting the kind of work, in the arbitrary degradation of certain kinds which nature has made imperative, and in the substitution of ambition for love, self-glory for duty, and making for saving. However, what will be will be. If it is so ordained that this uncomfortable phase of active feminine ambition has to be worked through, nothing that we or any one else can say will prevent it. But at least we may give one note of warning by the way, and do what we can to mitigate the worst of the absurdities resulting. In particular, we would urge the incompatibility of

the old sacredness with the new self-assertion, and the unwisdom of wincing at satire voluntarily courted. To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds has been as yet a feat found impossible with the best will in the world; if women are able to unite the coarse life of men with the sacredness of womanhood, they will have solved the problem in their own favor. But until the new phenomenon is made manifest, we must take the liberty of questioning its possibility, and of maintaining that if the Sacred Sex wishes to remain the sacred sex still, it must not offer itself as a mark for public discussion on a more than questionable line of action; if it wishes to keep its head whole, it must not thrust it where blows are falling; and if it likes clean fingers, it must not touch pitch.—*Saturday Review*.

Effects of Imperial Domestic Usurpation.—

As long as Josephine had shared the throne, her presence had been enough to preserve the remembrance of the previous period, that is to say, of an elegant equality. Many of us had known the graceful widow of Alexandre Beauharnais, and Napoleon had never succeeded in changing her, in spite of his attempts—even by putting a crown on her head. The arrival of Marie Louise in her place had been the signal of the change that had struck me. It seemed as if the Austrian haughtiness had succeeded to French elegance. The princess was young, shy, timid; and the effect was like pride. The Emperor lived more in private than before; and the new Empress had the honor or the blame of this. Yet the court had multiplied in officers, in chamberlains, in ladies of honor, in equerries; a luxury, hitherto unknown, was exhibited on all sides; but tedium had made its way there along with magnificence. Men went to the Tuileries out of duty or interest: there was now no place for those who went from choice or affection. The marshals and chiefs of administrations, whose fortunes the Emperor had made, possessed splendidly furnished mansions; and though their endowments were sufficient to render their fortunes secure, they were uneasy, and did not make any great demonstrations; the possessors of such wealth could neither enjoy it themselves, nor afford the enjoyment of it to others. It is quite right that nobility should be enhanced by time, for no one ever becomes a gentleman in a single generation; but these spoiled children of the Revolution thought it necessary to strut about amid their marbles and bronzes, in imitation of the grands seigneurs of past days, but they gained nothing except the expense and weariness. The Emperor and his ministers kept sumptuously served tables, surrounded with servants bedizened with gold; but there was a weight of dullness on all these ceremonies. I nowhere met with the cordiality that, six years before, when I came up to the Council of State, collected at unpretending dinners and homely feasts the soldiers of the Great Captain and the learned authors of his Codes. The interval that parted us from our cradle was too short: we had not had time to be sophisticated.—*Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot*.

Professor Tyndall.—The following is from a review in the *Spectator* of Professor Tyndall's last work "Hours of Exercise in the Alps:"—"What is not emphatically the Englishman in Professor

Tyndall is the scientific enthusiast. Whenever he goes among the mountains, in snow and rain as under cloudless sky, amid dangers and difficulties as on beaten tracks, he is ever ready to remark what may prove of scientific interest, ever skilful to apply the most ordinary natural phenomena so as to illustrate physical truths in a novel manner. Science and sentiment, delight in muscular and intellectual effort, are ever blended, in his style as in his thoughts. Occasionally he goes beyond physical science, and takes a flight in the misty region of metaphysics, as in the curious passage in the preface, in which he attempts to trace the origin of his interest in fine scenery; but usually he limits his speculations to the material world, or at the utmost to the problems which lie on the outer margin of our knowledge; and it is satisfactory to read from the pen of one who is often counted among the typical men of science, who can and will take nothing on trust, and try everything by the test supplied by their own intellects, such a passage as that which follows, and which has, at least, no antagonism to the genuine utterances of Christian faith: 'Looking at these charactered cliffs, one's thoughts involuntarily revert to the ancient days, and we restore in idea a state of things which had disappeared from the world before the development of man. Whence this wondrous power of reconstruction? Was it locked like latent heat in ancient inorganic nature, and developed as the ages rolled? Are other and grander powers still latent in nature, destined to blossom in another age? Let us question fearlessly, but, having done so, let us avow frankly that at bottom we know nothing, that we are imbedded in a mystery, towards the solution of which no whisper has been yet conceded to the listening intellect of man.'

Ascent of Sap in the Pines.—A curious fact is pointed out by a writer in one of our journals. He says, that some years ago his gardener pointed out to him that some Austrian and Scotch pines, which had been completely girdled by mice, still continued to grow, as if no such injury had been received. In order to test this matter, he took an Austrian pine about five feet high, and girdled it for a space of two inches, at about three feet from the ground. This was five years ago, and the upper portion is still alive. The tree attracts much attention from visitors to his grounds. When girdled, the branch was about one and a half inch in diameter. The whole portion of stem between the tier of branches above and that below—a space of about fifteen inches—has since remained of that size, and is dry and hard as a "pine knot." The parts above and below this dead space increase annually in girth. The upper portion is now about nine inches in circumference. There are branches above and below the girdled portion; the lower ones growing much the stronger. The upper portion makes only two or three inches of growth a year, and the "needles" are of a brighter green than the lower.

Henry Ward Beecher.—Perhaps no preacher of modern times has said so many wise and good things as Henry Ward Beecher, or said them so well. His sermons abound with passages of racy description, of penetrating exposition, of rhetorical brilliancy, and of fervent, practical

urgency. Mr. Beecher's habits of preparation make this very remarkable. Most orators prepare their best passages, and are careless about their frame-work. Mr. Beecher does the reverse: he prepares his frame-work, and trusts to the inspirations of his regal creative imagination to conceive and shape his most brilliant things. Mr. Evans has culled out of the reported sermons of this great preacher a thousand "Gems." They are full of wisdom, depth, and beauty. A more precious and suggestive table book—a book to take up in the morning, for a fresh, dewy germinant thought to lay upon the heart, and to expand into the religious wisdom of the day—it would be difficult to name. — *British Quarterly Review.*

Restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.—We have received a letter on this subject from Mr. F. Napier Broome, the secretary to the Executive Committee who have this matter in hand. With respect to the work they have undertaken he says:—"The work of art divides itself into two parts—first such pictorial and decorative covering of the bare or insufficiently treated spaces of the cathedral as will render its interior surfaces worthy of the pure magnificence of its architectural outline, and the whole building worthy of the world-wide church and empire whose chief temple it is; secondly, such an arrangement of the seats, stalls, organ, pulpit, &c., as will most conduce to the fitting celebration, the dignity, and unity of the services, and as will most impress and best accommodate the vast congregations they seek to gather. To the latter part of their work, as being not only the more evident and, perhaps, the easier, but the more urgent and necessary, the committee have first devoted themselves." He explains that by strengthening the organ now in the choir, and placing it nearer to the dome, the choir seats being extended in the same direction, the dome area will be, as it were, taken into the choir; the cathedral will no longer have within it two churches, occupying its space and derogating from the dignity and impressiveness of its services, but the signal and simple arrangement will equally suffice for a congregation of 500, or for one of 5,000. Mosaic, marble, and gold are to be the chief materials of ornament, and he adds:—"It has been decided to convert the finely-carved woodwork and the marble columns which formed part of the screen removed in 1860, into an interior porch for the north door. This is now being erected, and will not only be useful and ornamental in itself, but will utilize some wood-carving far too beautiful to be thrown aside. A design for a screen which shall divide the choir from the dome is under consideration. The fine series of Munich windows in the apse, executed after Professor Schnorr's designs, is being proceeded with. The committee do not consider Munich glass at all necessary throughout the cathedral, but as three of the apse windows are already completed in this material, it is requisite that the remaining three should be of the same class. With respect to the pictorial ornament of the walls and roof the committee have consulted Mr. Burges, an architect pre-eminent in his knowledge of ecclesiastical decoration, and have obtained from him a report suggesting a series of subjects for representation, their attributes, and their distribution over the spaces of the cathedral. Beginning at the west end, with mosaics in the cupolas.

of the nave roof, representing the earlier scenes in Bible history, the series of subjects advances eastwards in gradual and growing sequence. The transition from the nave to the choir is the transition from the old to the new dispensation; loftier themes are illustrated, till from the concaves of the eastern apse shines a figure of our Lord surrounded by angels. The great mosaic in the dome is the climax of the whole, and represents the Heavenly Jerusalem. Saints and angels lead the eye and the heart upward, till the cupola closes in a gold and azure glory.—*Liverpool Albion*.

The Birthplace of Paradise Lost.—Milton, during his dangers, his hidings, his blindness, his obscurity, and his poverty, lived in a house in Holborn that looked into Red-lion-fields, now Red-lion-square. There in that dim spot—so near, though unseen to all but his dulled orbs, to the golden gates of the Paradise he had traversed—in the company of his third wife and of his two daughters, whom he had taught to read Greek and Hebrew, and who were to him both eyes and hands—there he wrote that great poem, which begins like the peal of an organ with the sublime poem:

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe;"

and he probably sold it to that generous and enterprising bookseller, Mr. Simmons, for the princely and remunerative sum of £5, as the actual consignment, purchased for £300, and now in the British Museum, incontrovertibly proves. Here, looking out toward Highgate at the green and fresh fields, and afterward in Jewin street, Aldersgate, the blind poet tarried in uncomplaining obscurity till the year of the great plague, when he removed to pleasant Chalfont, a Buckinghamshire village. When Milton returned, he went to live in Bunhill-row, where he surrendered his pure soul to God, whom he had honored, in 1674, fourteen years after the Restoration. In 1647, four years after his marriage with Miss Powel, that flighty daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier gentleman, Milton was living in Holborn, in a house "which opened backward into Lincoln's-inn-fields;" so that Holborn seems always to have been a favorite locality of our greatest religious poet, and the whole neighborhood is invested with fresh interest when we have ruminated over these few fruitful facts, and these simple but indisputable dates.—*Belgravia*.

Literature in England in 1737.—Never, since literature became a calling in England, had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London. In the preceding generation a writer of eminent merit was sure to be munificently rewarded by the Government. The least that he could expect was a pension or a sinecure place; and, if he showed any aptitude for politics, he might hope to be a member of Parliament, a Lord of the Treasury, an ambassador, a Secretary of State. It would be easy, on the other hand, to name several writers of the nineteenth century of whom the least successful has received forty thousand pounds from the booksellers. But Johnson entered on his vo-

cation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public. One man of letters, indeed, Pope, had acquired by his pen what was then considered as a handsome fortune, and lived on a footing of equality with nobles and Ministers of State. But this was a solitary exception. Even an author whose reputation was established, and whose works were popular, such an author as Thomson, whose "Seasons" were in every library; such an author as Fielding, whose "Pasquin" had had a greater run than any drama since "The Beggar's Opera," was sometimes glad to obtain, by pawning his best coat, the means of dining on tripe at a cookshop underground, where he could wipe his hands, after his greasy meal, on the back of a Newfoundland dog. It is easy, therefore, to imagine what humiliations and privations must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks." Nor was the advice bad; for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet.—"Samuel Johnson," in the *Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches of Lord Macaulay*. New Edition.

Mr. W. Taylor, F.S.S., read to the British Association a paper containing some very suggestive facts. The total number of laborers in England and Wales of all classes living on weekly wages and working with their hands is, including their families, 8,144,000, less than half the population. Of these, 1,178,000 are skilled artisans, or say 200,000 grown men; 4,009,000 are half-skilled artisans, or say 800,000 grown men; and 2,957,000 agricultural and unskilled laborers, or say 600,000 grown men. The average earnings of a skilled man range from £60 to £73 a year; of a half-skilled man from £46 to £52, and of an unskilled man or agricultural laborer from £20 to £41. These averages would show prosperity in the working-class, the lower agricultural laborers excepted, and their total earnings are £276,000,000 a year; but they throw away £58,000,000 a year on alcohol, so paying to the publicans a fifth of all their receipts, that is, a *four-shilling income-tax*, and a total sum nearly double the whole of the taxes they pay the State. Teetotalism has not the moral merits its advocates proclaim, or Mussulmans would be better men, but it certainly would make us the richest people on earth.—*The Spectator*.

Opussum Skins for Gloves.—Considerable purchases, says the "South Australian Register," have lately been made of opussum skins, for shipment to England, for the manufacture of gloves. The Australians appear to be very glad, for opussums are a frightful nuisance to the gardens, crops, &c.

The employment of Thomson's locomotives on common roads is increasing. They are to be introduced into Turkey. Recent trials have shown that these useful machines will travel as well across country, and up and down steep bank, as on a level road.



Engraved for the Eclectic by G. Pelton

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

